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## LORD MACAULAY'S PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ALL the writings of Lord Macaulay, which, in his own judgment and in the judgment of his friends, seem worthy of a permanent place in English literature, have now been given to the world. His whole literary career, from an epitaph on Henry Martyn, written at the age of twelve, to the biography of William Pitt, the work of mature fifty-nine, is before us. Unfortunately we have nothing more to look for. It is well known that but little of the history has been left in a state which will allow of its publication; and Lord Macaulay's place in the world of letters must therefore be determined by what we already possess. His "Biography," it is true, has yet to be written. From that source, however, we can hope to hear nothing more of the writer; and it may even be doubted whether any very valuable addition will thereby be

made to our knowledge of the man. The lives of most public men reveal their characters, and this was, in an especial degree true of Lord Macaulay. Without being in any sense an egotist, he yet felt so warmly on public affairs, that in writing and speaking on them he unconsciously revealed himself. No one can handle themes of which his heart is full, without affording glimpses of his real nature. Lord Macaulay never wrote or spoke except on themes of which his heart was full; and hence in his writings and speeches the character of the man is more truly, because less intentionally, portrayed than in the writings of professed egotists like Byron or Rousseau. Nor should it be forgotten, that in political life, although the highest offices were denied him, he played no undistinguished part. He shared in the great Reform battles, in the

storms which preceded the fall of the Melbourne ministry, and in the bitterness of the opposition which arrayed itself against Peel. In these contests, and in the results which they entailed, ample opportunities were afforded for displaying all the qualities which dignify or discredit the career of a politician. No portraiture has yet been given to the public of Lord Macaulay's social and domestic characteristics, and on these, therefore, a stranger must be silent. But we know enough to enable us to assign him his place in the republic of letters, and to ascertain how far, in the great game of politics, his opinions were worthy to be accepted, and his example to be followed.

It is not, we confess, without hesitation that we attempt this subject. Lord Macaulay's death is still so recent, his loss is so irreparable to that most important branch of literature, the historical literature of our country, that we find it no easy matter to discharge, with fitting composure the duty of a critic. It is hard to be impartial in the midst of regret. When the feeling is strong upon us that the place which has been left vacant can never be supplied—that the task which has been left unaccomplished will never be completed—we are hardly able to be coldly impartial. So much, too, has been written on Macaulay, that it is impossible to write any thing better than has been written already. But it is possible to write something more. His works have been reviewed as they variously appeared; but, until the present time, all his writings have never been brought together. It is now in our power to regard his labors as a whole, to notice the gradual development of style, to remark the growth of his ideas, and to admire the stability of his convictions. Such a study can not be unimportant or uninteresting; and we shall endeavor to pursue it with as much impartiality as our fervent admiration for the great historian whom we have lately lost will allow.

When Lord Macaulay's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* first appeared in a collected form, the popularity which they obtained was quite unprecedented; nor has it been approached since by any of the compilations of a similar nature which have become so common. Sydney Smith's articles alone, from the humor, the sound sense, and the knowledge of the world which they display, are worthy

to be placed beside them. But Lord Macaulay took a wider sweep than the accomplished churchman, and lent to a more varied range of subject the charm of a more brilliant style. Any detailed criticism of these essays now-a-days would be absurd. Every body has read them, and the verdict of public opinion has been definitely pronounced. They are a perfect mine of information. We have criticism on poetry, on essay writing, and on novel writing, in the articles on Byron, on Addison, and on Madame D'Arblay. We have elaborate portraits of the greatest English statesmen—of Burleigh, of Walpole, and of Chatham. We have solutions of the most vexed questions of English history, as in the article on Sir William Temple. We have the great difficulty of church and state connection discussed upon rational principles. And, above all, we have the magnificent Indian disquisitions. It is not too much to say, that an effect equal to the effect produced by "Lord Clive," and "Warren Hastings," was never produced by any two articles since article-writing began. In the paper on Clive, surprise was expressed at the general ignorance of Indian affairs, even among educated Englishmen. The publication of these two essays went far to dispel that ignorance. They could not, indeed, narrate the whole. Yet, any one who studies them attentively will at least have laid a good foundation for further inquiry. He will find that he has acquired not a little knowledge of the rise of our Indian empire, and of what may be called the Constitutional History of our rule in the east. And, what is of greater importance, he will find excited within him a very strong desire to learn more. India has been unhappy in her historians; but to these essays belongs the triumph that, in spite of the heaviness of Mill, the prolixity of Orme, and the common-placeness of Elphinstone, Englishmen are at last beginning to know something of the "annals of that marvellous empire which valor without parallel has annexed to the throne of the Isles."

But Lord Macaulay, great though he was as an essayist, has won for himself a more enduring title to fame. His genius was essentially historical. His first essays were historical; his best essays were historical; and, last of all, we have the history itself, by which his reputation will be finally determined.



All of us remember the manner in which the first two volumes of the history were received. No book, not even the best of the Waverley series, ever experienced such popularity. The *Times* devoted not only articles, but leaders, to its praise. Every review in the country went into ecstasies. One notorious exception indeed there was; but that exception only sufficed to bring out more forcibly the otherwise universal concord. Such harmony was too beautiful to last. Gradually faint murmurs of disapprobation made themselves heard. As years went on, these increased in number and deepened in tone, until the reaction reached a height on the appearance of volumes III. and IV. The greeting accorded to them differed markedly from that which had welcomed their more fortunate predecessors. Faults before unnoticed were pointed out; blemishes before hinted at were enlarged upon; beauties before brought into strong relief, were passed over or denied. The whirligig of time brought round revenges which might have satisfied even the soul of Mr. Croker. The *Edinburgh Review* itself, bound to render all suit and service to its great contributor, began to falter in its allegiance. This was no more than might have been expected. Such changes from one extreme of opinion to the opposite extreme, are as common in literature as in any thing else. But the reactionary spirit leads into as great error as the original enthusiasm. Every part of Lord Macaulay's history possesses peculiar and appropriate merits; but were a choice forced upon us, we should give the preference to the third and fourth volumes over the other two. The first part of the work, indeed, possessed the charm of novelty. All the more prominent characters were brought on the stage; and the celebrated second chapter, from the nature of its subject, stands alone. The brilliant circle which surrounded Charles II. is painted with the pencil of Watteau, in colors rendered brighter by contrast with the somber court of his successor. The fall of James from the height of almost absolute power to the long exile at St. Germain, is traced in a manner hardly less dramatic than that in which Thucydides traces the fate of the Sicilian expedition from the bright midsummer morning on which it sailed, to its end in the quarries of Syracuse. Yet it is not too much to say that the varied

powers of the historian are more displayed in the latter portion of his narrative. The siege of Derry is the most exciting thing in the book. The battle of Landen will bear a comparison even with the battle-pieces of Sir William Napier. The passage of the Boyne is finer than the route of Sedgemoor. In these volumes, too, we have evidence of an ability, for the exercise of which the earlier volumes afforded no scope—we mean, the power of carrying on, without confusion, a complex story. From the beginning of the work down to the abdication of James we are seldom out of Britain, and the action is simple and continuous. After the accession of William, the plot deepens and widens. The subject changes, the scene shifts, and yet every transition is managed without effort and without abruptness. The historian passes easily from the campaigns in Ireland to the intrigues of St. James, from the battle fields of the Low Countries to the mountains of Scotland—never confusing his readers—never unequal to his theme. Few qualities are rarer than this, and none is more important. Students of the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Froude's history will best appreciate its value, by having had most occasion to lament its absence. That gentleman's guidance is like the magic carpet in the *Arabian Nights*. It whisks us about from country to country, over sea and over land, with a rapidity which takes our breath away, and disturbs all our ideas of space and time. Above all, the last part of Lord Macaulay's work is valuable, as telling us so much which it behooves us to know. Less picturesque it may be than what went before; but we are certain that it is more instructive. Volumes I. and II. tell of an overthrow; volumes III. and IV. tell of a reconstruction—a work far greater in itself, immeasurably greater, in that it has been enduring.

In the progress of its development, the political constitution of England has been exposed to two great shocks, arising out of two great convulsions in the minds of the people: one, the change of the national faith at the Reformation; the other, the long struggle of the Commons against the Crown. When William of Orange appeared on the stage, both convulsions—the change of religion and the struggle for liberty—had left deep scars. The empire was torn with religious dissensions; all constitutional forms were unsettled

From this chaos William had to evoke order; those scars it was his to heal. His reign was the new birth of our constitution—the real beginning of the modern history of England. How he accomplished his arduous task, how, under his wise guidance, the constitution recovered the shocks it had undergone, and, renewing its youth, gave promise of a strong and lasting existence—this is the theme, than which no theme can be nobler, of the concluding volumes of Lord Macaulay's History. The position and influence of the monarchy were defined by the Bill for Settling the Coronation Oath, and the Bills for Settling the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. The Clergy and the Tories retained sufficient power to defeat the Comprehension Bill, and to maintain the test. But by the Toleration Act, religious differences were, in part at least, composed; and Dissenters experienced the strange freedom of being allowed to follow, without molestation, the dictates of their consciences. The ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland was fixed, and fixed upon such principles, that, had it not been wantonly altered by the advisers of Anne, it would have been spared the shock of so many secessions. The Bank of England was founded; the national debt began; the whole financial system of the country had its origin. English politics acquired the characteristics which they retain to the present day, by the formation of the first regular ministry under Sunderland. Party warfare lost the violence and cruelty which had before disgraced it, and became animated by a comparative moderation of spirit ever after that Act of Grace, the granting of which constitutes one of William's purest titles to fame. The scandal of our state trials was swept away by the law which secured to the judges their seats during life or good behavior, and by the law for regulating trials in cases of treason; and, above all, the liberty of the press was established.

All these great changes—changes which made the England of 1697 hardly recognizable by the statesmen of 1687—are narrated in the historian's best manner. They are the topics of which Lord Macaulay is most thoroughly master, and in the handling of which he is most perfectly at home. Brilliant as are his pictures of courts, stirring as are his scenes of battle, it is in describing social ameliorations and parliamentary struggles that his genius

has achieved its most signal triumphs.

Yet, in spite of all this, these volumes never enjoyed the popularity of their fore-runners. Enemies soon found this out. The mere caprice of reaction had dictated the general judgment, but hostile critics readily set themselves to justify that judgment. At first they had, for the most part, been frightened into silence; but now they took heart of grace and spoke. To a certain extent this is a compliment—*qui n'a pas de lecteurs, n'a pas d'adversaires*—but it has gone on too long. Even death put no period to detraction. Especially vehement have been the assaults contained in a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, commencing with praises of Presbyterianism in August, 1859, and ending with praises of Dundee in September, 1860. The ruling motives of these articles has not been to vindicate the reputation of the departed great, but to diminish the just fame of the historian. To accomplish this end, positions the most contradictory have been taken up, pleas the most inconsistent have been urged. Covenanters and Claverhouse, Highlanders and Western Hillmen, Marlborough and Penn, are all to be defended with equal zeal, if so only Lord Macaulay may be abused. Foolish jesting does not deserve, random assertion does not admit of, a reply. Such opponents are, like the opponents of Gibbon, "men over whom victory was a sufficient humiliation."

The defence of Penn, however, has been differently conducted. Mr. Hepworth Dixon first took up the case; his arguments were condensed by a Mr. Paget; and their joint advocacy has been so plausible, that on one or two points Lord Macaulay has seen fit to answer. He has reiterated his belief, that it was the Quaker himself, and not a lowly namesake, who negotiated that scandalous business of the little girls of Taunton for the maids of honor, and he has given his reasons for that belief. He has justified the language he employed with regard to Penn's advances to Alderman Kiffin; and he has maintained the correctness of his account of Penn's conduct in the affair of Magdalen College. Those answers, in our judgment altogether convincing, appear only in the small seven volume edition of 1858. This is not as it should be. The notes containing those replies should be incorporated in every future edition of the History. The publishers will culpably

neglect the duty which they owe to Lord Macaulay's reputation unless they look to this.

An historian is not bound to abstain either from forming opinions or from expressing them. He is under no obligation either to relinquish his right of judgment or to preserve silence as to what his judgments are. On the contrary, it is his duty to form an estimate of the characters whose actions he records, and to present that estimate to his readers. If he neglects to do this, he fails in the chief part of his undertaking. For, after all, the real use of studying the annals of past times is to acquire a knowledge of the men of past times. History, in its best aspect, is but biography on a large scale. The old idea of the past interpreting the future—of philosophy teaching by examples—is very much exploded. It sounds imposing; yet it contains little real meaning. Events so seldom repeat themselves, that the experience is at best of doubtful utility; and the philosophy is but the chance reflections of the writer. The philosophy of history in the hands of Sir A. Alison is but a sorry affair. History, like metaphysics, is daily becoming more esteemed for its true advantages—the light which it throws on human nature—showing how powerfully it is modified by circumstances—what there is in it which no circumstances have strength to alter—in a word, for the assistance which it lends to “the proper study of mankind.” But in order to afford us this light, in order to teach us how to distinguish what is transitory from what is permanent in morality, historians must state their views of character, and display impartiality, not by concealing these views, but in forming them. Silence is not required, but caution before speaking. The charge of impartiality can then only be justly brought, when, from a knowledge of the principles professed by any statesman, we can certainly foretell what will be the estimate formed of that statesman's character. A writer who always favors Whigs; a writer who always favors Tories; a writer who never has a good word for a Catholic; a writer who never shows a generous appreciation of Protestants;—all these are equally partial and misleading narrators of past events. But such leanings must be shown uniformly and deliberately. An historian may be keenly alive to demerits in some instances; he may be too blind to

faults in others; he may sometimes even take up false conceptions altogether; but unless he can be proved to do so willfully and on wrong grounds, he is not fairly open to the reproach of impartiality.

Undoubtedly it behoved Lord Macaulay to form his views of character with fairness and with care, for he has not been slack in impressing those views on his readers. They are reiterated with a persistency and a strength of language only to be justified by a profound conviction of their truth. Marlborough can't be robbed at St. Alban's, without our hearing how long and how bitterly he regretted his lost money; Edward Seymour never steps on the stage without his pride, his licentiousness, and his meanness being made present to our minds. All this we are free to think not merely defensible, but a necessary result of the life which Lord Macaulay has given to his narrative. His characters are not allegories of the virtues or the vices, but beings of flesh and blood, who act in a manner deserving of praise or blame, and who must be praised or blamed accordingly, if we are to breathe the atmosphere of a moral world at all. In the severity of his judgments we can find no good ground of complaint. The statesmen of the Revolution deserve no gentle handling. People are fond of crying out, in a sort of feeble wonderment, Can the men to whom England owes her freedom have really been such a set of knaves? Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit, etc.? Somewhat in the same way, Mr. Froude assumes that all the known virtues adorned Henry VIII., because the Reformation was hurried on by the matrimonial proceedings of that prince; an ingenious style of argument, according to the principle of which, wise commercial legislation will suffice to canonize Richard III., and the Edict of Nantes prove incontestably the ascetic morality of Henri Quatre.

The fact is that the men of that time were not good men—in a sense, evil trees *did* bring forth good fruit. The task of governing England in the middle of the 17th century was the very thing which imparted to them a peculiar stamp. They were bred in times of trouble, their public life was a series of dark and dangerous intrigues, in which men shared at the risk of their necks. Statesmen who spend their existence in sudden and violent political changes, ending with a revolution

and the overthrow of a dynasty, do not escape unmarked with the scars of battle. They will rarely be men of high principle and steadfast adherence to truth; but they will be subtle in counsel, prompt in action, regardless of pledges, skillful in deceit, keen-sighted to discern the signs of change, swift to avert its consequences by a timely treason. Such men were the statesmen of the times of the later Stuarts. Lord Macaulay has himself compared them to the French statesmen of the last generation, when the "same man was a servant of the Republic, of Bonaparte, of Louis XVIII., of Bonaparte again after his return from Elba, of Louis again after his return from Ghent." Lord Wharton, an old Puritan, in the debate on the Abjuration Bill, declared with amusing simplicity, that he had spent his political life in taking oaths which he had not kept, and that he would not be a party to laying any more such snares for the consciences of his neighbors. Human nature is always the same. In times far distant, the same causes produced the same mental phenomena among the statesmen of the Grecian Republics. The prescience and the treacheries of Themistocles may be compared to the prescience and the treacheries of Shaftesbury; Alcibiades, under whom the Athenians were never defeated by sea or land, and who so cruelly betrayed his country to her bitterest foe, presents a striking parallel to Marlborough, always victorious and never faithful.

How great soever may be the obligations which we owe to men of this stamp, to forgive them every thing on that account is surely to forget a very old rule of morality. But, in truth, our debt to most of the leading statesmen of that period is very small. What they did was to serve James until James's tyranny began to reach themselves, to squabble for places under William when William ascended the throne, and as soon as they had got those places to commence intriguing with St. Germans. The lump was indeed leavened with material of a different sort. We owe the perfected success of the Revolution not to these men, but to the few conscientious Whigs who opposed James from the first, and the few upright Tories who served William faithfully when the kingly power had been transferred. We owe it to the zeal of such men as Burnet, to the integrity of such men as Nottingham, to the ability of Somers, to the se-

rene intellect of Halifax. Above all, we owe it the steadiness of the bulk of the people hating Popery and despotism, to the sagacity and tolerance of the Prince who won, to the bigotry, folly, and obstinacy of the Prince who lost. We owe little to a body of unscrupulous though experienced statesmen, who served and deserted both princes with an edifying impartiality, who condescended occasionally to guide the fortunes of the Revolution, and who did not betray the cause of the Revolution more than half a dozen times. It is not services like these which can win the gratitude of posterity for looser principles and not greater abilities than those of Fouché or Talleyrand. History has another duty to discharge than to whine over such offenders a plaintive "surely they can't have been so very bad." There is nothing praiseworthy in that affected amiability which persists in devising excuses for what is inexcusable, which shrinks from an expression of honest indignation. It has its origin in mere cowardice—in a reluctance to look at things as they really are. In every-day life nothing is more irritating or more tiresome; and it is too bad that the same folly should be imported into history. We greatly prefer the severity of Mr. Hallam to the overstrained lenity of Sir James Mackintosh.

We have mentioned Marlborough. Upon what grounds the manifold perfidies of this man have been defended, we are wholly at a loss to conceive. We would not try him by a high standard. We would give him the full benefit of the principle that men are to be judged according to the sentiments of their own time. We think, indeed, that this principle is at present carrying us rather too far. In general, it is doubtless sound; but its indefinite extension may be dangerous. Circumstances produce an almost boundless effect upon opinion; but there is something permanent in morality over which circumstances have no effect. It is not good that the power of circumstance should be strengthened—that the changeful element in morality should be magnified, and the abiding element overlooked—that historians should suffer right and wrong to melt into each other, as if no real distinction could be maintained. The present style of "making allowance" savors too much of the easy indifference of Lucio. It tends to excuse all vice, and to



obscure all virtue—degrading the latter into an accident, exalting the former into a discreet, almost an unavoidable conformity to the spirit of the age. It is the duty of history to oppose that morality which forgives every thing which contemporaries did not condemn, which would palliate the crimes of Cæsar Borgia, which can see nothing very revolting in the atrocities of the Black Prince at Limoges. But even if we strain this principle to the utmost, it can not avail Marlborough. To him was assigned by his contemporaries an easy preëminence in treason over all the traitors who surrounded the last Stuart. In the bitterest extremity of despair, James declared that Churchill could never be forgiven. When he sought forgiveness by acts as base as those by which he had incurred hatred, even the desperate Jacobites would not trust him. In their greatest extremity they gave up the most feasible plot ever formed against William, simply because it had been suggested and was to be carried out by Marlborough. Yet the men who thus judged him did not know his worst. Among his compeers his character alone was darkened with military dishonor, as well as by political treason. Even Russell fought honestly at La Hogue. "Understand this," said he to Lloyd, "if I meet them I fight them; ay, even if his Majesty were on board." Marlborough fought too, when it was for his own interest, and he never failed to fight successfully. But when he wanted to "hedge" politically, he was restrained by no professional feeling. He was faithless to his colors as readily as to his promises. Desertion was as easy to him as lying. Even this was not all. Few soldiers, however depraved, will wish to bring about the defeat and death of their fellow-soldiers. Marlborough, without a pang, betrayed Talmash and eleven hundred Englishmen to destruction. The infamy of having revealed to James the intended attack on Brest exceeds, to our thinking, almost any infamy recorded in history. Lord Macaulay's estimate of Marlborough is much the same as that formed by a great writer of our day, who, though not a professed historian, is, we suspect, as shrewd a judge of the men of the past, as he has shown himself to be of the men of the present. So, too, with regard to Claverhouse, the similarity between the portraiture drawn by Macaulay and the portraiture drawn by Scott is very

striking. The judgments passed upon the character are widely different; but the representations given of the character are very much the same. The historian considers no amount of courage and ability should win forgiveness for willful oppression, for utter contempt for the rights, and utter callousness to the sufferings of others. The novelist, less judicial and more imaginative, forgets the bad citizen and the cruel oppressor in the distinguished soldier, and the faithful adherent to a fallen dynasty. Yet, as the historian admits the professional ability, so the novelist does not conceal the hardness of heart. Claverhouse paints his own character in a conversation with Morton during the celebrated ride from Drumshinnel to Edinburgh. The total want of conscience and the absolute indifference to human life which he there avows, is more than sufficient to justify any condemnation.

Every reader remembers the Marlborough of Esmond; but some may have forgotten the following passage in the lecture on the first George:

"We are not the historic muse, but her ladyship's attendant, tale-bearer, valet de chambre—for whom no man is a hero; and as yonder one steps from his carriage to the next handy conveyance, we take the number of the hack; we look all over his stars, ribbons, embroidery; we think within ourselves, O you unfathomable schemer! O you warrior invincible! O you beautiful, smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, e'er hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?"

What have we to set against all this? That he was a man of surpassing ability, and very fond of his wife. As to the latter plea, we can only say that nothing else was to be expected from his singular prudence. It was even more important to be on good terms with his imperious spouse, than with the Dutch deputies. But, though his wife may have been beholden to him for his love and obedience, we can not say that his country was. Let us cheerfully award him all praise as a complaisant husband. Yet meditations on the domestic happiness of Duchess Sarah would have afforded but insufficient consolation to the dying Talmash. This plea is simply childish, but the former opens up a wide subject. As an administrator, Marlborough might have rivalled Richelieu; as a warrior, he excelled Condé.

Are all his crimes to be, on that account, forgiven? Is history thus to make intellect her god? The question is not unworthy of a little attention.

Our most popular living historian has announced the doctrine, that force of character covers all sins. Complete success requires unreserved honor; the energy which deserves, though it may fail to command success, obtains respectful admiration. A man who achieved the heights of Cromwell can have committed no fault; our sympathies are asked even for the imperfect career of Mirabeau. The greatest work of this new philosophy has been the glorification of Frederic Wilhelm. When that amiable monarch deserts his allies in a peculiarly black-guard manner, he is described as "advancing in circuits spirally, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the time." When he shoots the companion of his son's flight, and is hardly restrained, by the outcry of all Europe, from shooting his son, we are told that we are not yet sufficiently enlightened to pass a judgment on the proceeding. So, too, when Cromwell sullies his fame by the butcheries of Wexford and Drogheda, he is "precipitated out of eternities," and "bathed in eternal splendors;" and we are ordered to suspend our opinion of Mirabeau until some new moralities have been revealed to us, those which we have at present being insufficient for the purpose. Among Mr. Carlyle's imitations, this tendency assumes shapes yet more fantastic. It lowers history into advocacy in the hands of Mr. Froude; it elevates the use of red paint by Queen Elizabeth into the dignity of a duty in the hands of Mr. Kingsley; it drives Mr. Motley into unworthy sophistry in the attempt to extenuate the equivocations by which William the Silent dimmed his uprightness, that he might win the daughter of the Elector Maurice. This is not merely ridiculous, it is positively pernicious. It deprives us of any standard whereby to judge human actions. It is of no great moment what opinions we may form of historical characters; but it is of the greatest moment that our ideas of right and wrong should not be confused. As the new moralities necessary to justify Mr. Carlyle's strange enthusiasms are not likely to be speedily made manifest, we may as well have the old moralities, which have so long served us,

left undisturbed. To this Lord Macaulay's method presents a marked contrast. He never, indeed, fails to make due allowance for men endowed with dangerous gifts, or tried by severe temptations. He never bears harshly on crimes committed, not from sordid or unworthy motives, but in pursuit of a great public end, and under the influence of extreme or ill-regulated zeal for the public interests. No writer has done more to win for Cromwell his proper place in the regards of Englishmen. Carlyle, in his "Hero-worship," declares that "Cromwell is yet on the gibbet, and finds no hearty apologist any where." A "hearty apologist," in the Carlylian sense of the word, he certainly had not found. But twenty years before Carlyle's lecture was delivered, Macaulay had sketched a flattering portrait of Cromwell, in the dialogue between Cowley and Milton; and eight years later, in his essay on Hallam, he filled up this sketch into the most brilliant and most truthful likeness of the great usurper which can be found in the language. But, on the other hand, he does not disregard the plain rules of morality which are understood by plain men. Rigid moralists will pronounce him even too generous in his estimate of Machiavelli; too much inclined to what he calls the doctrine of set-off in his accounts of Clive and Hastings. Yet he never supports the teaching of "the Prince," because the author of the Prince suffered exile, torture, and degradation, for the cause of his country's freedom; he does not palliate forgery, because forgery was committed by the conqueror of Bengal; he does not excuse cruelty and robbery, because there was no extreme of the one or the other which Hastings was not prepared to perpetrate for the sake of the Indian revenue. We verily believe, that had Mr. Carlyle written the history of India, he would have made out that for a British soldier to be guilty of the crime which deceived Omichund, was merely "to advance spirally with his own aim sun-clear in view;" that the horrors of Rohileund, and the spoliation of the princesses of the Oude were but measures of energetic administration, easily to be justified by the principles of the new morality. Such indiscreet advocacy is twice mischievous—evil in its effect upon readers, unjust towards those whom it endeavors to defend. It excites a

spirit of antagonism. A determination on the part of a writer to see no evil will produce a tendency on the part of readers to see evils which do not really exist. We feel justly irritated when Mr. Carlyle denies that we can worthily admire Cromwell, so long as we condemn the execution of Charles; it is hard that Mr. Froude should forbid us to feel akin with the gay and gallant youth of Henry, unless we also sympathize with his cruel and imperious old age. Not even in defence of William is Macaulay thus indiscriminating. He does not excuse the massacre of Glencoe on the ground which would certainly have been occupied by the author of the latter day pamphlets, that the Macdonalds were a pack of unruly thieves. He argues that William was kept in ignorance of the real design: that is a question of fact, as to which he may or may not be mistaken. But he never falters with right or wrong in the attempt to blind us as to the nature of the deed; he does not hesitate to denounce as a grave crime the forgiveness which William, upon this as on another great occasion, extended to his guilty servants. It is thus that history should be written, if history is to instruct and to elevate.

Among the many excellencies which have combined to render Lord Macaulay, on the whole, the most popular writer of the day, his style is not the least deserving of attention. It is curious to remark how soon that style was formed, and how little it ever changed. His early writings, indeed, are, as he himself admits, overlaid with a gaudy ornament which his mature taste rejected. The ornate essay on Milton contrasts strangely with the purity of the essay on Pitt. But the marked characteristics of the style—the short sentences, the absence of pronouns, the use of antitheses—remained always the same. The last of these peculiarities has been blamed, as tending to mislead. We question very much whether, in the hands of Macaulay, it ever misled any body. Antitheses are pernicious, either when they are so forced as to throw no light on the subject, or when they are so broadly expressed as to convey an erroneous view. As employed by Macaulay, they are guarded from both evils. He never employs them vaguely, from a mere love of balancing sentences; and he never fails so to limit them as to remove

all danger of their carrying the reader too far. They are useful as stimulants. By the powerful flow of his narrative, readers are apt to be borne along unthinkingly. An antithesis occasionally introduced, breaks the fascination, and rouses the attention which had been charmed into luxurious rest. They are to him what uncouth phraseologies and strange constructions are to Carlyle. The use of them is undoubtedly an artifice; but it is a very agreeable artifice, and can only mislead those who are determined to be misled in order to be censorious. But many, even among warm admirers, feel that the style is pitched in too high a key. Majestic as it is, it wants repose. The finest passages, they say, lose much from a want of relief. To a certain extent the objection is true. In varying beauty, Lord Macaulay's style is not equal to that of Mr. Froude, while it is far short of the magic with which Mr. Newman's language rises and falls, seemingly without effort, as if in necessary harmony with the changing theme. But in this Mr. Newman is, so far as we know, absolutely unrivalled; and Mr. Froude has followed, though at a distance, the steps of the master. Like the goblin page in the Minstrel's Lay, he has had one hasty glance into the mystic book, and learned some imperfect knowledge of the spell. On the other hand, if we compare Macaulay with Gibbon, the result is different. A volume of Gibbon positively fatigues the reader; while it would take a good many volumes of Macaulay to communicate any feeling of weariness. In this particular, Macaulay is to Gibbon as Thucydides is to Tacitus. The historian of Greece, and the historian of England, are perhaps deficient in the art of telling a simple story in simple words; but both have far more of this art than the historian of the Empire, or the historian of the Decline and Fall.

Beyond doubt, one of the greatest merits of Lord Macaulay's style was its clearness. It has all the lucidity of Paley, with a brilliancy which Paley never reached. He can give expression to exact thinking, or conduct subtle argument in a manner as easy to follow as the simplest narrative. In his disquisition on the nature of the Papacy in the review of Ranke, in his refutation of Mr. Gladstone's Church and State crotchets, and in the papers on the Utilitarian Theory, there is not a sentence hard to be understood. Some very

profound people object to this, but we confess to a weakness for comprehending what we read. There is a great distinction between thought, and the expression of thought. It is not desirable that the thought should always be obvious and easy, but it is impossible that the expression of it can be too clear. There must be no obscurity in the medium. The matter of the sentence may be difficult, but that is no reason why the form should be slovenly. No one, we suppose would call Berkeley a shallow thinker; and yet no thinker ever conveyed his thoughts more distinctly to his readers. When any writer's language becomes cloudy, the reason simply is, that the ideas of which it is the vehicle are vague. To attain this clearness, Lord Macaulay does not discard ornament, and content himself with inelegant simplicity. On the contrary, "brilliant" is the epithet which rises to the lips of every one in speaking of his style. He presents a strange contrast to the historian of the middle ages. His lucid narrative contrasts with Mr. Hallam's trick of hinting at a fact of implying what he should have clearly told; his eloquence contrasts with Mr. Hallam's abrupt and austere judgment; his fervor contrasts with Mr. Hallam's total want of enthusiasm. In a question of popularity, he is to Mr. Hallam what Mr. Hallam is to Brady or Carte. His writings can not fail to recall the common remark, that history is like oratory. That poetic faculty which is the highest reach of the imagination he wanted. Even the vigorous and stirring "Lays" do not establish a claim to rank as a poet. But the imagination of the orator—a thing quite distinct from the knack of the debater, and which may be manifested in writing as well as in speaking—was his in large measure. A like power, and a greater deficiency, may be remarked in Mr. Gladstone. That gentleman's want of poetic feeling, indeed, is so extreme as to excite astonishment. It seems impossible in any man of ordinary cultivation. Macaulay, on the other hand, approached the heights of poetry. He could never have written those wonderful volumes in which Homer is almost made prosaic, could never have compared Athene to the electric telegraph. But the oratorical fervor of the great speaker often reminds us of the oratorical fervor of the great writer. No man ever possessed to a

greater degree than Lord Macaulay the real secret of an orator—the power to enter into, and to arouse at will, the emotions which sway masses of mankind. Rhetorical, in the proper sense of the word, he was not. The distinction is not easy to give exactly; but perhaps we may find it in this, that the strength of the orator lies in power and sincerity; while the rhetorician is an artist only, bent on temporary success, with or without convictions, as the case may be. By the former spirit Macaulay was always actuated; to the latter he was always a stranger. Some wonderful critics have indeed declared, that wanting heart himself, he never reached the hearts of others—that he colored his characters from a mere love of effective contrasts, heedless of the truth of his portraits. Astonished silence is the only answer to such criticism as this. The heart of the man, even in the cool judgment of Mr. Thackeray, beats in every sentence he has written. He is persuaded, some may think too firmly persuaded, of the rectitude of his views. His strong beliefs, and his warm, almost passionate expression of them, have done not a little towards his unparalleled popularity. It is by the power of his enthusiasm alone that rises almost into the regions of poetry when he tells of Cromwell's charge at Naseby, or the fury of the Huguenots who followed the white plume at Ivry.

We have already compared Macaulay to Thucydides. He resembles the Greek in yet another point—his knowledge of what he somewhere calls the laws of historical perspective. No historian can be exhaustive. He can not tell the whole truth—he must content himself with conveying an impression of it. "The perfect historian," says the essay on History, "is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature." But to accomplish this requires the utmost discretion in selecting leading points, and in rejecting what is incidental. Thucydides had this gift in perfection, and Macaulay does not fall short of him. Both writers are sometimes minute, and sometimes general. Many things they narrate in the fullest detail, for many others a cursory notice is sufficient; yet they are never prolix, and never jejune. It is this power, together with a faculty of orderly arrangement, which makes Lord Macaulay's narrative



take such a hold on the mind. His changes of scene are managed with such method, that we are never confused; and he assigns to each part so exactly its due share of consideration, that we can not fail to apprehend distinctly the proportions of the whole. All the innumerable touches which give reality never bewilder, never obscure the clearness and consecutiveness of the record.

An historian, to be really great, must possess some of the qualities of a great dramatist. The highest condition of genius—the creative faculty—may be wanting. But although he need not create, he must be endowed with that secondary power of the imagination, which disposes and arranges existing materials so as to animate them with life. "It would be a great thing," wrote Niebuhr, "if I could make the Romans stand before my readers, distinct, intelligible, familiar as contemporaries, living and moving." What Niebuhr longed to do, Macaulay has been able to accomplish. His characters live and move before us. His earliest writings show a constant endeavor to realize and to represent the scenes and the actors of other times. In the fragment of a Roman tale, and the dialogue between Milton and Cowley, we have the first glimpses of that power which drew the vivid picture of the "club" in the essay on Johnson, and which has given to these four volumes of history an interest surpassing all but the most perfect triumphs of dramatic art. Not a few worthy people, indeed, regard this interest with a vague alarm. They consider it, as Plato long ago considered the fact, "as something sweet, and wonderful, and divine;" but they accord it no hearty welcome; they had rather crown it with a crown of doubtful honor and send it away into another country. They don't understand how a history can be as entertaining as a novel. The phenomenon is strange; it frightens them; and, not without some irritation, they reject it as an imposture. In their judgment, the historian, like the philosopher, must have "the dry light, unmingled with any tincture of the affections." He must be a passionless machine, and his production must have the unexciting merits of an almanac. As, in social intercourse, many persons get credit for sincerity by being disagreeable, so, according to this canon, history must win a reputation for trustworthiness by

being dull. It is impossible to convince any who hold this belief—whose requisition from an historian is, *surtout point de zèle*. We can only wonder at the peculiarity of their taste, and leave them, without argument, to their preference of the frigid virtues of Rollin over characters drawn with the accuracy of Clarendon, and sustained with a force and consistency not unworthy of Scott. In this respect Macaulay has rivalled Tacitus. The portrait of William is deserving to be placed beside the portrait of Tiberius. These historians possessed the power of giving individuality to their characters in a manner only surpassed by the greatest masters of fiction.

It has been urged with more plausibility, that this attraction is obtained by violations of human nature—that, in order to secure it, contrasts are worked out with a sharpness which results in the delineations not of possible human beings, but of grotesque and unnatural monsters. It is difficult to determine what inconsistencies in men's characters transcend belief. Sir Walter Scott has been accused of exceeding probability in his attempt to reproduce in Buckingham the original of Zimri. But has Macaulay exceeded it in the instances most commonly brought against him—Bacon and Marlborough? The grounds of the charge are curious. Because Marlborough married a woman without money, therefore he was not avaricious; because he always loved his wife, therefore he was not cold-hearted. As if conflict of passions was a thing unknown; as if calm and unimpassionable natures were not the chosen abiding-places of one enduring emotion. Again, because a knot of young gentlemen at Cambridge, never much exposed to the seductions of place and power, have found intellectual culture strengthen their unsailed virtue, therefore Bacon, in his eager quest after the world's prizes, could never have deserted Essex or fawned on Buckingham. As if the long history of human frailty had never been written—as if temptation had never lured men from rectitude—as if intellect had never stooped to sin.

Such criticism refuses to see any incongruities, will not allow of their existence. It prefers writers like the later classical historians, whose characters are impersonations of the virtues and the vices, acting always after their kind. It argues

after the fashion of the gentle Cowper, who never would believe that Hastings had hanged Nuncomar, because Hastings had been a good-natured boy at Westminster. But, in truth, it is founded on a total mistake. We can not arrive, as it were, at the centers of men's dispositions, from which all their thoughts and actions will radiate naturally. Characters are not circles. It is not thus that the great masters have portrayed human nature. Shakspeare's men and women do not act in unvarying obedience to any ruling passion; they abound in inconsistencies, such as the existence of a love for Ophelia in the heart of the depraved and guilty queen. If this be true in the world of fiction, it is much more true in the world of reality. For the best artists obey a canon of propriety which forbids them to run into extremes. Inconsistencies and incongruities they indeed give us; but lest they shock by a too great improbability, they soften what they know to exist. They wisely avoid what is so extraordinary as to seem unnatural, though they may be persuaded of its truth, as the discreet painter does not seek to represent startling and uncommon effects of sea or sky, even such as he may have himself beheld. No such privilege is accorded to the historian. He may not select or tone down. He is but a copyist, and must represent faithfully whatever nature brings before him. It is not his business to make nature natural—to reconcile what is with our ideas of what ought to be. Hence his representations are often strange and inexplicable. After all that has been written, even by such a thinker as Carlyle, can any one say that he comprehends men like Mahomet or Cromwell? The inconsistencies and contradictions of their lives lie before us; but we can not, save by an arbitrary exercise of fancy, ascribe them to a common origin. They are to us enigmas; probably they were enigmas to themselves. To go no further than the pages before us, can any thing be conceived more unaccountable than the proceedings of Rochester in the intrigue which dismissed Catherine Sedley from the palace? We have a statesman who, in addition to the vices of drinking and swearing, approves himself an adept in the part of a procurer, and who employs the agency of his own wife in order to divert the jealousy of the queen in the direction of an innocent

lady. Yet this very man, in the midst of such an intrigue, retires to his closet and composes a religious meditation so fervent and so devout that it would not have misbecome the lips of Ken. Hypocrisy can not be imputed, for his prayers and his penitence were offered up in secret, and were known to no man till the grave had closed over him for more than a century. The historian may well add, "So much is history stranger than fiction; and so true it is, that nature has caprices which art dares not imitate." Attempts to explain such things are vain. Man's analysis, like the syllogism, is all unequal to the subtlety of nature.

If, going beyond the four volumes of the history, we take the series of historical essays into consideration, we shall find ourselves justified in calling Lord Macaulay an historian of England in a very wide sense. Of the feudal days, indeed, he tells us little; but in his half-dozen essays he has so illustrated critical periods of our history as to convey general views of surprising accuracy. Any diligent student of those papers, and of the history, will have no slight acquaintance with at least the later acts of that great drama, the growth of the English Constitution. He will be able to give no superficial answer to the question, What has made England what England is? how comes it that her destinies have been so immeasurably happier than those of nations whose political condition she at no very distant date nearly resembled? how has it been her lot alone to "combine, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with the blessings of order," escaping monarchical tyranny on the one hand, and the not less oppressive tyranny of democracy on the other? Such an inquiry must be interesting to students of all countries, and assuredly none can be more worthy the attention of Englishmen. There are many now-a-days who, imagining themselves wiser than their neighbors, deem such matters of small account, and look down on them as surface questions. To such shallow thinkers the invigorating influences of an honest patriotism must be ever unknown. They affect to despise the noble science of patriotism; they merely show that they can not understand it. If they would use their eyes and look on what the nations are even now enduring all around them, they might learn to appreciate more justly

what we owe to the founders of English liberty. "Laws themselves," says Carlyle truly enough, "political institutions, are not our life; but only the house in which our life is led; nay, but the bare walls of the house." Yet surely the house is somewhat; and we do well to take good heed that the walls be strong. If the tenement is insecure, the life which it shelters will be uncertain and full of danger. A free constitution is not valuable for itself alone, but for the security, the peace, the justice, and the individual happiness which only a free constitution can guarantee; and for the knowledge, the industry, and the elegant cultivation which a free constitution can best foster. To learn how this priceless possession has been acquired, is the surest way to learn how it may be preserved. "To us," says the historian, "nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book, the England of the Curfew and the Forest laws, the England of crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade. . . . The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island." We never could understand how the author who could thus feel and thus write should have been so bitterly disliked by conservatives. Surely no history, as a whole, was ever conceived in a more truly conservative spirit. We would put Macaulay into the hands of every one whom we desired to educate in a healthy pride of race. No writer ever taught more plainly that important though hard lesson, the rational and equitable relation of the various classes of society towards each other; ever inculcated more strongly an intelligent love of country, an enlightened understanding of the political privileges we enjoy. No man ever obeyed better the injunction of the poet:

"Love thou thy land with love far brought  
From out the storied past."

"He loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the violet crown, as a Roman loved the city of the seven hills." He seems to cherish the devotion of a soldier for the emblem of his country's greatness:

"The glorious SEMPER EADEM; the banner  
our pride."

His heart is stirred when he but alludes to the grand or pathetic scenes in English story—Elizabeth at Tilbury, the agony and relief of Derry; the dying prayer of Sydney, Russell's last parting from his wife; and we, do not we thrill with a proud emotion as we read? If Englishmen would have their patriotism deeply rooted; if they would be made assured that the history of their own land is rich in nobler associations, and bright with the light of purer virtue, than the vaunted records of Greece or Rome; if they would learn reverence for the laws which have been handed down, would acquire firmness to preserve, or "patient force" to change them, let them study every fragment which has been left by the most fervent annalist of England. And, as he gloried in his country's past, so he was pleased with her present, and hopeful of her future. The tendency of our popular writers is rather the other way. There are among us many prophets of evil, of whom the foremost is Mr. Carlyle. To him, as to Heinrich Heine, "every thing seems pushed uneven." His eyes are sick for the sight which they see. When he looks abroad, he beholds not a prosperous and happy nation; but every where folly, mammon-worship, and misery—an aristocracy which can not lead, a grubbing middle-class, a depressed and degraded people under all. Lesser lights can't like their leader, though in feeblér tones.

In a late number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Maurice tells his readers to discard the cheerfulness of Macaulay, exhorting them "not to affect content with all around them, for they feel discontent." Surely this is to be sad from mere wantonness. It is true, of course, that

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not."

But is this more true of us than it would have been of all generations of men who have passed away, than it will be of all generations of men who are to come? The admonition to "clear the mind of cant" might be well retorted. A close companion to this mourning over the present is the habit of triumphing in some fancied past, which the *Times* has happily called "the high-flying style of writing

history." Certain writers have a favorite period, during which all men were of a loftier stature than common, or, to use the approved expression, "walked in the light of an idea." Spanish galleons were plundered only from hatred of the Spanish religion; Elizabeth was approached with a servility and adulation which would have revolted Louis XIV., solely because she is the bulwark of the Protestant faith; and, accordingly, the pious sailors and courtiers are duly exalted above the men of our degenerate days. Lord Macaulay has avoided these kindred errors. He can appreciate past times without disparaging his own. He can reverence Hampden and Somers without sneering at Fox or Grey; he does not see that the nobles who deserted Caroline of Brunswick at the bidding of George IV. were more servile than the nobles who found Anne Boleyn guilty, and who voted for cutting off Cromwell's head without a trial, at the bidding of Henry; nor can he understand how men who were half-way between Protestant and Papist under Henry, good Catholics under Mary, and good Protestants under Elizabeth, were more actuated by zeal for religion than a generation which has sent missionaries over all the world, and which has raised self-supporting churches in greater numbers than the numbers of the Establishment. Thinking thus of his own day, he contemplated the future with a rational hope. He had passed through times which were not always times of pleasantness; he had shared in struggles which were no child's play; yet he never lost faith in the destinies of England. He has told us the grounds of this faith in his noble address at Glasgow: "Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have been seeing nothing but growth, and hearing of nothing but decay." In the annals of England he read a long story of advance and improvement, and he never discovered any reason to believe that the advance would be soon arrested,—that the improvement would speedily cease. The New Zealander may come at last; but his celebrated sketch will not be taken at an early date. We prefer, we own, the hopeful creed. Indeed, we confess to regarding with peculiar aversion these unexplained denunciations of our present condition. They owe, too frequently, their warmth, if not their origin, to an agreeable feeling in the mind of the de-

nunciator, that his deeper insight proves him wiser and better than his fellows. They can do no possible good, for they are never so definite as to instruct. If we must rail at the world, let us do so, with Jacques, in good set terms—in language which can be understood. Till these dwellers in gloom tell us distinctly what is wrong and how to mend it, we shall take leave to consider cheerful confidence quite as rational as vague alarm, and a great deal more pleasant.

As a writer of history, Lord Macaulay possessed a great advantage in the fact that he had lived history. Familiarity with the conduct of affairs imparts a great power in the narration of them. Macaulay, indeed, never scaled the topmost heights of Olympus; and it is sad to think that the claims of a second-rate Cabinet office should have hindered the completion of the work of his life. But though we may regret the years devoted to such duties as the duties of Paymaster of the Forces, we can not regret any time spent in Parliament, or in intercourse with leading statesmen. The greatest historians of antiquity were conversant with the political world. The most brilliant historians of France owe much of their attractiveness to the same cause. The want of this advantage gives a deadness to the most profound historians of Germany. Gibbon tells us that the "eight years he sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." In the fragments of Fox and Sir James Mackintosh, questions of state policy are handled with an ease and freedom for which we look vainly in the pages of Lingard or Hume. Mr. Grote's unsuccessful endeavors to bestow the ballot on the people of England brought him a valuable if indirect return when he came to discuss the reforms of Cleisthenes. It is not good that men who aspire to treat themes of great concernment should live apart from the spheres in it. Such themes are agitated, estranged within a little circle of admirers. Some acquaintance with public life might have shaken Mr. Carlyle's preference for despotic rule; a little experience in drawing up statutes might have disturbed Mr. Froude's belief in the reliability of preambles as historical authorities.

It is worthy of remark how little Lord Macaulay's opinions varied throughout life. Even his judgments of character



remained unaltered. The Bunyan and the Johnson of 1830 reappear without change in the Encyclopedia essays of 1854-56. On disputed points of English history, on great questions of government, the same uniformity is preserved. As youth did not hurry him into extremes, so age did not frighten him into reaction. In the dialogue between Milton and Cowley we have the same estimate of the great rebellion, and the actors in it, as in the introductory chapter of the History. The solution of the franchise difficulty proposed in the review of Mitford's Greece is maintained in the articles on the Utilitarian Controversy, and was expressed at the very last in the celebrated letter on the character of Jefferson. Nor can it be said that his opinions, though formed early, show any traces of being formed hastily. The right of the people to the franchise has of late been much debated; but we have improved nothing upon the doctrine, that the government of a community should be entrusted only to the educated and enlightened portion of it. From that doctrine may our statesmen never swerve, either from a restless craving for self-advancement, or from an abject deference to the passions of the crowd. That great party to which Macaulay on his entrance into life elected to belong, commanded his adherence till the close. If there be any prudence in moderation, if there be any wisdom in timely reform, if veneration for the past has any beauty, if a true understanding of the present affords any safety, if, in a word, there be any glory in Whiggery, Macaulay was the man to set it forth. His historical mind was naturally attached to that political creed which alone can trace its his historical development, which alone can boast great historical associations. He was, in the best sense of the word, a thorough party man. He understood, what now-a-days so few appear to understand, that a member of a representative body must often yield on some point to the opinions of the majority of those with whom he generally agrees, if government is to be carried on at all. He never consented to sacrifice what he considered a vital question; but, on the other hand, he knew that capricious isolation is not statesmanship. His life was a protest, and his writings abound in warnings against that vain love of independent action which afflicts a country with a suc-

cession of feeble administrations, and which brings about a state of confusion and weakness such as no lover of representative institutions can contemplate without anxiety. He was the last of a long series of eminent Englishmen, including such names as the names of Addison, Burke, and Mackintosh, whose allegiance has been the chiefest honor of the Whig party, who have served their country in public life, but have rendered to their country, and to mankind, services far more valuable and more enduring by the labors of their retirement.

It has often been remarked that no great power of humor, or play of irony can be discovered in Macaulay's writings. His wit, on the other hand, is brilliant; and of the sarcastic tone he was a master. There is considerable fun in the remarks on Dr. Nares' Life of Burleigh, and in the allusions to "the Sweet Queen" in the article on Madame D'Arblay. The reviews of Montgomery's poems, and of Croker's edition of Johnson, could hardly have been more biting; and for a combination of sarcasm and crushing invective, we hardly know where the sketch of Barere can find a parallel. But he was not a humorist. On this subject a great deal of cant is talked now-a-days. "A man's humor," says the author of *Friends in Council*, "is the deepest part of his nature." This saying, like most sayings which strive to be very fine, may be true or false according as it is explained. If it mean that the humor of a character shows much of the real nature of that character, that a universal play of "any man in his own humor" would tell us not a little of men's dispositions, then it may be true. But, if it mean that a man of humors is a deeper or a clearer thinker than a man without them, we suspect it is false. A humorist sees, perhaps, more than other people, but he does not see with greater distinctness or greater truth. Humor is like the ointment of the dervise in the Eastern tale; if partially applied, it reveals many hidden treasures; but if it cover both eyes, the whole mental vision is darkened. Men ardent in the search of truth are impatient of its whims and vagaries. With regard to irony the case is much the same. As an intellectual art, irony is a sort of yielding in order to gain at last—valuable as a weapon of controversy, of no avail in the discovery of truth. Even as wielded by its great-

est master, it affords a victory over an opponent, but it does not advance an investigation. In those dialogues in which Socrates employs it most, nothing strikes the reader so forcibly as the reflection that no progress is ever made. And it is precisely when Socrates desires to make progress, to teach something real, to inculcate some great lesson, that the ironical tone disappears. It then gives place to earnest reasonings, or to the sublimity of his gorgeous myths. As a habit of the moral nature, irony is even more questionable. It is often an affectation; and even when unconscious and sincere, it repels the generality. Plain men regard it as an impertinence; zealous men regard it as an unwarrantable concealment, or as a cowardly reluctance to meet questions fairly. For an historian, especially, in whom simplicity of view is essential, humor and irony alike are dangerous and misleading gifts. They may impart a charm, but it is a charm which will lure astray. An ingenious critic in the *Saturday Review* has summed up Lord Macaulay's imperfections by saying, that he wanted "the fitful, reserved, and haughty temperament which characterizes the highest order of genius." A more absurd sentence was never written. Every one of the qualities here so placidly ascribed to the highest natures is a weakness. Fitfulness marks a want of strength and a want of balance; reserve arises from a fear lest frankness should betray deficiencies; and haughtiness is a sign simply of a very unamiable feeling of superiority to others, often cherished by merely clever men, but to which genius is uniformly a stranger. We can readily believe that these unpleasant qualities characterize the highest as well as the lowest order of *Saturday Reviewers*; but we shall be slow to think that they existed in "my gentle Shakspeare," or that they marred the manliness of Sir Walter Scott. They are to be found only in second-rate men who wish to be esteemed geniuses, and when so found, are very heartily and very justly disliked by all mortals.

Some historians, aware that great things have been done in their own day, write of what they have seen and known. Among the historians of the past, some write because they are possessed by an idea which they long to enforce, as Hume by his love for the Stuarts, Thierry by his theories of race. Others, again, conscious of

literary power, devote that power to history because history is a popular study, and elect to write of a period because that period seems picturesque, to celebrate a character because that character seems imposing. Possibly the period they determine upon may be unsuited to their powers; the character they would exalt may be unworthy; but their choice is made, and by that choice they must abide. Possibly experience may show that they have no aptitude for historical investigation, no faculty of discerning character, no power of weighing evidence; but the discovery comes too late, and these defects are supplied by wayward opinions and arbitrary judgments. To such an origin we may, without unfairness, ascribe the "historic fancies" of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude. But the true historian of past times is he who selects some epoch because long familiarity has made that epoch present to him as his own. He does not read that he may write; he writes because he has read. So only will he be able to rival the excellencies of an historian who writes of his own times. Study will have given almost as intimate an acquaintance with his subject; and his narrative will therefore be almost as vivid and as truthful. It was in this way that knowledge forced authorship on Gibbon. He had been long conversant with his great theme before. "At Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." So too the history of England was no novel subject to Macaulay. It had been his favorite study from boyhood. The torment devised for him by Sydney Smith was, that he should constantly hear people making false statements about the reign of Queen Anne, without being able to set them right. Much as he knew about many things, he knew most, and cared most, about the annals of his country. We may learn some day when the idea of writing them first took possession of his mind. Unhappily, though we may have a companion to the scene at Rome, we shall never have a companion to that passage in which Gibbon describes a yet happier moment of his life, when, "on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I wrote

the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden." The "establishment of fame," has been indeed accomplished even by the fragment; but we have had a painful illustration of the truth of the reflection which spread "a sober melancholy" over the mind of Gibbon—the reflection that "whatsoever might be the future date of the history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

In spite of the incompleteness of his work, the name of Macaulay will have no lowly place even in the long roll of English worthies. His labors in literature

have done more to spread abroad a true understanding of English history than those of any English writer, and his conduct in political life need not fear comparison with the most upright of English statesmen. It is perhaps too much to hope that another such historian will appear to tell of the past greatness of England; but we may surely entertain the expectation, that the men to whom England's future may be confided in times of trouble will have something of the masculine sense, the lofty love of truth, the unswerving adherence to principle, which ennobled the nature of Lord Macaulay.

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## MARVELS OF ALPINE GLACIERS.\*

THE conservative properties of snow and ice, indeed, are well known. Were it not for the mechanical violence to which a body is exposed when it is entangled in a glacier, the corpses of those who meet with an untimely death in the crevasses would be carried down without seeing corruption until they were cast up on the surface, or discharged at the termination of the frozen flood. Probably the forms of the unhappy men who accompanied Dr. Hamel in his ascent of Mont Blanc, and who were overwhelmed in a great cleft, will lie there for centuries without the least approach to putrefaction, their faces being as placid, and their flesh as unchanged, as if their last earthly sleep was still unbroken.

The "Moulins" constitute another, though a much rarer species of aperture. They are shafts sunk into the ice to a considerable depth, as if to receive the superficial drainage of the glacier; for the little rills which flow over the smoother portions, and then combine into more consequential streamlets, at last hurl themselves into these pits, and make their way as best they can through the dreary en-

trails of the structure. The noise thus produced has been compared by some to the clack of a mill—hence the name; by others, to the sound of a prodigious organ-pipe. One thing is particularly noticeable. When a moulin has once been set up in a locality, it seems to acquire a sort of vested interest in the spot. Year after year you find it, to all appearance still on the same site. But since—

"The glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day,"

how can this phenomenon remain at anchor as it were in the midst of the icy current? The explanation is supposed to be as follows: At the place where the mill is established, some peculiarity of strain, due to local causes, (as, for instance, a ridge in the trough,) produces a crack in the moving mass. Into this cleft the waters of the surface rush, and speedily excavate a funnel of formidable bore and profundity. But as the glacier proceeds on its way, another portion of its substance is subjected to the precise influence by which the former was fractured; another and a corresponding rent is therefore made in the ice; and consequently a new moulin is really set up in the same

\* Concluded from page 49.

region, whilst the old one is abandoned and perhaps obliterated by the closing of the orifice under heavy pressure. Half a dozen of these deserted pits have, in fact, been observed in advance of the one which was doing duty for the time, but which was destined also to be forsaken in turn.

Occasionally, again, the explorer meets with a "blower." His attention is attracted by a hissing noise, like that which proceeds from the boiler when the engine has finished its day's work, and is lazily discharging its vapor. On examining the ice, he finds a crack, scarcely perceptible at first, from which a cold blast is propelled. The proceeding admits of easy solution. Air has been carried down into the cavities of the ice, or, perhaps, disengaged from the melting material, and then, being subjected to pressure, is forced out at the first clink it reaches, as if the glacier were mildly blowing off its steam.

Another remarkable feature in the glacial mass is its veined or ribbed appearance. In many places the ice seems to consist of alternate plates or bands, arranged in tolerable parallelism, but readily distinguished by the bluish color and compact texture of the one, and the browner aspect and more porous constitution of the other. Seen in section, when cut by the walls of a crevasse, or when the surface has been washed and polished by the waters, the material has been compared to the most exquisitely variegated chalcodony. For the most part these laminae are vertical, and descend to a considerable depth in the glacier. They are particularly conspicuous at the sides of the frozen stream, and in the neighborhood of the moraine, but are much less distinctly pronounced in the central portions. Where the surface is worn by the action of the sun and wind, and water, the harder plates stand out boldly, whilst the softer yield to these abrading forces. Furrows and ridges are thus laid down, deposited in the light sand which is the phenomenon still the grooves renders the phenomenon a very more legible, and gives the surface a remarkable appearance.

Those blue-and-white stripes have led to much discussion. Not only do they raise an interesting question as to their origin, but it was hoped that they would throw some light on the great geological puzzle, the subject of stratification. Some persons assumed that the laminated ad-

justment arose from the deposition of layer after layer of snow in the mountain nurseries, and their subsequent consolidation into ice. But though the névé is characterized by horizontal bands or strata, it is difficult to understand how these could perform such somersaults in their course that the plates should become vertical, and arrange themselves in any thing like conformity with the walls of the glacier. When, however, Professor Tyndall, actuated by malice prepense against this theory, (philosophical malice we mean,) proceeded to forage on the Aletsch glacier, and afterwards on the Furgge glacier, at Mont Cervin, for cases in which the veined structure and the stratified structure should cross each other at an unfriendly angle, and found just what he wanted, it was all over with the hypothesis. We can not well say that the plates of the glacier ice, and the layers of the névé, are identical in their origin, if they may be seen intersecting each other, instead of coinciding, as the supposition requires. Professor Forbes, to whose patient and extensive researches the whole glacier family is greatly indebted for the petting it has received at the hands of philosophers, seemed at first to be of opinion that, rents being made in the ice by reason of its motion, water entered these crevices during summer, and froze into hard blue laminae on the advent of winter. Dispensing afterwards with the idea of congelation in the fissures, he assumed that the fractured sides might be united by the "simple effects of time and cohesion." To account for this structure there are other theories—theories founded on the behavior of ripples in the water, the differential motion of the ice in various parts of the glacier and so forth; but it will be sufficient to refer to Professor Tyndall's conclusions. The laminated appearance is produced where the ice is subject to considerable pressure. It is manifested most emphatically where that pressure is the greatest. It is developed in a direction which is transverse to the compressing power. It is, therefore, the reverse of the force which creates the crevasses. Those we have seen are due to the oblique pull or tension which the central parts of the glacier exercise upon the slower-paced particles at the sides. But these—the plates or veins—are developed in the frozen torrent because, first, when a substance has been vehem-



mently squeezed, it exhibits planes of division perpendicular to the force applied. This fact is curiously illustrated in the slate rocks, where it was found by Mr. Daniel Sharpe that the fossil shells were invariably flattened out in the direction of the laminae, if their position coincided with that direction, or crushed into conformity, if it happened to differ. The principle may also be experimentally demonstrated. Professor Tyndall has shown that, by subjecting a lump of pure white wax to compression, it may be converted into a series of thin plates, susceptible of the cleanest possible cleavage. For a more homely illustration, examine any specimen of puff paste, and you will perceive that it consists of flakes or layers, which may be separated with the greatest facility. The stratified appearance of the dainty is, in fact, due to the rolling-pin of the cook; it did not exist in the dough before that philosophical instrument was applied. Eat the illustration when you have done with it. But, secondly, when ice is brought under pressure, a portion of the air it contains is expelled; not all, indeed, for, as the substance gives away at the weaker points only, spaces will remain where the aerial molecules must continue to lurk. Further, since ice undergoes partial liquefaction when it is powerfully squeezed, watery intervals must be formed, which will greatly facilitate the escape of the bubbles. Let the fluid thus produced be frozen when the pressure is relaxed, and the result will be the development of compact blue veins or layers in the midst of the glacial mass. The elimination of the atmospheric particles, therefore, appears to be the main feature in the "ribboned" phenomenon. Nicolet ascertained that, whilst a quantity of névé represented by 500, contained 32.0 cubical centimètres of air, white ice yielded only 7.05, and blue ice not more than 0.5.

The Dirt-bands constitute another interesting appurtenance to certain glaciers. They were first described by Professor Forbes, who observed them whilst taking an afternoon stroll in the neighborhood of the Mer de Glace. They looked like ripples or wrinkles traversing a large portion of the surface of the ice-stream, as if waves following each other in concentric succession, at the distance of some hundreds of feet, had been suddenly petrified in their flow. Their convexity, in all

cases, was directed down the frozen river. Sixteen were counted at that period by the Professor. From fifteen to seventeen years later, when Dr. Tyndall haunted the crags of the Montanvert, the number of these bands appeared to correspond, provided the glacier was scanned from exactly the same position. Yet, as the ice had been in incessant motion during the interval, it is obvious that these curves of dirt could not be identical with the specimens observed by the Edinburgh savant. They were their successors merely. Hence, some cause must exist which leads to the systematic reproduction of this phenomenon. What is it? The explanation is supposed to be this: The dirt-bands are only discernible in places where the glacier has passed down some declivity, so as to form a kind of cascade. Ruptured in its transit over the brow of the slope, a series of hollows and ridges are produced athwart its current. In the fissures thus created, the dust and finer *débris* of the rocks are certain to lodge, and when, on arriving at a less precipitous part, the transverse gaps begin to close, and the ridges are softened down by the sun and rain, the dirt still remains to mark the spots where the glacier has been torn. The looped form afterwards assumed is a necessary consequence of the superior rapidity of the inner parts of the stream.

Such being some of the incidents of motion in the journey of a glacier, let us now turn our attention for a few moments to the theories of its progress. To many a savant this is an extremely exciting theme. He pricks up his ears, and throws himself in a pugnacious attitude of mind the instant the topic is introduced. Under what banner do you fight? Saussure or Charpentier, Forbes or Tyndall? Do you believe in gravity or dilatation—in the viscous character of ice, or in the healing of its minutest ruptures upon the principle of regulation? You can not be a glacialist without becoming the partisan of some philosopher, unless, indeed, you select a more tempting expedient, and originate a theory of your own.

The first hypothesis of any moment was that of De Saussure. According to him, glaciers are set in motion by the pressure of the upland névé. They descend by virtue of gravity. The under surface is lubricated by the melting of the ice in contact with the warmer ground,

and by the flow of water which filters through the mass.

"La chaleur de la terre fait fondre les neiges et les glaces même pendant les froids les plus rigoureux, lorsque leur épaisseur est assez grande pour préserver du froid extérieur les fonds sur lesquels elles reposent. . . Presque tous les glaciers reposent sur des fonds inclinés; et tous ceux d'une grandeur un peu considérable ont au-dessous d'eux, même en hiver, des courans d'eau qui coulent entre la glace et le fond qui la porte. On comprend donc que ces masses glacées, entraînée par la pente du fond sur lequel elles reposent, dégagées par les eaux de la liaison qu'elles pourraient contracter avec ce même fond, soulevées même quelquefois par ces eaux, doivent peu à peuglisser et descendre en suivant la pente des vallées, ou des croupes qu'elles couvrent."

To this theory there are many serious objections. If a glacier moved down a smooth trough of uniform breadth, in which there were no corners to turn or protuberances to encounter, it might be launched from its mountain stocks as easily as a British man-of-war from a Government yard. Once set in motion, it would come rushing into the valley like the timber on the old slide of Alpnach. But its bed is as rough as the rocks can make it. The channel in which it travels is sinuous, and studded with numerous obstructions. And where that channel contracts, as it frequently does, the progress of the ice should be absolutely intercepted. For, moving like a rigid body, in which capacity it appears to have been regarded by De Saussure, there could be no power of adapting itself to the varying peculiarities of the mountain gorges, any more than a new-made ship could be squeezed through a passage smaller than itself, on its route to the waters. To this theory, however, an amendment was moved by Mr. Hopkins. It was suggested that, when a glacier found itself in such a predicament, (or, indeed, under all ordinary circumstances where it was necessary to account for the more rapid advance of the central portions,) the ice gave way in the direction of its length; fissures parallel to the sides were formed, and the medial parts were thus enabled to glide on promptly, whilst the lateral slips were left to follow at leisure. Unfortunately for this idea of motion by *échelons*, Professor Forbes ascertained by experiments at Chamouni, that there were no sudden dislocations in the ice—no *saltus* of any longitudinal part

whilst the strips in its vicinity were at rest, but a graduated advance, which indicated that there was no fitful, jerking agency at work in any portion of the mass.

Opposed to the sliding or gravitation theory of De Saussure, stands the dilatation theory of Scheuchzer and De Charpentier. When water freezes, it expands. Iron shells have been burst by the power it exerts during the process of congelation. Let the fluid produced by the thawing surface of the glacier enter the minute cavities of the structure, and, when solidified by cold, a force of great energy will be developed, which ought to move the mass in the direction of the least resistance. According to Agassiz the capillary vessels, assumed, but never proved to exist in the ice, were the seats of this violent transaction. But, plausible in look, the theory was untenable in discussion. A single difficulty may be mentioned. One condition, above all, was indispensable—you must get your water frozen before you could expect your glacier to march, just as in a railway locomotive the liquid must be boiled before the engine can be asked to stir. Unluckily, these mountain structures happen to move fastest in summer, when the surface is rarely reduced beyond the freezing-point, and continue to move, though much more slowly, in winter, when the process of congelation has already been accomplished. Besides, whatever effect is due to this cause, should be expended upon the superficial portion of the glacier; for the temperature of the interior, as shown by Agassiz, is not sufficient to solidify the fluid to any depth (odd as it may seem;) and Dr. Forbes found that, even when the surface was frozen—when all the little rivulets were silenced, and the very "clack" of the moulins was suspended—his wooden poles, on penetrating the crust of ice, were wet with the water which lay underneath.

But the most noted of all glacier theories is the viscous. Its championship must have cost the ingenious Professor from whom it emanated a world of trouble. Severely as it has been criticised, however, it rests upon a principle which is admitted to be indisputable, namely, that a frozen river conducts itself in many respects as if it were an imperfect liquid or a plastic substance in motion. It flows after a fashion of its own. It adapts itself to the geography of its bed. It contracts its current if the channel contracts its dimen-

sions. It spreads itself out into a broad expanse, if the widening walls permit. It divides into two streams, should it meet with any obstruction which it can not readily surmount. If the slope is great, it grows thin; and becomes more rapid in its progress; if the declivity is slight, it slackens in its speed, and swells into a tumid, protuberant mass. To do this is to behave like a fluid—stiffly and imperfectly, it is true—yet still, more like a fluid than could be expected from a solid crystallized substance which can be cut into blocks, built into ice-palaces, used as a safe field for the evolutions of the skater, or employed as a firm pavement on which fairs can be held and booths erected. But, because the glacier comport itself as a plastic body in some respects, Professor Forbes concluded that it was such in reality. And here lies the bone of contention.

To illustrate the theory, reference is made to some substance of an admittedly viscous character. For example:

"Imagine," says that philosopher, "a long, narrow trough, or canal, stopped at both ends, and filled to a considerable depth with treacle, honey, tar, or any such viscid fluid. Imagine one end of the trough to give way, the bottom still remaining horizontal; if the friction of the fluid against the bottom be greater than the friction against its own particles, the upper strata will roll over the lower ones and protrude in a convex slope, which will be propagated backwards towards the other or closed end of the trough. Had the matter been quite fluid, the whole would have run out, and spread itself on a level; as it is, it assumes precisely the conditions which we suppose to exist in a glacier."

Now, ice is a peculiar material; it has its own eccentricities of character. When subjected to pressure, it exhibits certain qualities which must exercise an important influence upon the question of glacier motion. Carnot discovered that water placed under coercion refused to congeal at the orthodox 32° F., as if in dudgeon at the constraint; or, to speak with more precision, as if the crystals could not form with the requisite freedom. Let ice, however, be subjected to compression, and a portion immediately liquifies, some of its latent caloric being probably squeezed into a sensible form. Further, it was ascertained by Mr. Faraday, that if two pieces of ice, with moistened surfaces, were placed in contact, the intervening film of water froze, and fastened them together, pro-

vided the temperature of the medium did not fall below 32° F.; nay, curiously enough, if the two lumps were placed in water as hot as the hand could well bear, they might be brought out perfectly cemented. This principle is now known under the title of "regelation." Prompted by Faraday's discovery, Dr. Tyndall executed a series of experiments, by crushing ice in wooden moulds under an hydraulic press. Though the material was reduced to fragments during the operation, these fragments immediately reunited, and came out of the mould agglutinated into a compact and continuous substance. Lenses and cups were thus fabricated, and the experimenter concluded that ice might be fashioned by the same means into vases and statuettes, or even formed into a rope and coiled into a knot.

"But," argues Professor Tyndall, "not one of these experiments, though they might be a thousand-fold more striking than any ever made upon a glacier, would in the least demonstrate that ice is really a viscous body. . . . Practically, it would behave as a *plastic* substance; and, indeed, this plasticity has been contended for by M. Agassiz, in opposition to the idea of viscosity. As already stated, the ice bruised, and flattened, and bent in the above experiments, was incapable of being sensibly stretched; it was plastic to pressure, but not to tension. . . . Ice at 32° may be crushed with extreme facility, and glacier ice with still more readiness than lake ice; it may also be scraped with a knife with even greater facility than some kinds of chalk. In comparison with ice 100° below the freezing point, it might be popularly called soft. But its softness is not that of paste, or wax, or treacle, or lava, or honey, or tar; it is the softness of calcareous spar in comparison with that of rock-crystal; and, although the latter is comparatively harder than the former, I think it will be conceded that the term viscous would be equally inapplicable to both. My object here is clearly to define terms, and not permit physical error to lurk beneath them. How far this ice, with a softness thus defined, when subjected to the gradual pressures exerted in a glacier, is bruised and broken, and how far the motion of its parts may approach to that of a truly viscous body under pressure, I do not know. The critical point here is, that the ice changes its form and preserves its continuity during its motion, by virtue of external force. It remains continuous whilst it moves, because its particles are kept in juxtaposition by pressure; and, when this external prop is removed, and the ice, subjected to tension, has to depend solely upon the mobility of its own particles to preserve its continuity, the analogy with a viscous body instantly breaks down."

In short, Professor Tyndall denies that the viscid quality, practically considered, belongs to ice. When a glacier professes to be plastic, it is only duping you. Some of its proceedings—those which are due to pressure—may be “suggestive of viscosity;” but the moment that tension comes into play, the resemblance, he thinks, is at an end, for then the frozen mass does not yield to the strain by simple stretching, but by actual fracture.

This, therefore, appears to be the great point of difference between the modern glacial schools. The viscous men hold that ice is a ductile, plastic, semi-fluid substance, and that its particles slide over each other, as is the case with tar, treacle, honey, or softened sealing-wax. The regelationists believe that it is a brittle body; but that in the glacier, when bruised and shattered by the forces to which it is exposed, its particles reunite on Mr. Faraday's principle; so that, whilst it seems to act like a glutinous liquid, it still demeans itself as a true solid in its molecular transactions. It moves like a stream because the incessant ruptures of cohesion which arise in the fabric are repaired as fast as they occur.

Now, many persons will at once inquire—Is this a point about which philosophers can possibly go to war? And why not, good reader? If philosophers choose to join issue on such questions, let them do so by all means, for battles in science generally lead to experiments, and experiments to valuable, and it may be pounds-shillings-and-pence conclusions. The study of ice, induced by its singular behavior in the glacier, has already been productive of many interesting facts. Briefly, however, let us say that so far as these two rival doctrines are concerned, we are disposed to side with Professor Tyndall. His theory covers more facts than that of his talented opponent. Good as the principle of viscosity may be in many respects, there are cases in which it completely fails. We know, for example, how a tenacious substance would deport itself if it were flowing along a channel the bed of which begins to dip somewhat suddenly. Treacle would roll down the incline very sedately; its luscious waves would not crack across and exhibit a fissured and shattered surface. Rivers of honey, glue, tar, and melted caoutchouc would conduct themselves in the same fashion; but, as we have seen,

when ice is placed in a similar predicament, it breaks up into great blocks, and goes on its way more like a brittle solid than a pasty, imperfect fluid. Doubtless, Professor Forbes' theory is considerably aided by M. Person's experiments on the plasticity of this material; for the latter has shown that ice does not pass suddenly from a firm to a liquid condition, but begins to soften as it approaches the point of thaw. Still, this fact does not carry us over a class of cases in which glaciers seem to protest against the notion that their stately phenomena could be rivalled by streams of mortar or molasses. On the other hand, as the effects which are due to friction, pressure, and tension may be quietly and instantly repaired by virtue of the principle of regelation; and, as the play of these forces may be maintained throughout the whole glacial structure, so as to meet the smallest possible act of rupture, we think that the latter theory affords an easier and more complete explanation of the facts, than the competing hypothesis.

But, whatever rival theories may exist, it is certain that glaciers are, and have been, important powers in the physical history of our earth. It must be remembered that they are the manufactories of icebergs. Where the climate is sufficiently cold to permit these masses of solid moisture to force their way to the ocean level, the billows soon undermine the advancing wall, or big lumps are detached by their own gravity, and floated out into the open sea. Thousands of such colossal fragments are annually launched from the Polar basins. They are met with in prodigious fleets. Some specimens have been seen averaging four or five miles long. One wandering pile was ascertained to be not less than thirteen miles in length. Towering above the waters, occasionally to a height of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet, it must be borne in mind that six or seven times as much of their bulk lies hidden beneath the surface. That such gigantic structures should be issued from the dockyards of the Arctic or Antarctic circles will surprise no one who has read of the enormous ice-streams which have been desecrated more or less dimly in these inhospitable seas. Sir James Ross observed a glacier of vast extent at Etna Island, in South Shetland, which exhibited a perpendicular cliff one hundred feet in



height. The magnificent glacier of Humboldt, discovered by Dr. Kane's expedition, runs along the coast of Greenland for upwards of eighty miles, and presents a vertical front of more than three hundred feet.

Now, like their Alpine brethren, these frozen rivers constantly carry down blocks and *débris* from the more elevated tracks they traverse. The icebergs which separate from the terminal portions are charged with the spoils of the land; with these they hurry away like pirate-ships, until the warmth of the southern seas compels them to relinquish their booty. Could the bed of the ocean be suddenly raised in the regions haunted by these icy freebooters, it would be found to be strewn with their plunder.

What, then, will some of our readers be disposed to say when told that Britain has not only had its glaciers, but probably been an extensive manufacturer of icebergs as well? Not very likely, they will exclaim. With our poor puny mountains, rarely capped with snow, and never covered with it for three months together, how could we pretend to fabricate a Mer de Glace of our own? Strange as it may seem, however, there are many temperate lands like ours where the tokens of ancient glacial action are such as can leave little doubt that frost once has reigned with a much more despotic truncheon than he is now permitted to wield.

Sometimes, for example, stones of considerable size are found in positions where they could not have been geologically produced. They differ in mineral character from the rocks of the immediate region; but at some distance, more or less, mountains of precisely the same constitution may be discovered. Popular tradition frequently associates these travelled masses with some freak of Satan's. Near Neufchâtel there is a great block, called the Pierre-à-bot, or toad-stone, (from its rude resemblance to that croaking reptile,) which is as large as a cottage, contains 40,000 cubic feet of matter, stands at an elevation of 850 feet above the town, and is supposed to have come from the neighborhood of Mont Blanc, a distance of seventy miles. In England we have boulders from the Scottish mountains, and fragments from the Welsh rocks, coolly deposited in our midland counties. Scattered, too, over many

countries, there lies a bed of sand, gravel, pebbles, and blocks, called the boulder-drift. Its contents are not sorted, as they would have been if conveyed by water, nor are the stones always worn and smoothed, as would have been the case had they been subjected to the long-continued action of that fluid. To what agency, then, we are to ascribe these deposits? We know of none which can adequately meet the case except that of glaciers. Masses like the toad-stone could scarcely be hoisted up a slope, or carried over a valley, or pushed over intervening hills, by any natural means (satanic being, of course, excluded from scientific consideration) except the iceberg or the frozen stream. We have only to imagine the physiognomy of a region now occupied by a glacier, were the whole gelid mass to rise in vapor, and to leave its blocks and moraines on the vacated ground. Precisely such an aspect is presented by many a place where not a morsel of ice can now be procured, (except for your champagne,) and where a frozen torrent would appear as unnatural a thing as snow in the Sahara or icicles in a tropical jungle.

That glaciers have thus shrunk, that icebergs have once roamed where they would now appear to be ridiculously misplaced, may be inferred from various geological facts; but it is enough to point to the grooves and striæ which have been cut in the rocks by the friction of stones and particles of sand, as they were borne downwards by the moving ice. These marks may be observed on the walls of any glacier. In some cases they may be seen at a considerable height above its present surface. In others they may be discovered where no ice now exists. In the valley of the Handeck, famous for its magnificent waterfall, as the little auberge close by is, or was, a few months ago, for a whiskered maiden, the traces of an ancient glacier may be read on the rocks to the height of a thousand feet. The walls of the ravine have been smoothed and legibly scored by the icy graver, whilst above the level of its action the cliffs are comparatively rough and unworn. And thus in many places the shrunken, perhaps vanished giants of frost, have written their story upon the mountain flanks, or left their monuments in ridges of stones or blocks of colossal dimensions. When told that such things once descended into

the beautiful valleys at the foot of the Snowdon range—when we see their handwriting in the pass of Aberglas-lyn, or recognize their doings in the scattered boulders they have bequeathed to the geologist in the somber pass of Llanberis, we can not but feel an emotion of awe, as if their cold shades still hovered over the scene and chilled the atmosphere with their icy breath.

But truly there is at all times something startling, nay, unearthly, in the presence of a glacier. Like a huge serpent, it steals down from its mountain solitudes as if wearied of the wilderness of snow in which it had been reared. Far away in the verdant depths beneath, it spies the bright meadows and glowing corn-plots which chequer the valley, as if it were some magnificent mosaic of green and gold. Why should not the nursling of the hills descend and join the merry-making world below? Why not uncoil its snowy folds, and stretch its vast length along those pleasant plains which lie basking in the sweet sunshine, instead of lurking for ever amidst tempest-torn crags, where the eagle never plies its wing and the chamois never plants its foot? Down, therefore, it crawls. Slowly, warily, doubtfully it proceeds. With many a fearful wrench, and many a muffled cry of agony, it drags its ponderous frame, all agape with

wounds, across the sharp rocks and along the jagged ravines. On it creeps until, reaching the valley, it pauses with head upreared, as if preparing to strike its prey. But why does it seem to shrink and recoil? There is no barrier of solid rock to intercept its stealthy march, no fence of forest trees to impede its sinuous advance for a moment. That peaceful valley appears to lie wholly unprotected; yet it is not so. It is guarded by a rampart which no eye can see, no hand can touch, but which is stronger than oak and more durable than granite. There is an invisible wall of temperature, a palisade of caloric, against which the snowy monster rears and plunges in vain. Pushing up the sward before him in big wrinkles, scattering the scales from his form in his useless writhings, that unseen boundary he can not overleap. The Voice (unheard of men) which fixes limits to the play of the proud waves, has likewise laid its commands upon the frozen billows as they roll from their lofty springs; and thus, calmly and fearlessly, the husbandman sows his seed, and the herdsman tends his tinkling charge, beneath the very shadow of those wintry masses which seem to have been sent down to overwhelm them from the regions of everlasting frost.

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From the London Saturday Review.

## THE POSITION OF GARIBALDI.

By retiring from the scene of his exploits Garibaldi has consulted his personal dignity, and he has at the same time preserved his own liberty of action. All his recent declarations prove his determination to continue his independent career, and there was no room for him among the rival generals and unfriendly statesmen of the Italian court. Having presented the sovereign whom he recognizes as his chief with a kingdom all but conquered, the liberator scarcely sinks back into the rank of a subject.

Within two or three weeks he has promised his foreign auxiliaries to aid a revolution in Hungary, and he has desired his original followers of Marsala to be ready for an early summons. No hero of ancient or modern times has earned a purer reputation or more fully deserved the gratitude of his countrymen, yet the exceptional position which he claims and occupies might soon become inconsistent with liberty and with order. The republicans of ancient times knew, by repeated experience, that public services are some-

times so transcendent as to involve a paramount danger to the state. It is not right that the safety of the commonwealth should repose on the self-denial of any subject; and even where the virtue of a great man is undoubted, it is impossible to place absolute reliance on his wisdom. What Garibaldi has done is justified by his success, and by his generous use of unexampled fortune. His future undertakings will probably be inspired by the same single-minded patriotism, but the power which he wields is personal to himself, and therefore irresponsible. There will be little use in the establishment of constitutional government in Italy if the policy which the representatives of the nation may approve is likely to be overruled at pleasure by an enthusiastic soldier. The minister whom he lately asked the king summarily to dismiss answered the challenge by showing that he possessed the unanimous confidence of the Parliament of Turin; yet Garibaldi still treats Count Cavour as a personal opponent, whose continuance in office is a slight to himself.

It is true that much still remains to be done before the whole of Italy can be united into an independent kingdom, but it is evident that there is no room for a repetition of the daring disembarkation in Sicily. Whether Rome or Venice were the object of such an expedition, France or Austria could easily crush any voluntary and irregular force. In either case, the solution of the difficulty, if it is beyond the resources of diplomacy, will require all the efforts of an organized government operating with a regular army. In Sicily, Garibaldi, after his landing, was a leader of insurgents, identified rather with the population which he came to assist than with the state which claimed his ordinary allegiance. Like Lafayette in America, he expressed the sympathies of his countrymen while he anticipated the interference of his government. If his enterprise had failed, Piedmont might have remained at peace with Naples, and when the reduction of the island was accomplished, the establishment of a provisional government still postponed the period of national responsibility. Garibaldi himself perceived that the invasion of the main land might be rendered impossible by the transfer of power from himself to the government of Turin, and, until the date of his arrival at Naples, he was still

a revolutionary chief, and not an anomalous source of separate action within the borders of a regular monarchy. The admirable moderation of his subsequent acts may well atone for the rash professions which induced Count Cavour to assume for his sovereign the control of the movement. Until the king had accepted the crown of Southern Italy, the dictatorship was natural and necessary; but as soon as the transfer of authority was completed, Garibaldi, with a sound instinct of political fitness, withdrew from further participation in events. Although Vattel and Lord John Russell would find it difficult to give a legal explanation of recent transactions, the numerous irregularities which have occurred really appear to have been restrained within the narrowest limits compatible with an essentially revolutionary enterprise. As a rebellion either in the reduced Roman territory or in Venetia seems for the present impossible, an individual adventurer has no means of menacing the foreign garrisons unless he assumes to dispose of the forces which owe obedience only to their sovereign. The grandeur of Garibaldi's individual position may easily dazzle the judgment of enthusiasts, but the subordination of personal interests to legal rights and to the public good is the condition and test of free institutions. Lord Byron, in a factious libel, reproached Wellington with the neglect of opportunities for "freeing the wide world from the yoke of tyrants," etc., as if it had been the business of the English commander-in-chief to make war upon the allies of his government. Admirers not less thoughtless are constantly urging on Garibaldi a usurpation of authority not less unjustifiable, and unfortunately not equally impossible. There is, however, reason to believe that all the leading politicians of Northern Italy are resolute in defending the prerogative of the king and the discretion of the Parliament against all encroachment, even though it may be excused by heroism and facilitated by public gratitude. There is no occasion to curse virtues which in this instance are almost unalloyed, but nevertheless it is right to take care that they shall not undo the country.

It would be invidious to point out the unintentional evils of which Garibaldi might be the instrument, without a cordial acknowledgment of the unexhausted benefits which he is still bestowing upon

Italy. In regenerating the country, it was above all things necessary to create national self-reliance and to appeal to the imagination. The laborious policy of Cavour was not adapted to popular intelligence, and it involved concessions to foreign influence which were dangerous although they might be indispensable. Garibaldi was at the same time purely Italian and exclusively a soldier. He, above all others, taught his countrymen to depend upon their own strength, and to insist on exemption from French patronage, as well as from Austrian oppression. His exploits on the Alpine frontier, in Sicily, and in Naples, may well form the nucleus of those traditions of glory in which all enduring states find a security for existence and for unity. No Italian, although he may be jealous of Piedmont, of Tuscany, or of Naples, will hesitate to claim Garibaldi as a countryman. In a short time the very Neapolitans will persuade themselves that they participated in the dangers and in the triumphs of the illustrious Liberator. The effect, for good or evil, of an impressive model is shown in the degraded condition of France in the second generation of worshipers of Napoleon. The factious song-writers and Liberal historians of Constitutional France taught their countrymen to believe that the highest perfection of humanity had been embodied in a selfish military despot. The Second Empire represents in practice the doctrines of Béranger and of Thiers, without exciting a murmur except from the small minority of educated and conscientious gentlemen. The living ideal which Garibaldi presents to the youth of Italy is made up of gallantry, of adventurous genius, and of perfect purity. It is not necessary that a popular hero should always have spoken wisely, or that he should have formed accurate judgments of political expediency. The greatness of Napoleon is, in French estimation, almost exactly measured by the unparalleled prosperity which he attained. Those who attempt to mould their own characters after the type of Garibaldi will believe that

consummate greatness may be achieved in the absence of any material reward.

Even in the actual difficulties of Italy, the presence of Garibaldi in his remote island furnishes a pledge that not an acre of the national territory shall hereafter be alienated to a foreigner. Count Cavour has already known how to make the temerity of his rival conducive to the attainment of the very objects which it seemed to imperil. If an over-bearing ally were to hold out overtures for the cession of Genoa or of Sardinia, the impossibility of receiving Garibaldi's acquiescence would furnish a conclusive answer. It is even conceivable that the same argument might weigh with Austria in considering the expediency of retiring within the frontier of the Alps. The terrible liberator is always impending, with his schemes of revolution and of conquest; and the Italian Government will point out to its neighbors the expediency of making terms with a more regular and responsible opponent. It is scarcely to be regretted that the patriotism of Cavour and of Victor Emanuel will never be allowed to slumber, even if they grow personally weary.

In the event of any formidable reaction in Naples, the aid of Garibaldi would be invaluable. Any capacity for enthusiasm which may exist in the South-Italian population can have the ex Dictator alone for its object. The Piedmontese and their king will, in despite of universal suffrage, for some time be regarded as intrusive aliens, but even the Neapolitans have forgotten that Garibaldi was born in the North. Farini is far better qualified to govern the new portion of the kingdom, but the name of Garibaldi would be fatal to any project of Bourbon restoration. In the course of his remarkable career, the self-denying prudence of his acts has repeatedly contrasted with the recklessness of his language. There is reason to hope that once more he may abstain from any premature enterprises when he is satisfied that the interests of his country might be compromised by unseasonable activity.



From the Edinburgh Review.

## RECENT GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCHES.\*

THE Royal Geographical Society, though comparatively of recent date, has already taken high rank among the scientific institutions of this country, and well merits that place by the energy and success with which it has pursued the objects contemplated in its original design. Every year has enlarged the sphere of action of this Society, and given it closer connection with those various enterprises of research which, whether aided by government or not, are the offspring of English spirit and character; and belong fitly to a people filling all land and sea with their commerce, and holding possessions in every part of the globe. The Geographical Society has recently done much to direct and methodize, as well as to encourage, these researches. In pointing out the objects to be fulfilled, it expedites their attainment; and by giving earlier and wider publicity to the results, adds a powerful incentive to the ardor of discovery. While tracing the rivers, and traversing the deserts, of Central Africa; wintering amidst polar ice; or seeking ingress to the unknown interior of Australia, the traveller feels that all he does is reported and watched over with interest in England; and that touching word of *home*—almost peculiar in this sense to the English vocabulary—is more continually present to his

thought, the end and the reward of the labors he has undergone.

The later volumes of the Transactions of the Society, admirably edited by Dr. Norton Shaw, attest all we have said in its recommendation. They show further the growing connection of geography with other branches of physical knowledge, and very especially with geology—sister sciences they may well be called, from the many relations linking them together. Several of our most eminent naturalists have a common interest in the Geographical and Geological Societies, and have discharged with equal zeal the offices of both. One duty in common has been the delivery by the President of an annual address, relating at large the progress of the science during the year. These discourses form a very valuable part of the volumes of the Geographical Society now before us. The summary of what has been done tells more distinctly what there is yet to do, and gives guidance and incentive to it. Such collections of facts, moreover, furnished by different observers, and drawn from every part of the earth, bring us nearer to those general conclusions, the object and end of all science. It is the better definition of this object which forms the characteristic of modern research, and contributes so greatly to its success.

\* Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society for 1857, 1858, 1859.

*Oriental and Western Siberia: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia.* By THOMAS WILKINSON. London: 1858.

*Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China.* By T. W. ATKINSON. London: 1860.

*The Lake Regions of Central Africa. A Picture of Exploration.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the R. G. Society. 2 vols. London: 1860.

*The Sources of the Nile; being a General Survey of the Basin of that River and of its Head Streams, with the History of Nilotic Discovery.* By CHARLES T. BEKE. London: 1860.

*The Colony of Natal.* By ROBERT JAMES MANN, M. D., Superintendent of Education in Natal. London: 1860.

*Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America.* By the Abbé EM. DOMENECH. 2 vols. London: 1860.

*Narrative of an Expedition through the Southern Portion of Rupert's Land, from Lake Superior to near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, including the Region traversed by the Overland Route from Canada to British Columbia; with a Description of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Climate of the Country.* By HENRY YOUNG HIND, M.A., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in Trinity College, Toronto; in Charge of the Canadian Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition. With Maps of the country explored, Geographical and Geological; and numerous illustrations of scenery, etc. London: 1860.

Following in the train of these annual addresses, and, where needful, availing ourselves of them, we shall seek in the following pages to put before our readers the actual state of geographical knowledge; under a certain limitation, however, rendered necessary, as we shall speedily see, from the vast range now given to this field of research by those who have labored in it with highest zeal and success. And here we must pause for a moment, reminded by this very expression that we have lost within the last year two men who stood foremost among the number of scientific geographers. Baron Humboldt may almost be called the father of physical geography, since to his personal researches and various writings it is mainly indebted for the place it now holds among the sciences. The career of Carl Ritter was of a more recluse kind, and less lofty in its scope. But his great work on geography will ever remain a monument of persevering and successful toil; distinguished above all things by a critical exactness as to facts, which makes it a model for every similar undertaking. Germany may well be proud of having produced contemporaneously two such laborers in this great domain of human knowledge.

It is Mr. Burke who speaks of geography as "an earthly subject, but a heavenly study." If this description was justifiable then, much more is it so now, when our knowledge of the earth we inhabit has been enlarged, not solely by penetration into new lands and seas, but yet more by that close alliance with physical science in all its branches, of which we have just spoken; and which, while recording new relations of animate and inanimate nature on our own globe, denotes at the same time the many connections of terrestrial objects and phenomena with those belonging to the other worlds of planetary space. Physical geography, in its present aspect, is less a science in itself than a group of sciences blended by mutual services. It is the same correlation and an admirable example of it, which is now giving a new form to the physical sciences in their every part—the foundation already of great discoveries, and the foreshadow of still greater to come.

Yet with all these attainments of modern geography, it is curious to note the prevailing want of a clear conception of the very phenomena on which this know-

ledge rests. How few of the many hundred millions who tenant the earth carry their comprehension beyond the physical conditions immediately surrounding them! How few, even of those better instructed, can truly conceive of the great globe on which they live, loose, as it were, in space, and at every instant changing its place in the heaven; yet bound and tied by gravitation to the greater globe of the sun; revolving every twenty-four hours on its own axis; moving in its annual orbit with a rapidity above a thousand times greater than the speed ever attained by a railroad express; and, beyond all this, partaking in that mighty movement of the whole solar system, to which the astronomer sees no present limit of time or distance, nor any explanation of the forces, certain and vast though they be, which maintain this mysterious secular change. Those even to whom such astronomical conditions are familiar as facts, have difficulty in bringing the mind to comprehend these complex motions in space, fulfilled by forces which we can define only in their effects, though proved to pervade the universe of worlds.

How few again, save amongst those who traverse the great oceans, practically conceive of the rotundity of the earth, and of that relative distribution of the parts of its surface, making our colonies of Australia and New-Zealand the antipodes of the little island which has sent forth its swarms to people and civilize this southern hemisphere. How strange, moreover, to those unused to such considerations, the fact that three fourths of the total surface of the globe is deep ocean; obeying in its tides the attractions of the sun and moon, but except in this transient deviation, ever preserving the exact spheroidal figure which belongs to the primitive consolidation of the planet.

Then further, as to the structure of the great globe the surface of which we inhabit, how vaguely do we regard the wonderful problems it offers to physical research. Natural causes of elevation, dislocation, or abrasion, together with the more partial results of mining and other human works, have disclosed to the geologist those remarkable successions of rocks—stratified or unstratified—recording anterior ages of life, or devoid of all tokens of it—which form the objects and the glory of his science. But this know-

ledge is superficial only, in the simple physical sense of the word. The inclination of the strata enables us to estimate depths of these masses far beyond those of the deepest mines, but still bearing the ratio of a few miles only to the diameter of the globe. We have further attained, by different means, some approximate results as to the specific gravity of the whole earth. All this, however, tells us little of the nature of the enormous mass of matter thus aggregated in the bulk of our planet; nor discloses, except by inference, the form and conditions of its aggregation. Such inference we chiefly draw from those curious observations in mines and artesian wells, which mark a temperature progressively increasing downwards from a neutral line near the surface, where external and internal causes of temperature balance each other. Below this line the heat augments at the rate of one degree Fahr. for every sixty-five feet; the uniformity of result in different localities sufficing to establish the fact; and the conclusion from it, that at certain depths, the mass of the globe must become a fluid material—some such, we may suppose, as that poured out from the smelting furnaces of our great iron fields. The explorer of living volcanos treads his way over a stream of fresh lava, upon the thin crust covering the molten matter which slowly flows underneath. We have our dwelling on a similar, though denser crust; every where wrapping round that fiery central fluid, from which are derived the materials as well as the physical forces, producing earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; and the slower displacements by elevation or depression, which are ever changing in one part or other the outward face of the globe. The medium thickness of this crust, not known from certain data, has been variously estimated. It is another example of the wonderful relations between branches of physical science seemingly the most remote, that we should have a calculation by an eminent mathematician of the thickness required to satisfy the theory of the precession of the equinoxes; in which estimate Mr. Hopkins has further sought by consideration of the relative conducting powers of crystallized and uncrystallized matter, to conciliate his result with the observed increment of heat in descending below the line of neutral temperature.

The establishment of such relations is

the great gain, as it is the glory, of the science of our day. Their unexpectedness in many cases gives an air almost of romance to the solution we thus obtain of some of the most profound problems of the natural world. We might readily add numerous instances of like kind, in which the science of geography is closely concerned. Such relations occur chiefly within the wide circuit of physical geography; as distinguished from that artificial division and nomenclature which man has imprinted on the surface of the globe; and which maps, in one form or other, technically express to us. Under the latter more limited sense, the term Geography was long applied; and even now the methods of geographical instruction are too exclusively moulded upon this conception. Its first and most needful office, indeed, must ever be that of an index to the living history of mankind; a relation including all ages, and every region of the earth, whether peopled by savage or civilized life. Man, while associated with other and innumerable forms of being round him, is supreme upon the globe. His history, though late in the succession of time, if we look to the fossil records of the rocks, is that which we every where find written on the actual surface of the earth. He alone of the animal creation penetrates by land or water into its every part, the frozen seas of the polar circle, and the torrid deserts under the equator; urged not solely by those instinctive necessities which he shares with inferior forms of animal life, but yet more by his intellectual faculties, and those passions and propensities, which are blended with and define his being.

But this human history itself, the especial object and office of geography, is closely bound in by the physical conditions, to which we have already adverted as associating our knowledge of the earth with all other natural sciences. Scarcely is there one of those conditions which has not some concern, direct or indirect, with the existence and well-being of man. His progress and diffusion over the globe; his disseverment into races and communities; his advance in civilization and the arts and refinements of life, have all dependence more or less upon these physical causes. Without adopting all the deductions of Mr. Buckle, we may cite, as familiar instances to this effect, the various incidents of climate; of plain or mountain

region ; of fertility of soil ; of mines yielding metallic ores or fuel ; of proximity to the sea ; of facility of internal communication. These, and other conditions, may severally be modified or annulled for a time by others ; but they never can be inoperative. In his animal existence, man has the same necessities to encounter, the same struggles to maintain, as other animals in the world around him. But he brings to this battle of life faculties and endowments which give him mastery over many of the physical conditions to which other animals inevitably yield. The very nature of the struggle to him is such as to exalt his powers of intellect and action, and to raise him above those mere instincts of animal life, in which he participates. He alone has powers which enable him to govern and apply to use all the great forces of nature, even such as might seem too vast and violent to be submitted to human control.

While seeking thus to give the largest signification to the term of geography ; and to inculcate the teaching it in connection with the physical phenomena of the globe, as well as the history of man, we must here restrict ourselves chiefly to descriptive geography, as commonly thus understood ; and to those records of discovery by land and sea which form the main subject of the volumes before us. And here we may first note the great advances made in all the methods by which these researches are carried on ; the larger scope and more exact definition of inquiry ; and the completeness of its fulfillment. Whether exploring countries untroubled before, or surveying those imperfectly laid down, the traveller now carries with him resources unknown to those of all earlier date. Though not perhaps especially furnished in any branch of physical science, his eye is more open to the general aspects of nature, and to those relations which pervade all parts of it. The admirable instruments which science now furnishes for familiar use, are further concerned in the change we are denoting. Even the mere summer tourists of the world have received more of the heaven of general knowledge, fitting them better to profit by what they see ; and instances are frequent of those who, going forth without plan or purpose, have returned the discoverers of new regions, and imbued with zeal and ability for further enterprise. Our colonies, again, those pro-

digies of an empire spreading itself over the whole earth, have nurtured men ardent in discovery, and in the development of those natural resources, so largely reciprocating to the mother-country the prosperous existence she has given to her offspring. Australia, New-Zealand, Canada, and the Cape, are examples in point. In India also, and especially on its northern confines, much has been done by public and private enterprise ; fettered indeed in many respects, if facilitated in others, by those fluctuating conditions of war and sovereignty, which have marked the growth of our Indian empire, and still in some sort impend over its destinies.

In estimating our knowledge of the earth's surface, it is rarely considered how very recent the far greater part of this knowledge actually is. A period of less than four centuries includes the whole of that career of discovery, which began with the great exploits of Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and other navigators of the same stamp, and has since embraced the whole circumference of the globe. The ocean, navigated under better knowledge of the figure of the earth, and with the magnet in the hands of the mariner, gave passage to the New World, and fresh approaches to continents before imperfectly known. The spirit of bold and romantic adventure, the appetite for distant and undefined dominion, religious zeal for the conversion of heathen tribes, the ardor of commerce, and the thirst for treasure less lawfully acquired, were all awakened at the same time, and concurred to the same result. True geography may be said to date from the end of the fifteenth century. Since that time its progress has been rapid and constant ; stimulated not solely by the motives just mentioned, but also, and more honorably, by the pure love of that science of nature which holds the whole surface of the earth as part of its great domain.

We might here pause awhile, to compare and contrast our present knowledge of the globe, with those vague and limited conceptions which formed the sole possession of even the most eminent geographers of antiquity. But this topic is probably familiar to most of our readers ; and those who seek to study its details will find them recorded in the volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, with the vividness which belongs to all his writings. Limiting ourselves, then, to a brief notice of



this subject, we may remark, that the globular form of the earth, distinctly propounded and illustrated by Aristotle, was familiar in idea to many of the ancient geographers; but for the most part wrongly applied to the actual delineation of the known lands or seas; and affording, of course, no just conception of the surface yet unknown. Two, especially, of the most remarkable of these old geographers, Eratosthenes and Ptolemy—men who stood in advance of their times—founded their delineation of the earth on the astronomical and geometrical data furnished by the knowledge of the age; the happiest application of which was that already made by Hipparchus, in marking the position of places by latitude and longitude, upon the same principle, though rudely applied, as that now in use. The great work of Strabo is more purely descriptive, but very valuable as such, as well as in its reference to other and earlier geographers. Pliny's Geography is but part of his Natural History, and must be regarded in the light of a mere compilation. The work of Pausanias, limited mainly to the geography of Greece, is an example of what may be done for historical and classical research by the exactness of personal observation.

Of the geographers just named, it will be seen that all but one were Greeks in race and language. Three of these, however, wrote as citizens of the vast empire of Rome, at a period when this wonderful sovereignty had reached its widest extent; and under a succession of emperors—Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines—who held it for a long series of years in tranquil and prosperous subjection. Even at this time the Mediterranean formed the center of all that could be called true geography. Conquest, colonization, or commerce had made well known all the countries immediately bordering on this great inland sea; and more or less perfectly what lay beyond, within the boundary of the Roman rule. Some portion, indeed, of the southern coast of the Mediterranean, between Carthage and Alexandria, was even better known at that time than it is in our own day. But beyond the boundary of the empire, geography was little more than a vague picture of regions fading in the obscurity of distance; or known only by idle and superstitious tales, which the ignorance of the age credited, and its learning could not contradict.

Towards the west, the Atlantic cut off all but an imperfect knowledge of the coasts of this ocean, and of the islands nearest to them. The commercial voyages of the Phœnician people—wonderful exploits under the modes of navigation then in use—form a striking episode in ancient geography; yet withal so obscure, that even the labors of Heeren have failed to throw much light upon it. On the eastern side, a certain amount of knowledge was extended through Persia and India, even to the confines of China; but becoming more feeble at each successive step of distance. On the northern boundary it was yet more speedily lost in regions of forest, arid plains, or morass; and the vague notices of Scythia, Scandinavia, Sarmatia, etc., attest the scanty acquaintance with countries which could yield little to conquest, commerce, or colonization.

From this mere outline of ancient geography, we come at once to that of our own day; passing over those intermediate steps of discovery, through which we have reached our present knowledge of the earth's surface. These discoveries are mainly, as we have said, the fruit of the last four centuries. From the decline of the Roman empire to this recent date, geographical knowledge, in common with all other sciences, either was stationary or actually receded within narrower limits than before. Though the earliest discoveries of the period just named—comprising new continents and oceans, and the correction of the errors of ancient geography—are the most striking results of this burst of human enterprise, yet no pause has since occurred in the progress of discovery. The broad lines at first sketched out have been gradually filled up in the intervening spaces; and the *terre incognite* of the earth continually narrowed in extent. The motive power of steam—that mighty agent of our own time—gives new faculties and facilities for all such research. Yet while admiring the magnificent steam vessels which now plow the ocean, and penetrate into the interior of continents, we can not forget what we owe to those bold navigators of an earlier age, who accomplished many of these very voyages in small barks or boats, scantily provided with all that is now deemed needful to safety and success. The early English discoverers in the Arctic seas may well be cited as examples of

this hardy and intrepid race—the worthy precursors of the men who in our own times have devoted themselves to this arduous service. We need not here catalogue the names of either date. They will stand recorded in all future history of geographical research.

Though we have spoken of the *terra incognita* of the globe, as continually narrowed by modern discovery, yet is the unknown portion, or that imperfectly known, much larger than is commonly conceived. We circumnavigate it, indeed, with a commerce so vast and various, that the whole ocean surface, save that around the poles of the earth, may seem to be under our knowledge and command. We doubt not that in the end, all of land also, really permeable or profitable to man, will be brought under like subjection. But, meanwhile, there are still large gaps and voids in the interior of continents and islands, the objects of speculation to science and of adventure to future travellers. And in noticing these, as we are about to do, we at once illustrate the matter of the volumes before us, and show what yet remains to be done, before we have thoroughly mastered the surface of the world we inhabit.

We may remark here, in passing, how greatly our estimates, both as to *space* and *time*, those two great elements of human knowledge, are disturbed by the neglect to obtain a just comparative measure for each. Taking *space* as that with which we are now concerned, it is certain that we measure it for the most part by what we see around us; and though this loose estimate has been much corrected by modern travel, and by science brought into connection with geography, yet is common understanding often curiously in arrear on this subject. This is true, not only as to the physical conditions of space, and its relative extent; but we bring our scanty European standard also to the numbers, civilization, religions and social usages, of the various races peopling lands of which we know nothing yet but the coasts or borders. The philosophy of geography and of human history alike require that we should gain the widest possible horizon to our view; checking thereby those partial or false conclusions which a limited knowledge is ever tending to impose upon us.

We have already spoken of the improved methods and appliances conduc-

ing to the progress of modern geography. One of the most striking of these, and the instrument as well as evidence of progress, is the modern map—in scale, exactness, and beauty of impression, a vast advance even upon those of half a century back—a more wonderful contrast to the vague and faulty outlines which come down to us from the middle ages under this name. And not only faulty, but faithless also; the voids of knowledge being filled up with mountains, rivers, and cities, either wholly imaginary, or drawn from such loose report, that blanks left would have been a better alternative. The rudeness of these early attempts is often curiously shown in the scraps of landscape brought in to fill up the simpler delineation by outline. In passing from them to the maps of our own days, we seem approaching the works of a new and higher intelligence. Nor is this impression a mistaken one. The modern map—take as the most eminent instance, that of the Ordnance Survey of the British Isles—represents and embodies in itself the highest attainments of science and art; nor could it have been produced without them. Of the consummate accuracy of this great work—its foremost and most essential quality—we can not give more striking proof than in the facts showing the perfect triangulation on which it is constructed. This perfection is such that in the five bases employed, (varying from five to seven miles in length, and some of them four hundred miles apart,) the greatest difference between the measured length and that derived by mutual computation from the triangles, does not exceed three inches. Or, taking the side of any one triangle as a base, the same exact length will be reproduced, when computed through the whole or any part of the series of triangles employed. Those who are so far familiar with the subject as to comprehend the personal labors, the refinements of observation, and the nice application of the most delicate instruments needful to such operations, will appreciate all that is admirable in the results thus stated. We might name, as instances of their relation to other parts of physical science, the use of the Drummond light for distance signals in the survey; and the observations made in its progress of the singular deflections of the plumb line in certain places from the true direction of the zenith; showing

local causes of disturbance, the study of which may hereafter carry us further and deeper in the knowledge of our planet. Nor must we omit to mention the aids given to the geological survey of England, by the perfections of the ordnance survey. These two great works have gone on together with equal success, and mutual illustration from the methods of labor and observation in each.

This excellence in the design and execution of modern maps is not limited to our own islands. Many of the national maps of Germany, France, Italy, and Russia are little, if at all, inferior in merit; and our Indian empire may boast of a trigonometrical survey, which with the railroads and telegraphic lines advancing towards completion under the restored tranquility of our dominions, will in the end bring these vast possessions into parity with the greater part of the European continent. In Australia and Canada similar government surveys are going on, at once denoting and developing the resources of those great colonies.

A map, as all know, is the delineation on a plane surface of what in nature forms a portion of a sphere, or, in strictness, an ellipsoid figure. The several methods of projection or perspective by which it is sought to obviate or lessen error in this translation from a spherical to a plane surface, are taught in most elementary books. We advert to them merely that we may add a few words as to the relative value of the map and globe, as familiar exponents of geography. The former serves to all special delineations of the earth's surface; providing for any requisite degree of minuteness, and becoming free from theoretical error in proportion as the scale is enlarged. From maps we best obtain the political divisions of the earth, and all those marks which man has impressed upon its surface. But the teaching of geography in its larger relations, is best effected by the globe; that simple and cheap piece of furniture, which ought to be found in every house; giving us knowledge, not equally supplied by any map, of the great outlines of the world at large. The very ease with which its position can be varied contributes to this instruction; for here, as in so many other cases, the senses curiously overrule the reason; and by the constant collocation of the same lines under one aspect, the mind gets bound

down to a single image, and its comprehension is narrowed or disturbed. To illustrate this, let any one simply turn a map upside down, and he will find eye and reason both perplexed by the inverted outline thus brought before him. Or, rotating the globe into various unwonted positions, every such change brings fresh and unexpected perceptions to the mind; dislodging errors, or teaching new truths. Thus, if we place the southern pole uppermost, we gain a due conception, not otherwise obtained, of the vastness of the ocean surface of the globe; of the singular disproportion of land in the northern and southern hemispheres; and of the curious pyramidal projection of the African, South American, Asiatic, and Australian capes into this world of southern waters. Such instances might be numerous given; and they have the psychological interest, just denoted, of showing how much we lie under the domination of the senses, even in the familiar case of studying the geographical outlines of the globe.

Examples of this kind illustrate more especially that method or principle of geography which looks to the broader features marked by nature on the surface of our planet, and in this way best seen and understood. Enough has been said on the importance of diligently studying these relations as a part of physical geography; and in connection with other sciences which come into close kindred with it. Such study is now greatly aided by works on physical geography, (among which that of Mrs. Somerville stands foremost in excellence,) and by those exact and beautiful physical maps, illustrating the natural phenomena of the earth's surface, which we owe to the labors of Mr. Keith Johnston. One result, and a very profitable one, of this method of geographical study, has been the greater attention given to the physical history of the oceans and seas. In two former articles of this journal, on Maury's work on the Atlantic, and Admiral Smythe's volume on the Mediterranean, we have sought to embody in the history of these two seas—more interesting to the civilized world than any others of the globe—all the conditions which rightly belong to geography, and are necessary to its completeness. This great domain of the waters of the earth forms a scantier part of our geographical knowledge than it ought to do; seeing the vast proportion

of surface thus occupied;—the wonderful actions of oceanic tides, currents, winds, temperature, and evaporation ever going on;—the unceasing influence of these phenomena on all the continents and islands washed or encircled by the sea; and the certainty that during the lapse of former ages vast changes by elevation or subsidence have occurred over the whole area thus denoted. The Ocean, in its different depths, is further to be regarded as the great receptacle for that waste of the land continually in progress; and at the same time as giving space and foundation for what may be hereafter new lands raised above its waters. We might yet further speak of the multitudinous forms of life tenanting its successive zones of depth;—some of them, by slow and silent succession in earlier ages, forming those great deposits, which, altered and raised out of the waters, become the calcareous strata of our present geological series; others of these foraminifera actually building up new islands under our eyes by the working of incredible numbers, under the special instincts of their existence. Such facts may seem to appertain to what is technically termed natural history; but they belong in a larger sense to the physical history of the earth; and our knowledge of this earth can never be complete, or even exact, without comprising them under one general view.

The remainder of this article we shall occupy in a rapid survey of those researches, recent or still in progress, by which we are advancing towards such completion. England, as is her right and duty, stands foremost in these undertakings; drawing indeed upon Germany for many zealous and intrepid travellers, who in various parts of the world, Africa, Australia, and Asia, have aided in her enterprises. The mental and physical temperament of the German people alike fits them for such labors; and their education is of a kind to bring these faculties into full action. This testimony is due to the men who have worked together with us in geographical discovery; the community of race showing itself remarkably in the persistence and power of endurance so needful to success.

We begin our survey with the oceans of the globe. Vast though their expanse is, it may yet be affirmed that every part of their surface has been explored, save only that which surrounds the two poles,

and is encircled, if not actually covered throughout, with perpetual ice. All other ocean tracts have been submitted to the commerce or curiosity of man. The Pacific, the widest stretch of waters, and that last known to us, is now familiarly traversed by those many and magnificent ships which connect us with our Australian colonies; by the American trade connecting California and Oregon with the Eastern States, and with China in the west; and by those adventurous whalers, chiefly belonging to the latter nation, which roam over every part of this vast ocean, until fully laden with the spoils of the greatest living tenant of its waters. Cape Horn, once the terror of southern navigators, is now rounded every day by vessels charged with the mineral treasures of Australia. The opening of trade with Japan will make more complete our knowledge of the western part of the Pacific, and of that extraordinary chain of islands of which Japan is a member; stretching across from the Russian territory on the north-west coast point of America, to the south point of Kamtschatska, under the name of the Aleutian Isles; thence southwards to Japan as the Kurile Islands; and southwards again to the Philippine Isles, and the denser and more irregular group of the Indian Archipelago. A line of five thousand or six thousand miles in length is included in this chain; so marked in character and direction, that it is impossible, on the simplest inspection, not to see its dependence on some single physical action or change, the nature of which geology may unfold to us hereafter. Meanwhile we mention it, as a striking example of those curious relations of land and sea, which it is the business of physical geography, as a science, to study and define.

We have spoken of the poles as undiscovered parts of the ocean. Even this, however, is going a step beyond our real knowledge, since we can not affirm either pole to be actually covered with water. No theoretical consideration requires it to be so; and the utmost stretch of discovery, northwards or southwards, has not yet reached to points where such conclusions could be finally drawn. Sir Edward Parry's daring journey upon the ice to the north of Spitzbergen, was arrested before he had reached the latitude of eighty-three degrees; and we have no authentic proof, though many doubtful



stories, of any navigator having gone beyond. The captains of the old whalers were not very scrupulous as to their latitudes; and there was little check upon the desire to make a romantic tale of their near approach to the pole. Though without direct proof, however, the notion of a polar sea or basin is that generally held and expressed on our maps; with the further presumption that if it could be entered and traversed, a direct line of navigation over the pole would bring the arctic Columbus through Behring's Straits into the Pacific Ocean; a polar instead of a north-western passage; and the line from the Orkneys into the Pacific little longer than that from London to New-York. Such voyage, however, will probably ever remain a matter of dreamy speculation. Though the current which checked Parry's advance, by carrying the ice to the south further than his daily progress northwards, gives sanction to the idea of a circumpolar sea; and though some have held that the maximum of cold is at the magnetic pole, and not at that of the earth, we must still presume obstacles from ice or other causes, in this unwonted course, which no science or intrepidity could hope to overcome.

Nevertheless we can not yet consent to abandon altogether this north-polar enterprise. There still remains a channel of approach, almost wholly untried; easily accessible from our own shores; and free, as far as we know, from those local conditions of islands and ice-bound straits, which have perilled and perplexed all navigators in search of a north-western passage. We allude to the sea lying east of Spitzbergen, between these islands and Nova Zembla. Ten or twelve days of fair navigation from the Orkneys, even without the use of steam, would bring a vessel to the latitude of discovery in this direction; or if Hammerfest were made the port of departure, half this time would suffice. A few summer or autumnal weeks, with navigation aided by steam, might go far to settle the question whether there is any such access to a polar basin; or what nearest approach is possible to this mysterious point, so important in the physical theory of the earth's rotation. Such research, moreover, might have results of more practical value. The whale and seal fishery of Great Britain, though still very considerable from the ports of Peterhead, Aber-

deen and Hull, yet, with respect to the whales at least, has notably declined of late years. Whether these animals have been thinned by destruction in their old haunts, or been led by their sagacity as mammals to seek ocean solitudes less infested by man and his harpoon—certain it is that some of the whaling grounds most profitable in former times, are now comparatively deserted. Recent voyages through Behring's Strait, supplementary to the quest of a north-western passage from Baffin's Bay, have disclosed a new field, already eagerly appropriated by the active whale-fishers of the New-England ports. It may be that some similar discovery will result from the exploration of the seas east of Spitzbergen; and we state this chance as a further incentive to research, in a direction hitherto unattempted, and with means in our hands unknown at any former time of arctic navigation. We own our desire that the nearest approach of man to the pole of his planet should be due to English enterprise.

Such desire is not inconsistent with the opinion we have formerly expressed as to the inexpediency of any other public expeditions on that arctic coast of North America where the labors and successes of our countrymen during a period of full forty years have given us so much to admire; alloyed by one great calamity, which we can never cease to deplore. The name of an eminently brave and virtuous man, Sir John Franklin, is bound up with the final discovery of the north-western passage, so long sought for; and it is a melancholy satisfaction to know that he himself died in his ship, before that time of more frightful distress began, of which we are glad to be spared any further narrative or knowledge. The names of Maclure and McClintock will be joined to his in the history of the discovery, together with those of the many gallant men who bore part, by sea or land, in the earlier labors and perils of the research.

But the object of the north-western passage once attained, those stern regions of barren isles and ice-bound seas may wisely be left again to their primitive solitude. The passage shown to exist, is utterly useless for any human purpose. All that physical science can learn from these voyages has been already gained. The northern magnetic pole has been reached;

and all the magnetic phenomena incident to the neighborhood of this remarkable point duly recorded. The coasts of continent and islands have been geologically described; their scanty fauna and flora fully catalogued; and all other natural phenomena of land and sea, during the short summers and long dreary winters of these regions, diligently observed.

Looking to this quarter, indeed, we can see but one single motive or direction for further enterprise. This is furnished by the remarkable voyage of Dr. Kane; and the alleged sight of an open sea, stretching pole-wards, in latitude eighty-one degrees, twenty minutes. Had this intrepid man been the witness himself to the discovery, we should implicitly have received it as such. But coming to him on the very inferior authority of two of his crew, and contradicted in parts by their own narrative, we must at present hesitate in believing more than that Smith's Sound, instead of a closed inlet, may be a passage to straits or sea beyond. Any further attempt to solve this doubt will probably be made by Americans, zealous to sustain the reputation of their countryman, in confirming the main result of his voyage.

From the northern, we pass by a large but natural stretch, to the southern polar circle of the globe. The progress of discovery, for obvious reasons, has been far less active in this antarctic region. Its distance from the centers of human commerce and civilization; the vast preponderance of ocean in this hemisphere; and the greater cold of high southern latitudes; are all causes tending to check enterprise in this direction. Nevertheless, the active spirit of the time in which we live has found a vent here as well as elsewhere; and England has still kept her foremost place in the path of discovery. The bold enterprise of some of our South Sea whalers first made known to us the South Shetland Isles, six hundred miles south of Cape Horn, and other portions of more or less continuous land beyond, or further to the east; the possible parts of an antarctic continent, which has so often been the theme of geographical speculations. The question of such a continent yet lies open to future research. Three national expeditions, English, American and French, were engaged almost simultaneously, about twenty years ago, in seeking for its solution; taking Hobarton, in Tasmania, as their point of departure. Of these ex-

peditions, the one under Sir James Ross, admirably commanded and provided, was far the most successful in all its issues. For two successive years Sir James Ross, already eminent as an arctic navigator, succeeded in carrying his ships nearer by several hundred miles to the antarctic pole than any preceding discoverer in these solitary seas. The extreme point attained in the first year was seventy-eight degrees south latitude; the second season carried him a few miles further south, but on a different line of longitude. In these voyages and high latitudes, he traced a line of coast long enough to be designated as a continent, and made more remarkable by mountains, in many places equal to the highest of the Swiss Alps. The most wonderful of these is that named Mount Erebus—a living volcano, more than fifteen thousand feet in height; and further notable from its close contiguity to the southern magnetic pole. Sir James Ross reached a point within one hundred and sixty miles of this pole; which was found by observation, three or four degrees further south than the position assigned to it on theory by Gauss. Had he been able to reach this spot, which local conditions rendered impossible, his would have been the singular glory of planting the British flag on each of the two magnetic poles of the earth!—a triumph almost too great for the life of one man.

The other expeditions, commanded by M. d'Urville and by Wilkes, did not succeed in reaching any such high southern latitudes, as those long before attained by Cook, Bellinghausen, and some of our South Sea whalers. They effected little in the way of discovery of land; certain imperfect delineations of coast by the American expedition, being afterwards annulled by the more complete and exact researches of the English navigators. Some public controversy grew out of this matter, upon which we are bound to say, that Sir James Ross's statements and observations are those alone which carry conviction to our minds. Meanwhile, the major question of an antarctic continent still remains unsettled, as regards its extent in longitude, and its depth in latitude towards the pole. For any further knowledge in this quarter we shall probably be indebted to the whalers in these seas. Sir James Ross repeatedly mentions the great number of whales on the edge of the antarctic icy barrier; and Australia, New-

Zealand, and the Falkland Isles now furnish points of departure and repair, which invite to the vigorous prosecution of this arduous and exciting occupation.

Pursuing our sketch of the progress of modern geography, we leave these "regions of thick-ribbed ice," and come at once to the more habitable parts of the earth; and to Europe, as holding the first place in all that pertains to the history of civilized man. Yet here, in fact, there is little to record. European geography, in the common sense of the term, is well known in every part; the voids which remain belonging chiefly to physical geography, or to those departments of natural science which hold such close relation to the physical configuration and aspects of the globe. Certain provinces, nominally belonging to Turkey, and lying between the ancient Macedonia and the Danube, form the portion of Europe least frequented by travelers, and still imperfectly described in maps. It must be further admitted, that the complete geographical exactness required for nautical and other purposes is yet wanting in several parts of the European coasts, and has only of late been thoroughly attained even in our own island. Twenty years ago, errors still existed in the longitudes of some points on the south coast of England; minute indeed in amount, but yet needing the correction they have since obtained. Exactness is the essence of modern science; and in this case, practical reasons strongly concur with what is demanded by theory. Such exactness has been admirably applied to the measurement of arcs of the meridian; of which, that completed by Russia a few years ago, stretching over more than twenty-five degrees from the mouth of the Danube to the polar sea, is among the most perfect in execution.

Our subject takes a new and wider form, as we pass forward into Asia; that vast tract of continent stretching over an area five times that of Europe; the seat of the most ancient, populous, and powerful empires of the world; and the source, at successive periods, of those great migrations which have given races, nations, and languages to every other part of the globe, America even included. With these matters of history and speculation, deeply interesting though they are, and closely bound up with the geography of Asia, we have no present concern. The progress

and actual state of geographical discovery in these wide countries it is not easy to delineate. The gaps in what we know of them are at once vast and irregular. India, indeed, is the only part of the Asiatic continent which has yet been thoroughly surveyed; and we have already spoken of those conditions, physical and political, which assure the completeness of our future knowledge of this noble appendage to the British crown. Two arcs of the meridian have already been measured in India; the second, (completed by Everest, and extending over sixteen degrees,) one of the most perfect ever surveyed. The great range of the Himalayas—embracing points of elevation which exceed by a perpendicular mile any other known heights in the world—has been penetrated through in various places, and its southern declivities explored; not indeed without peril and some loss of life to the adventurers, among the wild and bigoted Tartarian or Mongolian tribes inhabiting these Trans-Himalayan regions. We might name very many English travellers of the last thirty years, who have signalized themselves in this great field of research, and some of whom, as Cantley, Falconer, Hooker, and Thomson, have combined large discoveries in natural history with eminent services to geography. The latest, and not least successful explorers beyond the Himalayas, are three Germans, the brothers Schlagintweit, who penetrated northwards as far as Khotaro; examining the courses of several rivers all flowing in that direction, but speedily lost to our knowledge in these wild and unfriendly regions, which seem even more difficult of approach than when Marco Polo traversed them six centuries ago. We lament to state, that one of these brothers, Adolphe, perished by the hands of barbarous tribes in Turkistan—one more added to the number of martyrs in the cause of geographical discovery. The magnificent work recently announced by Messrs. Brockhaus of Leipzig, which is to impart to the world the results of Messrs. Schlagintweit's mission to High Asia, will consist of no less than nine quarto volumes of scientific text and an atlas of three folio volumes. If we may trust the promises of the prospectus, it will be one of the most splendid and complete publications of the age.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### AN INTERPRETATION OF A LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

HEARKEN to what a very knowing little bird sings—that identical mysterious little bird which reveals, any where and every where, every thing to every body who will open his ears discreetly and sapiently.

Once upon a time—(remember it is the responsible little bird who singeth—the irresponsible writer merely interprets his voice)—

Once upon a time King Frederick, being then Prince Frederick, young and hot-blooded, fell desperately in love (an accident to which born princes are said to be as liable as born peasants) with a certain noble Spanish lady, who happened to be sojourning at Copenhagen. The result was a left-handed marriage—or at any rate an union of some sort, sufficient to overcome the scruples of the not reluctant dame, who for two fleeting years lived happily enough with the prince at one of his country palaces, until she was accidentally killed when taking an airing in her carriage, from which she flung herself in affright, on the horses running away.

This hapless Spanish lady left a little girl, one year old, whom her father committed to the care of a country woman and friend of the deceased mother, and sent them to the latter's native country, that the infant might be there brought up. The child was thus reared and educated in Spain, where she remained until she attained her eighteenth year, when the Crown Prince, receiving glowing accounts of her beauty, amiability, and accomplishments, recalled her to Denmark, but for divers weighty motives, did not let her reside at his capital, but placed her in the family of a nobleman who lived in Holstein. It so happened, that Colonel Erik Valdemar, uncle of Lars Vonved, and youngest son of Knut Vonved, Count of Elsinore, was then stationed in

the vicinity, and had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the lovely Spanish-Danish girl. He loved her, and was himself beloved. They mutually were certain that the bitter personal antipathy of their respective fathers rendered it hopeless to seek their consent to a union, so, impelled by a passion as rash as it was violent, the lady eloped to Hamburg, and was speedily joined there by Erik, who had obtained a lengthened leave of absence from his military duties. They were married in Altona, (the chief town of Holstein, and consequently belonging to Denmark,) which is quite contiguous to the famous "free city" of Hamburg, with such secrecy and precaution that they had reason to hope the fact would not transpire for years—if ever.

The unfortunate nobleman who had been intrusted with the temporary guardianship of the Crown Prince's daughter, was so frightened at her flight, (the motive of which he too clearly comprehended,) that to escape the anticipated wrath of Frederick, he in turn fled to a foreign land, and died a voluntary exile.

After his marriage, Erik continued a number of years in Holstein and Slesvig, and contrived that his unacknowledged wife always resided in mysterious seclusion at no great distance from where he was quartered. It was, nevertheless, impossible to deftly manage matters as to altogether escape suspicion on the part of prying people. The result was accurately described by Lars Vonved in the story of his own life which he related to his wife. The great old Count of Elsinore, indeed, heard from various sources strange and conflicting rumors respecting his son Erik; but although these reports agreed that Erik was either secretly married, or had formed an improper connection with a lady, they never assumed any very positive shape, nor did they ever hint that the lady was the daughter of the Crown Prince and Regent of Denmark. The simple fact that she *was* the daughter of



Frederick, alone prevented Erik from confessing the real truth to his angry father—for he dared not do so. The lamentable estrangement, solely in consequence of this unavoidable reticence on the part of Erik, which then ensued between the father and son, has already been described by the mouth of Lars Vonved, who truly told Amelia that Erik did not reveal the fact of his suspected marriage even unto his beloved brother, Valdemar.

Erik was mortally wounded when fighting nobly in defence of Copenhagen, during its cruel bombardment in 1807, and when dying, as also related by Lars Vonved, he obtained the forgiveness and blessing of his glorious old father, to whom he then confided the long cherished secret of his marriage, and with *whom*.

What followed, so far as the mighty old Count was concerned, was told in a few sentences by Lars Vonved, in the twelfth chapter of this narrative, and may be emphatically repeated here :

“Count Vonved rigidly kept the secret confided to him by his dying son, whatever that secret might be; but his friends well knew that not only was his stern heart softened by the death of Erik, but that he proudly and thankfully acknowledged that Erik had not disgraced him in the manner he had so long suspected and feared. Moreover, he employed confidential agents in a mission of inquiry and search for the foreign lady and her children, his object being, it was supposed, to acknowledge and adopt the latter. No trace of them could be discovered, and the mystery of their disappearance was an additional shock and grief to Count Vonved.”

The reason why the old Count of Elsinore was baffled in his endeavors to discover the widow and children of his dead son, admits of ready explanation. Erik had been summoned from Slesvig to fight in defence of the capital, so suddenly and unexpectedly, that he was unable to make any arrangement for the future of his family, in case he should fall. The news of his death was a fatal blow to his hapless widow. She fell into premature labor, and in a few hours the mother and infant were both dead. Two orphan children remained—the eldest a girl. Erik having been for years entirely dependent on his soldier's pay, had been unable to provide for his children, and

left scarcely any property. One or two brother officers, who yet knew not whether the orphans left in Slesvig were or were not Erik's legitimate offspring, generously did what little they could for their benefit. The personal property was sold on their behoof, and respectable persons were found who undertook charge of them. The boy was sent to the vicinity of Randers, in Jutland; the girl was adopted by a gentleman and his wife, who had no family of his own, and who were about to immediately proceed to one of the Danish West India Islands, where the gentleman had a plantation.

Thus it came to pass that the agents of Knut Vonved never succeeded in tracing his grandchildren. The future lives of those children were indeed remarkable. The boy's Christian name was Bertel, and owing to the uncertainty of his legal claim to a particular surname, his protectors bestowed on him their own, which was Rovsing. As Bertel Rovsing he was henceforward known. He grew up shy, proud, highly gifted, naturally amiable and lofty-minded, but withal, a passionate, melancholy boy. The older he grew the more he was disgusted with the obscurity and ungeniality of his lot in life, and ere he had attained his fifteenth year he fiercely cast off all restraint, and determined to seek his fortune, solely dependent on his own talent as a painter, which was already extraordinary in one so young. So, forth he wandered, a self-exiled youth. No one but himself knew where or how he spent his years until he settled down as a painter—a poor unknown solitary man of genius—at the ruined castle of Svendborg.

The life of his sister (considerably older than himself) was quite as extraordinary, although less mysterious, and eventually far happier. The kind lady who had adopted her, died of yellow fever a few months after their arrival in the West Indies, and a year or two subsequently the gentleman was completely ruined by the British cruisers capturing the vessels conveying the produce of his plantation to Europe. All he could now do for the doubly-orphaned Gunhild was to obtain for her a passage back to Denmark. She duly reached that part of her native land where her mother died, and where she and her infant brother had been separated but her former friends were no longer there. Some compassionate people gave

the poor girl—yet a child—trifling aid, and advised her to endeavor to find her way northward, and seek for her brother in Jutland, in the hope that those who befriended him might extend their protection to her. Nobody, however, could tell her the exact locality in the great peninsula of Jutland whither her brother had been taken, nor even the name of the family by whom he had been received. How, then, was poor Gunhild to find him? Yet, more; how could she, with only a few rix-dalers in her pocket, traverse the immense wild tract of country that intervened? A strange, yet good friend, turned up in the person of a blind old man, a veteran soldier, who had lost his eyesight at the battle of the Baltic in 1801, and who then traversed the country as a wandering, homeless fiddler. He offered to permit her to accompany him on his way to Jutland, promising to take every possible care of her, and to assist her to the utmost of his power to find her brother. In return she was to sing when he played, and to render him such help as she could. After a weary time they reached Jutland, but the generality of the people were so poor, and so thinly scattered, that little indeed could their combined exertions earn. Still they wandered on, to and fro, every where inquiring in vain for the residence of Bertel. The old fiddler proved a most trustworthy friend and companion. He was intelligent, kind, and naturally pious. The greater part of his life had been spent amid scenes of strife and bloodshed, yet his heart was untainted. The singular pair were reduced to the last extremity of want, when, in mid-winter, they happened to meet on the highway the very child of whom they were in search, and he gave them his cake, as so truthfully and affectingly pictured by Bertel himself in after years. Of course they knew him not, and to and fro they continued to wander; the old man for intelligent reasons, quite right and praiseworthy on his part, calling himself her grandfather. At length Providence brought them to the little out-o'-the-way town of Viborg, where the old man played national tunes on his fiddle, and Gunhild accompanied him with her voice.

Now, so it was, that poor blind veteran had wonderful skill with the fiddle-bow, and the young girl had an amazingly sweet voice, and one of remarkable com-

pass. An itinerant theatrical company happened to be at Viborg, and the manager heard the old man and his supposed grandchild in the streets thereof. The manager, a man of taste and judgment, was exceedingly struck by the very great talent evinced by the girl, and engaged both her and the blind fiddler to perform on his stage. So successful were they that he reengaged them to proceed with him southward to Copenhagen. At the capital, Gunhild attracted very considerable notice, and the director of the Italian opera there eventually secured her services for a term of years. His company belonged to Vienna, being at Copenhagen only for a single season on speculation, and to Vienna they accordingly soon returned. It was a pleasing trait in Gunhild's character that she would not sign the agreement which bound her to her new master, until the latter had guaranteed a small pension to the aged fiddler who had so well befriended her.

Aided by first-rate tuition, Gunhild rapidly attained a most distinguished rank in her profession, and under an assumed name had a brilliant career in the principal European capitals. Whilst at St. Petersburg she won the heart and hand of Baron Kœmperhimmel, who happened to be there as an envoy extraordinary from the Court of Denmark. The baron was too wealthy, too powerful, and too high in the favor of his sovereign, to care for the sneers and scoffs excited by his alliance with a public singer of unknown origin. He was thoroughly convinced that Gunhild was not merely a beautiful and gifted, but a pure and good woman, worthy to be his wife, the guardian of his honor, and the fountain of his happiness. Nobly did she justify his generous and wise appreciation of her rare and lofty qualities.

Thus far the Little Bird has sung, and very dull and dry is the unworthy scribe's interpretation of its eloquent warble.

When King Frederick mercilessly refused to pardon Lars Vonved, Baron Kœmperhimmel and his friends held a consultation that same evening at the house of the former. The baroness and Bertel Rovsing were both present, and some allusion was made to the marvelous incident of the picture he had painted, and which had secured him the patronage and friendship of the baroness, and the intercession of her husband for Vonved.

This led to a confidential conversation on both sides, with a result that will be readily imagined. The baroness recognized in Bertel her long-lost, but never forgotten brother; and that such was, indeed, their relationship, and that they were the legitimate children of Erik Valdemar, was speedily proved by evidence which not even Lord Eldon himself would have doubted.

This discovery delighted the baron, but he felt it would be impolitic to make it known to the king, whilst the latter was so terribly incensed against all who were of the blood of Valdemar.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE LAST HOURS OF A VALDEMAR.

Twenty-four hours after Lars Vonved awoke from his death-like trance he was as well and strong as ever he had been in his life. He remembered vividly all that had passed, and was already prepared to cordially hail Bertel Rovsing—or, properly, Valdemar—as a kinsman; for Amalia had informed him, on her last visit to his dungeon, not only of the death of Knut Vonved, but of the newly-discovered affinity of the Baroness Gunhild and Bertel, and of their relationship to himself. But neither to Bertel, nor even to Amalia, did he now communicate his future intentions. He intimated that no one must question him on that head; but his wife learnt, with terror, that his hostility to King Frederick was now deadly.

It had been privately arranged that the Baroness Kæmperhimmel should, immediately after Vonved's escape from Citadellet Frederikshavn, proceed to the little island of Beløe, off the coast of Holstein, and there await an interview with her brother, and with her cousin, Lars Vonved himself, if he could venture to land. The islet in question was the property of her husband, who had built a charming marine villa upon it. The few servants attached to this occasional residence, and two or three fishermen's families, formed the sole permanent population. The baroness was to sail thither in her husband's pleasure *jægt*. Lars Vonved approved of this idea, and with all due caution his vessels sailed direct for Beløe, taking special care to arrive off the islet after nightfall. He forthwith landed his

wife and boy, and Bertel Valdemar. The latter had, within a day or two, become exceedingly ill. The great mental excitement he had of late undergone, had reacted on his naturally nervous and morbid temperament, and, in conjunction with a bodily predisposition to disease, had prostrated him in such a manner that his friends grew most seriously alarmed.

The baroness was ready to receive them; but Lars Vonved himself, after an interview of only a few minutes with her, decided to return aboard the *Skildpadde*, promising to land again on the morrow, if possible. Soon after daybreak he kept his word, and learnt that his cousin Bertel had grown rapidly worse, was partially insensible, and in mortal danger. In this emergency (the baron's *jægt* having been prudently sent away,) Vonved proposed to despatch his Little Amalia to Kiel, the chief town of Holstein, and not above a score of miles from Beløe, to procure medical aid. The baroness wrote a letter to an eminent physician of Kiel, (who had once come from thence to attend her at Beløe,) requesting him to immediately return with the bearer. Herr Lundt, in the Little Amalia, fearlessly undertook this mission, and before sunset he had landed the physician. For three days the latter continued in constant attendance on the patient, before he could give a decided opinion respecting his condition. Then, however, he reluctantly pronounced there was no longer a gleam of hope for his recovery.

Bertel himself was now perfectly sensible, and received the fatal announcement with incomparably greater calmness than his relatives. He was quite resigned, expressed himself as little caring to live and willing to die, such being his Maker's will. He spoke much to his sister about his betrothed, Olüfina Ström, and implored that she might be informed that he was dying, and that he longed to see her for the last time upon earth.

Olüfina happened, as Bertel knew, to be at this time on a visit to her only brother, who managed their father's branch mercantile establishment at Kiel. The baroness was so moved by her brother's touching desire that she at once determined to go herself to Kiel, and endeavor to induce young Herr Ström to permit his sister to return with her. She was successful; for the brother, who was already his sister's confidante concerning

her betrothal, instantly consented to intrust her to the care of the baroness.

On arriving at Beløe, Olüfina was introduced to the room whence Bertel was destined never more to be removed alive, and the baroness left the ill-fated pair alone.

Terrible was this, their last earthly interview. With a wild cry of anguish and despair, Olüfina threw herself in Bertel's arms, and for a while did nothing but weep and ejaculate, like one bereft of all hope.

"Oh!" at length wildly sobbed the heart-broken girl; "and must thou die thus, in the prime of young manhood? Oh, must he die, and I so near, and can not spare him one pang?"

"My child! my poor Olüfina!" tremulously murmured Bertel, tenderly caressing her head as it lay on his bosom. "Do not rebel against God. He is all-wise, all-good, all-merciful."

"Oh, that he would spare thy life, and take mine! Ah, Himmel! that I could die for thee!"

"One has already died for me!" softly murmured Bertel, with a radiant smile.

"Bertel, my brain is reeling! Thy life is my life. If thou diest, I die!"

"Olüfina!"

"The black clouds have dispersed—the sun shines clear through the blue sky; and yet, now golden happiness is before us, and proffers her brimming rainbow cup, thou must—die!"

"Olüfina! for the love of God!"

"Love! Why did God permit me to love thee to the verge of idolatry, if thou art to be torn from me now?"

"It may be to punish us both for that very mutual sin of loving the creature more than the Creator!"

Bertel folded her to his bosom as strongly as he could, and murmured to himself—

"This is worse than all I dreaded—worse than the bitterness of death itself!"

Then, in language awfully impressive under the circumstances, he strove to convince her of the heinous sin of yielding to a spirit of despairing rebellion against the will of God. At first she listened with frenzied wailings—next with sullen stupor—but finally with something akin to Christian resignation.

It really seemed as though Bertel and Olüfina had exchanged natures. Formerly he was morbid and despairing; now,

in the hour of death, he was resigned and hopeful, his soul purified, his intellect clear, his judgment sound—the very qualities which, in a minor degree, used to distinguish Olüfina, and of which she now seemed temporarily deprived. In truth, she was essentially of a less spiritual nature than Bertel. With all her innocence, goodness, and piety, she was at heart more worldly—more of the earth, earthly.

One or two remarks which Bertel made to Olüfina, when she grew more pacified, not to say exhausted, indicated how keenly he understood both his own character and hers.

"It is all for the best," said he. "God foresaw what we selfishly refused to believe. I was not of a disposition to be ever long happy myself in this world, and I fear I should not have rendered thee very happy had I lived to become thy husband. Far better to die still loving thee than to have outlived that love. But thou!—yes thou hast a natural capacity for earthly happiness, and thou wilt yet enjoy it. I do not forbid thee to mourn awhile for me, when I am no more; but then thou must, and thou wilt cease to grieve—thou wilt bless God for all things, and thankfully partake of the happiness He has in store for thee. Long mayst thou live—happy as long be thy life!"

Olüfina protested bitterly against these prophetic opinions of Bertel; but time proved how rightly he was. She lived to be a happy wife and an honored mother.

Bertel felt he could not long endure this last interview. He made a preconcerted signal, and his sister and Amalia both entered, accompanied by Wilhelm. Bertel told Olüfina they must now part; but nothing could persuade her to quit him until he consented she should see him again at the expiration of an hour, by which time he felt he should be no more. One last, clinging embrace—a heart-warm blessing from Bertel—and she suffered herself to be conducted to a distant room by the baroness. When the latter returned, her brother observed that he had only one more thing to do on earth—one last effort to make—one last prayer to be realized. Gunhild and Amalia exchanged mournful glances of deep import, for well did they understand him. He desired Amalia to bring unto him her husband, who was nigh at hand, awaiting the expected summons.

When Amalia returned with her hus-



band, and they stood by the bed, Bertel spake to each in turn, making a few last requests, and fervently blessing them all.

He had yet to do the "one thing" to which he had alluded, and he obviously prepared to make a great effort to accomplish his last work on earth. Vonved perceived something weighty was on Bertel's mind, and spake to that effect.

"Count Vonved," said Bertel, upraising himself by a mighty effort, and speaking with solemn energy, "if you would have me die peacefully—if you would fulfill my last wish on earth—if you would have me sink to rest on my Saviour's bosom happy and smiling, grant me one last prayer!"

"What would you?"

For a minute Bertel replied not, nor did Vonved speak. They gazed with piercing earnestness at each other, and the preternaturally lustrous eyes of the dying man were yearningly fixed on the countenance of Vonved, with mingled hope and misgiving, and the Count himself was secretly uneasy as to the import of the yet unuttered request.

"Wilt thou grant my last wish—my last prayer?" plaintively repeated Bertel.

"Name it."

"But wilt thou grant it?"

"There are few things thou canst demand of me at this moment which I will not grant," was the deliberate answer.

Bertel sighed heavily. He was not satisfied by such a cautious and evasive response, which certainly betokened or implied a special mental reserve of no ordinary kind. He felt his strength ebbing fast way—eternity loomed hugely near.

"Count Vonved!" my dear cousin! hear, then, my dying prayer; and oh! as you would have my spirit pass in peace—as you would yourself yet live a long and happy life—do not deny it!"

"Speak!" murmured Vonved.

"Forgive King Frederick the wrongs he has inflicted on our race and on thee—renounce thy desperate warfare against thy sovereign—and seek the pardon he will even yet grant!"

Lars Vonved recoiled a step from the bed, and a flush of bitterest anger crimsoned his lofty brow.

"Never!" burst from his lips with a deepness of tone that caused the morbid air of the room to vibrate.

"Oh, Count Vonved!" ejaculated his dying kinsman, involuntarily clasping his

hands in anguished supplication, "I beseech thee to recall that fatal word! Oh! by all thine hope of happiness here and forgiveness hereafter!"

"Say no more; my heart is wrung by thy words!" exclaimed Vonved, with an imperative gesture that caused his wife to shrink and sob—so powerfully did it express unalterable resolution. "Thou art dying, Bertel, and preferrest the only prayer I can not grant. Forgive King Frederick! Were I to do that, the spirits of our mighty ancestors would haunt and mock me on earth and scornfully refuse to admit my companionship in heaven! Forgive King Frederick! I never will forgive him—I never will cease to wage a just warfare against him—I never will ask a pardon he would not grant."

"He would!" vehemently cried Bertel. "Yea, by my parting soul I swear he would! I am dying fast—ye all know that. The thick veil which hangs atween life and death, time and eternity, becomes as gossamer when God says, 'This night shall thy soul be summoned to my footstool.' I now see through that veil, and as surely as my soul liveth do I know that our king will ultimately pardon thee if thou wilt but seek his forgiveness."

"Curse the king and his forgiveness! I neither seek nor will I accept it!" fiercely responded Lars Vonved.

A great cry burst from the women, and the baroness passionately conjured Vonved by all that he held sacred to abjure such a heathenish resolve.

"My brother is dying! He is even now hovering between this life and that which is to be for ever and ever—he pierces the veil—he sees what we can not see, he knows what we can not know. Oh, be not so awfully obdurate! Do not stop your ears to a voice from the verge of the tomb! Do not enshroud yourself in the iron panoply of your proud soul! Oh, Vonved, Vonved!"

"What wouldst thou?"

"I would have your adamant heart soften to the will of your omnipotent Maker! I would have you first forgive your earthly king all that he has!"

"Did he forgive me when ye all sought his mercy with trembling knees, and with burning tears, and with abject supplications?" asked Vonved, with a haggard smile.

"The more need that thou shouldst prove thy nature superior to his, by being

the first to forgive. See! I kneel unto thee; I beseech thee, I implore thee to subdue thy fearful spirit, and grant my brother's last prayer on earth! Oh, let Bertel enter his Maker's presence bearing thy forgiveness of all who have trespassed against thee in thought, word, and deed, as an acceptable offering at the foot of the great white throne!"

The baroness spoke with sobbing vehemence, and her scalding tears dropped heavily to the ground, as she appealingly looked up at Vonved, with clasped hands.

An awful struggle agitated the indomitable heart of the count; but, in a cold, displeased, and reprehensive tone, he slowly answered—

"Rise, lady! One of the blood of Valdemar the Great should never kneel but to God in heaven, and to an anointed king on earth. Arise!"

"I would pray never to rise more, rather than sue in vain!"

Ere the last word was uttered, Amalia sank on her knees by the side of the baroness, and upraised her hands, and uplifted her agonized face in mutely eloquent appeal.

"What! *thou*, my wife!"

"Yes, my husband!"

Vonved laughed savagely and madly.

"For my sake! for the sake of our child!" sighed the pallid lips of Amalia.

"Oh, think," reiterated the baroness, "of that tremendous day when you and the king will stand face to face before the judgment-seat of Christ!"

"Let God judge between us on that day!" sternly exclaimed Vonved.

"Oh, Count Vonved!" despairingly sobbed the baroness, "what a fearful spirit is thine! what an awful man art thou!"

"I am as God made me; body, soul, and spirit. Can the Ethiop change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

"Wilhelm!" suddenly cried Bertel to the wondering boy, who had stood silent as an antique statue during all this fearful scene; "Wilhelm! kneel *thou* unto thy father. He can not be deaf to thy prayer. Thou art his only child; thou art the very last of the Valdemars; he loves thee more than all this world contains. Kneel, dear Wilhelm! Dost thou hear my dying words? Kneel! Beseech thy father to forgive his king; and for thy sake, and for thy mother's sake, and for all our sakes, to seek the pardon the king will surely then grant."

Wilhelm paused, apparently irresolute, glancing from the death-dewed features of his friend Bertel to the fearfully stern, yet agitated lineaments of his own father; but at length he slowly sank on his knees by his mother's side; and looking his father yearningly in the face, he raised his little hands, and exclaimed—

"My father!" forgive King Frederick, and be his friend! Do, for the sake of Bertel, of my mother, and of me!"

Lars Vonved covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"My father!" pleaded Wilhelm, anew, obeying a look of Bertel.

"I hear thee, Wilhelm."

"Yes, my father! make us all very happy!"

"Count Vonved! my cousin! head of our race! thou hast heard thine only child, this boy whom I have loved as though he had been my own. Canst thou, darest thou refuse *his* prayer?" moaned Bertel, very thickly, and gasping his words slowly and painfully, for his end was nigh at hand.

"Dost thou indeed believe that God speaks to me through the infant lips of my child?" hoarsely demanded Vonved.

"I do! By my soul's salvation, I believe it!" responded Bertel.

"Then I yield; and will do that which thou requirest!" exclaimed Vonved, removing his hands from his face, and looking at his dying cousin with a countenance as ghastly as Bertel's own.

"Thank God! I die happy!" and with these words quivering on his pallid lips, Bertel Valdemar sank back a corpse.

That night, sitting alone by the cold clay of his kinsman, Lars Vonved wrote a long letter to his sovereign—a letter which made King Frederick thrill and tremble, and taught him that he was a man as well as a monarch.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

LARS VONVED AND KING FREDERICK STAND FACE TO FACE.

One little month ago, Bertel Valdemar, grandson alike of Knut Vonved and of Frederick VI., King of Denmark—the only man in whose veins flowed the mingled blood of two ancient royal lines, and of two irreconcilable enemies—spake his last words, smiled his last smile, sighed his last sigh, breathed his last breath.

King Frederick was again sojourning at his great country palace of Frederiksborg. The birds were singing their vespere hymns in the luxuriant groves and the grand old avenues which radiate from the palace, and the last beams of the dying sun flickered pleasantly upon giant boles, and gnarled limbs, and mellow-tinted foliage gently waving in the soft evening breeze.

Amidst these groves, adown these shady avenues, Denmark's old warrior-king was wandering to-and-fro, and for aught he knew, unseen, as it was a standing order rigidly obeyed at Frederiksborg, that no one should presume to intrude in the presence of the king when he indulged—as he frequently did—in solitary walks in the vast expanse of royal grounds surrounding the palace.

But a human eye was upon him now; every footstep he took was followed by an eagle glance. Was it the eye of friend or foe? Of both? Of neither?

The king, in sad and thoughtful mood, walked with his head bent down, his hands clasped behind him. He turned into a by-path, and sauntered abstractedly onward. As he loitered abreast of an ever-green thicket, its branches were agitated, and a man leapt forth with one great bound, and confronted the king.

That man was Lars Vonved.

Frederick recoiled a step, and uttered an involuntary exclamation of amazement and anger. He recognized Vonved in a moment, for he had oft read accurate personal descriptions and had carefully studied lithographic portraits of the outlaw. He also had received, three weeks before, Vonved's letter, the contents of which had alike astonished and deeply affected him.

For a while they stood, face to face, man to man.

"Who art thou?" demanded the king.

"I am Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore, an outlawed subject of thine."

"Ho, villain! is not the sum of thine iniquities complete! Dost thou wish to add one crowning enormity to thy misdeeds? Why *here*, miscreant, felon, slave?"

The king was lashing himself into fury, self-conscious how deeply he had wronged the race of Valdemar, and its representative who stood before him.

"I am here, King Fredric because I have sought thee."

Vonved spake with calm determination, and fixed his gaze full on the face of his incensed sovereign.

"Sought me! Ha! Fredlos!"

"Hear me, sire!"

"Away, slave!"

"King Frederick, you must, and shall hear me," sternly retorted Vonved. "I seek pardon, not for my own sake, but for that of my wife and child; and never would I have sought pardon at your hand, even for them, had not my kinsman—thine own grandson—extorted the promise from me with his dying breath. Frown not, sire! We stand here, unwitnessed, sovereign and subject, but also man and man."

Unable any longer to control his wrath, the enraged monarch drew a short double-edged sword he always wore, and vengefully plunged it at the outlaw's breast. Vonved sprang aside at the movement, and the keen blade passed harmlessly between his left arm and body, grazing both.

Swift as thought, Vonved wrenched the sword from the monarch's grasp. Frederick became ghastly pale, doubtless expecting that his sword would be now plunged in his own breast. Not so. Vonved gazed a moment at him with an indescribably eloquent look of mournful reproach, and then, obeying a sublime impulse, sinking on one knee he held the sword by its point and extended the hilt to the king.

"I who never knelt before to mortal man kneel now unto thee. Thou art my king—my sovereign!" cried he; "and for thine ancestors mine have oft fought and died. I am thy outlawed subject: take my life if it seemeth good unto thee."

The king crimsoned with shame and humiliation, and at that supreme moment he felt how little he was in comparison with the great-hearted heroic outlaw at his feet. With a trembling hand he grasped the hilt and returned the sword with a clang to the scabbard.

"Vonved," huskily murmured he, "thou hast conquered!"

"Sire?"

"Thou hast overcome thy king. Arise!"

The outlawed rover gazed full up to the agitated countenance of his sovereign, but remained immovable.

"Rise, Vonved!" reiterated the king;

and he clasped the yet outstretched hand of Vonved between both his own, and looked down on him with a beaming gaze of forgiveness and reconciliation.

"O sire! Do you, indeed pardon me?"

"I do—from my heart I do! You have spared the life of your king," added he with a tremulous smile; "and it is meet that your king, in his turn, should spare yours!"

Vonved now became as pale as death—the blood receded from every vein to fill his bounding heart—and he almost gasped forth the words—

"Sire! repeat to me your royal pardon! Let me hear it once more from your lips!"

"What! still incredulous? Must I again tell thee that from this moment thou art outlaw no longer? Yes, I pardon thee for all thou hast done amiss—pardon thee, freely and unreservedly. Yet more: I feel that thou hast been grievously wronged, and I will make thee such amends as becometh a king. Thy ancestral rights and honors shall be immediately restored, and every possible reparation made. *Now*, wilt thou rise, Count of Elsinore?"

"Not yet, sire."

"Why?" cried Frederick, in surprise.

"I can not accept pardon for myself until I hear that the brave men who have risked all to follow my desperate fortunes are also pardoned."

"I pardon each and all, fully and freely as I pardon thee."

"Sire, there are some among them who had outraged the laws before they joined my crew."

"I understand thee, Vonved. Set thy heart at rest. A king should pardon right royally when he pardons at all. I give thee my word, as an absolute sovereign ruler, that whatsoever offences they have individually and collectively committed against the laws of my realm up to this time, shall be pardoned without reserve."

"Enough, sire! Never spake king more kingly words! My men are mine no longer—henceforth they are thine, and for their future fidelity I will vouch."

"They were marvellously faithful unto Rover Vonved: will they be as faithful unto King Frederick?"

"Sire, they will. And for myself—not by words but by deeds will I evince my gratitude and my devoted loyalty."

"I verily believe thee, Count Vonved,"

said the king, with emotion; "my navy needs brave and skillful seamen."

"None braver, none more skillful than——"

"Thine! ay, I have had reason enough to know it of late years!" dryly remarked the king. "But they must not be separated from their old captain. I will restore thee to my navy, and the allegiance of thy old crew shall purchase thee the command of the finest ship in my service."

"Sire! dispose of me and mine as thou wilt. Henceforth I have but one great object in life—to testify my devotion to my sovereign and my country. And oh, sire! I have a boy—a noble boy——"

"I know it!" interrupted the king, with a slight grimace. "By my throne! that child of thine bearded me more daringly than the boldest of thy friends?"

"Ah, sire! pardon the child—he is but an infant."

"Is he your only child?"

"An only child, sire, like his father before him."

"I thought so; lions oft have but one offspring—meaner animals many."

"Sire?"

"Troth! I can almost fancy that the soul of the great founder of the race of Valdemar has transmigrated, and now dwells in the bosom of your boy!"

"Forgive him, sire!"

"Forgive him! why, by my kingly faith, Count Vonved, I secretly longed to snatch that matchless child to my breast, and caress him, when he passionately defied me to my very face! Forgive him! Ah, that God had given me such a glorious boy!"

"O, my King!" ejaculated Vonved, with streaming eyes, clasping the hand of his sovereign; "why have we been so long bitter enemies? Why did we never know each other until now?"

"God willed it."

"My grandsire, Knut Vonved, rejoices in heaven over our reconciliation!"

"I hope so," said the king, in a smothered voice; "for I did him some wrong on earth."

"Sire, I do believe that the spirits of the departed are permitted to hover around the scenes and the friends they loved on earth, and to rejoice when that comes to pass which would have gladdened them when living."

"It may be so—God grant thou art right!" gloomily sighed Frederick.



"Ah, sire! doubt it not. There is but one drawback to the supreme happiness my sovereign has this hour conferred."

"What is that?"

"Bertel, sire! Oh, that he could have lived to witness the realization of his last prophetic prayer!"

"Ha! it doth indeed seem that he died for your sake. Had he not extorted with his dying breath a pledge from you to personally seek my forgiveness, you would never have done so?"

"Never, sire."

For awhile the king was absorbed in melancholy reflections occasioned by this allusion to the death of the grandson he had never seen, but he speedily aroused himself.

"What is done is done. To be happy in his life we must learn to forget as well as forgive. But see! some of my officers draw nigh. Give me your arm, Count Vonved, for good faith! such is your present reputation that I would not answer for your life ten paces from my person!"

Three days have rolled down that swift current of time which flows into the ocean of eternity.

The great hall of the colossal palace is brilliantly illuminated, for King Frederick is about to give a species of evening levée, held at stated intervals by the Crown of Denmark, and usually concluded by a supper and a ball. Rumor has asserted that the reception this night will be of extraordinary magnificence—and, for once, rumor is not a liar. Here are assembled hundred of the noblest, the best, the bravest, the wisest, of ancient Denmark's sons—the loveliest of her daughters. Statesmen and warriors, haughty nobles and calm philosophers, jostle one another on an equal footing. The body of the immense and gorgeous saloon is a sea of flashing splendor. The brilliant uniforms of naval and military officers, the rich dresses and decorations of official men and knights of various orders, mingle with the sumptuous attire, the waving feathers, the glittering jewels of proud and beauteous dames. Groups form every where. There is much small talk, gentle prattle of female lips, whispered trifling, little explosions of silvery laughter like the random tinkling of fairy bells.

At the extremity of the hall is a dais seven broad steps above the level of the

floor, covered with blue velvet, studded with golden stars, and it supports an unique throne which cunning hands have fashioned entirely of the horns of the nar-whal or sea-unicorn, brought from Danish Greenland. Close to the foot of the dais stand two men very dissimilar in person, character, and present profession—the Bishop of Zealand and General Otto Gam. Occasionally they exchange a few words in an earnest undertone. Many eyes curiously scan the general, for the story of his fierce resignation of his army-rank and high appointment is well known, and people marvel to see him now standing, as it were definitely, at the footstool of the sovereign he had so daringly bearded. Yet there he is! haughty and grim, savage and scowling. An old battered scabbard is suspended from his belt—but it is empty: a very significant fact, which is duly commented upon. The military men, especially, group together, and whisper and speculate, and ever and anon glance with lively interest at the ex-Military Governor of Copenhagen, the redoubtable General Otto Gam, who, on his part, fails not to return every furtive look with ferocious interest.

The ladies who are not occupied in listening to the light pleasantries of their cavaliers, discuss the approaching entrance of the King of Denmark. They marvel whom he will particularly distinguish by the honor of a direct personal reception—for on an occasion like the present the sovereign only receives the immediate homage of a favored few, whom he delights to publicly honor. They marvel yet more whether the king will dance at the ball this night, and, if so, what exalted dame will be his partner.

As though by magic there is suddenly a great hush, and the brilliant animated clusters dissolve, and opening up right and left, they form a double line, leaving clear a wide straight passage of tessellated marble, which extends from the entrance to the dais at the end of the superb saloon. Another instant and the great folding doors are thrown wide open with a resonant clang, and gorgeously attired royal officials cross the threshold. "The King!" passes from mouth to mouth with bated breath. Even so. Frederick VI., King of Denmark, enters in grand state, looking what he really is, a great sovereign ruler. The heads of the highest nobles are lowly bent, and the haughtiest

dames courtesy to the ground as Denmark's king slowly passes along the glittering marble pavement towards his throne. Frederick is right royally attired this night, and his thigh sustains a magnificent sword, the hilt and scabbard of which are encrusted with diamonds of priceless value. When he reaches the foot of the dais, he pauses before the two ancient comrades, Otto Gam and the Bishop of Zealand. The latter bows his grand old benevolent head, white with the snows of eighty-five winters; but Otto Gam remains rigid as a marble statue.

"Who are you?" demands the king, in an imperious tone, which, amid the brooding silence, echoed to the remotest corner of the vast saloon.

"I once was a general in the service of King Frederick, and one month ago I was Military Governor of Copenhagen!" answers old Otto Gam, in a voice harsh as the grating of a rusty hinge.

The eye of the king rests on the empty scabbard of his disgraced servant.

"Where is your sword, Otto Gam?"

"My old worn-out sword is broken, like its owner. I am no longer a soldier—I need not a sword."

Otto Gam gulps painfully, although he speaks in an unquavering resolute voice, and looks savagely at all and sundry.

The hands of King Frederick nervously clutch and tug at the golden buckle of his own sword-belt.

"Take off your empty scabbard—off with your belt! you need them not, Otto Gam, since you tell me you are no longer a soldier. Obey! your king commands."

Old Otto Gam does obey. He flings his belt and scabbard rattling on the floor.

One moment more and King Frederick has cast loose his own belt, and he buckles it, sword and all around the body of the aged general.

"Once more you are a soldier, General Otto Gam! Once more you are Military Governor of our capital! Once more you are the trusted, honored servant of your king!"

Frederick takes a parchment commission from his own breast, and thrusts it in the trembling hands of Otto Gam, who clutches it with a mingled growl and sob.

A deep thrill pervades the wondering assembly, and amid it the king, favoring the Bishop of Zealand with a cordial smile as he passes on, ascends the dais, and

seats himself on his matchless ancestral throne—the choice spoil of the Arctic Seas.

"What next?" sigh the amazed and excited spectators.

Again the folding doors are flung wide aside, and a deep, powerful voice announces—

"THE COUNT OF ELSINORE!"

An electric trob shakes every heart at the sound of that long proscribed illustrious title, and a thousand incredulous eyes behold the colossal figure of Lars Vonved, in the rich full-dress uniform of a post-captain of the Danish royal navy, walk with princely dignity up to the dais. One in the plain garb of a civilian closely follows him, and is recognized by all as the Baron K  mperhimmel. When they reach the dais the latter makes a reverence, and in an audible voice says—

"Sire! Captain Lars Vonved, Count of Elsinore!"

Lars Vonved ascends the dais and bends his proud knee. King Frederick instantly arises from his throne and raises the man who thus does him homage.

"Welcome to our presence, Count of Elsinore! We receive you as our cousin, and present you to our lieges as the first subject of our realm."

King Frederick's voice is not merely firm as he utters these memorable words—it is determined, and almost menacing. Then he takes off the golden elephant, with a castle on its back, all studded with flashing diamonds, suspended by a sky-blue ribbon on his own breast, and attaches it to that of the Count of Elsinore. As he does this, he glances steadily beyond the count, and seeks the eyes of his nobles and courtiers, as though he would defy them to presume to question his motives, or to murmur at his royal will and pleasure.

But never were nobles and courtiers less disposed to cavil at an unexpected and unprecedented act of their sovereign or to envy the object of his munificent royal favor. All present seem to intuitively feel that they are witnesses not merely of the magnanimous reconciliation of a king and his subject, but of a reigning monarch and the representative of an ancient dynasty his ancestors had displaced. Once more the house of Oldenburgh may reckon on the friendship of the race of Valdemar, and the king spoke truly and wisely when he hailed the Count

of Elsinore as the first subject of his realm. A contagious enthusiasm seizes the assembly, and the hall reverberates prolonged cries of "Long live King Frederick!" Denmark will ratify those cheers, as the utterance of its national voice.

"*Nemo sobrius saltat*"—"no man in his senses will dance," saith the sage Cicero. Yet true it is, and of a verity, that King Frederick this night opens the ball with Amalia Vonved, Countess of Elsinore.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## OLD INVENTIONS OR NEW DISCOVERIES?

MANY books have been written to prove that the various discoveries and inventions on which we specially pride ourselves as creations of our own times, are due to the ancients, to whom their admirers have not even scrupled to attribute the merit of having invented three of the most powerful agents in human progress and civilization—printing, gunpowder, and steam. It must be remembered, however, that although the ancients were undoubtedly acquainted with many of our great inventions, they did not always understand how to apply them, using them often merely as philosophical toys, which had no higher purport than that of amusing or terrifying the vulgar. Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, does indeed advance the opinion, that the Romans abstained *designedly* from putting their knowledge of printing into practice, from a fear that the invention, by diffusing amongst all classes independent notions of science and liberty, might exert a pernicious influence on the aristocratic monopoly of ideas, which they desired to maintain in respect to all things. But if such were their object in this one particular, they seem, at all events, to have failed in appreciating the uses of gunpowder and steam. The former never rose in their hands to be any thing more than a powerful agent in producing pyrotechnical displays; while the latter, even in the estimation of philosophers, was only adapted for purposes of legerdemain. Hero of Alexandria amused his contemporaries, two thousand years ago, by letting them

see how he could make light balls dance in the midst of a jet of steam; among many other ingenious toys, he invented an apparatus, consisting of a small sphere, which was moved on pivots by the action of steam generated in a heated boiler; and this primitive locomotive has, even in our own day, been judged so nearly capable of being applied to useful purposes, that some French mechanicians lately secured to themselves by patent the exclusive right of its application!

The history of the dawning of great inventions shows us, that nearly all our most important discoveries have been subject to repeated revivals and extinctions before they attained a character of permanence. Indeed, one author, M. Fournier, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information, asserts, in his recently published work, *Le Vieux-neuf*, that no industrial or scientific discovery can escape that common law of alternate decadence and revival which clings to all human invention, and frequently interposes many centuries of neglect between its birth and its fully developed vitality. We need not wonder, then, to meet in remote antiquity with the use and practice of many things whose origin we commonly refer to modern times; for, notwithstanding the presumed superiority of the present over previous ages, we may still exclaim, as Solomon did three thousand years ago: "There is nothing new under the sun, for the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done, that which shall be done."

Thus, for instance, the Chinese, who seem to have hovered on the confines of innumerable discoveries, from the earliest period of their history, were familiar, even in ante-christian ages, with modes of treatment and remedial agents which have only found their way into European practice within the last thirty years. Acupuncture, which was not known in Europe till towards the close of the last century, is described in the ancient medical works of China as an established mode of treatment among them; while in India and Japan, it has long ranked as one of the ordinary surgical applications, and is effected by means of very slender and sharply-pointed gold or silver needles, specially adapted for the purpose. The word *moxa*, which is now sufficiently familiar to British surgeons as a species of actual cautery, is the Chinese name of the plant whose dried leaves were originally employed by them in this process. It would appear, however, from Herodotus, that a similar mode of treatment was also practised among the nomadic tribes of ancient Libya, who had the habit of applying greasy wool to the heads or temples of their young children, and burning holes into the flesh, under the idea that the process was specially well adapted to prevent colds in the head, and to induce general vigor of body.

In regard to anæsthetics, the ancients knew far more than was known to modern nations till within the last quarter of a century, for the Egyptians and Greeks were acquainted with several substances which had the property of inducing insensibility to pain, by plunging those who partook of them into a lethargic sleep.

The *mandragora*, which is now banished from the *materia medica*, was used by the old Greek and Roman physicians; and Galen, Aretæus, Celsus, and others, ascribe to it strong soporific properties; while other writers, as Dioscorides and Pliny, state that those drinking a sufficient dose of it are rendered insensible to the pain of the surgeon's knife and the cautery. The Crusaders brought back from the east a knowledge of the hachisch; and in the middle ages, an infusion of mandragora was given to patients who were to undergo painful operations, in the same manner as it had been administered by the ancients, the effect being to produce a deep sleep, which rendered the patient wholly insensible to pain. Boccaccio, who

wrote in the middle of the fourteenth century, relates that a celebrated surgeon of the faculty of Salerno, named Mazet, employed a soporific, obtained by distillation, to deaden the pain of operations; while the confraternity of thieves and highwaymen of that age were said to be acquainted with a secret means of rendering themselves insensible to the tortures of the rack; according to the account given of it in Le Brun's *Civil and Criminal Processes*, published in 1647, soap was the agent employed, this substance having, as was asserted, the property of "stupifying the nerves."

If we pass to other presumed novelties in medicine, whose beneficial effects, unlike those of anæsthetics, are mere matters of individual opinion, we still find older claimants to the title of inventors than those to whom we commonly ascribe the merit. Thus, for instance, we are assured by M. B. de Xivrey, that Paracelsus forestalled Hahnemann's system, by teaching that "like should be treated by like, since like attracts like." Avicenna, too, was in advance of the German doctor in another fundamental principle of homœopathy, for he treated diseases by administering infinitesimal doses of the deadliest poisons. According to some authorities, the great Descartes killed himself from too rigid an adherence to the homœopathic doctrine, that a disease should be treated by those agents which will produce analogous symptoms, for when he was attacked by a raging fever, he insisted upon taking large and repeated doses of alcohol—a mode of treatment which brought on violent hiccoughing, and speedily terminated in death.

The kindred system of hydropathy must necessarily, in its simpler forms, have been coeval, if not antecedent, to all other modes of treating disease; but even in the more complex modifications of it, which Preisnitz has brought into such vogue in our own day, it may claim an ante-christian antiquity. Musa Antonius, the freedman and physician of Augustus, had the distinguished merit of curing his imperial master of a dangerous disease by prescribing the use of the cold bath. He was munificently rewarded for the cure he had wrought, and honored with a brazen statue, which, by order of the Roman senate, was to be placed near that of Æsculapius. The grateful emperor, moreover, exempted him from all taxes,



and, as we may presume, vaunted his skill, and recommended him to his imperial household as the only physician to be trusted; at any rate, he was called upon to treat the emperor's nephew and son-in-law, Marcellus, who had been publicly proclaimed his successor. Here, unfortunately for the patient and the system, hydropathy killed, and did not cure; the poor youth, who was only eighteen, died, chilled to death by the cold-water douches administered to him by Musa; and with him died the system, which M. Fournier remarks it has taken twenty centuries to revive and restore to its former prestige. The cold-water cure had, however, a short-lived notoriety in Nero's time, when the Marseille physician Charmis douched and drenched his patients most successfully with cold water, and in other respects prescribed medicines and modes of treatment not in use among his contemporaries.

If some of our most noted modes of treatment have thus had their periodic extinctions and revivals, so also have some assumed modern forms of disease. Thus, in the time of Louis XIV., Paris was ravaged by a disease presenting the same symptoms and the same fatal termination, in the majority of its cases, as our cholera of 1832 and 1849. The malady was known, too, under the same name, for at that period every disease which was supposed to be of a contagious nature was characterized as a *cholera morbus*—the word cholera indicating the eastern origin of the epidemics which then devastated Central Europe, for it is a compound of the Hebrew words *choli*, malady, and *rá*, malevolent or destructive. The influenza, too, under its French name of *La Grippe*, is an ancient form of illness, which, at longer or shorter intervals of time, has repeatedly visited most countries of Europe.

In 1776, it prevailed in a very severe form in France, and was commemorated by a vaudeville played at Paris in the June of that year, and entitled *La Grippe*.

Even our most recent innovations in the province of spiritual manifestations can claim an antiquity as remote as any records which we possess of the existence of human life. Table-turning was known to the Egyptian priesthood, probably from the earliest periods of their sway; and from them the practice passed, in the course of ages, to the Romans, who, when the fashion of gyrating sieves had died away,

actually took to *tripod-turning*, or, as we should now call it, *table-turning*! This practice they pursued with such faith in the interpretations which they attached to the varied movements of the rotating sieves or tables employed in the process, that it evoked the bitter invectives of Tertullian, who thundered forth his anathemas against all persons who, "putting their faith in angels or demons, made goats and even 'tables' prophesy to them." The ancients, however, did not employ table-turning as an amusement to while away an idle hour, but hedged it in with religious ceremonials, and made it a grave and awe-inspiring element of their demoniacal worship. We find the ceremonies attending its use fully described in a report that has come down to us, of the confession extorted from certain conspirators who, in the time of Valens, had consulted a prophetic tripod preparatory to their attempt on the life of the emperor. "We have constructed this accursed little table, most sublime judges," they said, "in the semblance of the Delphic tripod, and we have fashioned it with solemn incantations from the branches of a consecrated laurel. In accordance with ancient customs, we have surrounded it with divers ornaments, and consecrated it by means of imprecations, charms, and mystic verses; and this being done, we *moved it*." After a further account of their proceedings, they go on to describe the mode in which they purified the apartment and house in which the table was to be turned, and the formation of the round metallic basin in which it stood, round the edge of which were engraved, at equal distances from one another, the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Much depended on these letters, for it was by their means that the turning-table gave forth its answers to the questions that were put to it by the officiating priest, who, clothed in white, and bearing a sprig of vervain in his hand, noted down the individual letters which were successively struck by the rings suspended from the table, as they followed the direction of the motion imparted to it. The hands of women and children were esteemed most efficacious in communicating the motion required to give the first rotating impulse to the turning sieves or tables. In the case of Valens' conspirators, however, men alone officiated at the table-turning ceremony; and on this occasion the rings having struck the

double Greek letter *Th* and the letter *E* in reply to the inquiry who was to succeed to the empire, no further demand was made, since all present looked upon the answer as a verification of the common expectation, that Theodorus was destined to be the future emperor. It happened, however, that Valens, who, for different reasons, as we may well conceive, was equally anxious to be informed on this subject, had recourse soon afterwards to another form of divination, known as *alectryomancy*. Here a cock was the divining medium, and the process consisted in placing the bird within a circle of all the letters of the alphabet, well covered with grain, from which he was suffered to peck at his pleasure; the assistants carefully removing each letter from which the food had been eaten, and framing them into words. Valens' cock, having laid bare the letters *Th*, *E*, *O*, *D*, there could be no doubt, it was thought, that Theodorus must be the name indicated, as the emperor knew its owner bore him a grudge; and he therefore settled the matter to his own satisfaction by having the obnoxious Theodorus put to death. It happened, however, that Theodosius, whom no one had thought of, succeeded to the empire, and thus supplied a triumphant proof of the efficacy of table-turning and cock-pecking auguries.

Travellers relate that they have found in Cochinchina, not merely table-turners, but men who, by the effort of their will alone, could propel heavy barges along the shore; and the Jesuit missionaries who have penetrated into the interior of Tibet, assure us that the lamas possess the secret of making tables not only turn, but actually fly through space. A Russian traveller, who recently witnessed this marvellous feat, says that it is generally performed with a view of aiding the lama in specifying the perpetrator of a theft or murder, regarding whom he has been appealed to by those most interested in the detection of the culprit. On the appointed day, the lama seats himself on the ground before a small square table, on which he lays his hand, while he reads in a low monotonous tone from a Tibetan book. At the end of half an hour, he rises, and lifting his hand from the table, extends his arm across it, and keeps his hand in the same position in which it had rested on the table, which in a few minutes is seen to rise, following the motion

of the hand as he gradually raises it, till it has reached the level of his eyes. The lama then begins to move, on which the table is observed to commence a rotatory motion, the speed of which is increased until it appears difficult for him to follow it, even at a running pace. The table in the mean while, after having followed various directions, begins to oscillate, and soon falls. According to the testimony of the people of the district, the table generally inclines towards one direction more than any other, and thus indicates the point of the compass towards which the search must be conducted. The Russian to whom we are indebted for this account, says that he was four times a witness of this extraordinary exhibition, which was pronounced a failure on the three first occasions by the lama, who declared that the stolen property, concerning which he had been consulted, could not be recovered. On the last trial, however, the table, after making a rapid series of gyrations through the air, fell at a spot where the most careful search failed to bring to light the lost property. On the following day, suspicion was excited by the fact that a man living in the direction indicated, had killed himself, and on searching his hut, the stolen things were found. The most careful examination of the table employed failed to show any connecting medium in the way of a concealed wire or string between it and the officiating lama. It ought to be observed that Father Kirchner, in speaking—two hundred years ago—of the magnetic force inherent in man, pretends that if a person were to place himself in a state of perfect equilibrium, in a light bark on the open sea, he would, like some new compass, be naturally disposed to turn his face towards the north pole. Our recent table-turners have asserted that this tendency to move towards the north has been observed to predominate when once the turning tables had been put into motion.

Spirit-rapping, although less ancient than table-turning, as far as we know, can at all events lay claim to an antiquity of several centuries in Europe; for we have the testimony of a certain French captain the *Sieur Aubigné*, that one night during the siege of Montaignu, in 1580, while he was stretched on his pallet, snatching a short rest before the resumption of his ordinary duty to go on guard, he received three sharp raps from an invisible hand,

which were given with such vigor, that his companions, who were assembled round the watch-fire, hastened towards him, to see who was buffeting him so lustily. Having disregarded this first attack, the rappings were repeated with a noise and force that compelled him to rise; and as no hand could be seen, all present felt uneasy, and assured him that this must be a spiritual warning of some coming evil. The good sieur adds, "that not liking to have it said that he had received communications from any evil spirit, he kept the thing secret until the news that his younger brother had been killed that same night, made him feel that the affair could no longer be concealed."

Animal magnetism, as is well known, was practiced by the priesthood of Egypt and Greece from the remotest antiquity; and where the patients, who sought alleviation from some bodily ailment, or who desired to receive directions from the divinity whom they invoked, were found to resist the means employed to throw them into a lethargic sleep, certain of the priests, known as *oneiropolete*, or sellers of dreams, *slept for them* within the precincts of the temple, and communicated to them the instructions they had received in their dreams from the divinity. The magnetic sleep was induced, we are told, by frictions, the imposition of hands, or by making the patients look fixedly at some object suspended from a height, or on a mirror floating on the surface of a fountain.

St. Augustine describes a priest of his own church and time who had the faculty of depriving himself entirely of sensibility, appearing as if he were dead, and feeling neither blows, pricks, nor burns, as long as he continued in this lethargic state. According to the testimony of the bishop, this Christian priest was in the habit of inducing these phenomena in his own person whenever he was urged to exhibit his extraordinary powers; acting in this respect precisely as the *oneiropolete* of the ancients had done before him, and as our own mesmerized subjects do at the present day. He answered the questions put to him, and fell into a state of ecstatic somnambulism, of which he remembered nothing when he recovered his ordinary sensibility to outward impressions. Several ancient writers record instances of what we should now consider as cases of clairvoyance; and there can be no doubt from the reports that have come down to

us of the oracle at Delphos, that the Pythia spoke under the influence of magnetic agency. St. Justin, in speaking of the sibyls, says: "These women often gave utterance to grand and noble truths, but when the instinct which had guided them grew dormant, they no longer retained any recollection of the words they had spoken."

When we descend from the domain of spiritualism to the simple matters of everyday life, we find that the ancients were in the enjoyment of numerous luxuries and comforts which we commonly regard as the recent fruits of our own advanced civilization. Thus, for instance, macadamized roads, in all save the name, were known in the Roman dominions two hundred years before the Christian era, and were not merely limited to the vicinity of the capital, but were laid down in every province that succumbed to the valor of the republican arms. At an equally early age, the Roman senate, among various other decrees relating to the order and discipline to be observed in the city, enacted that men should give place to women in the streets, and leave them the unmolested use of the smooth line of pavement which every house-owner had to maintain in good condition in front of his own residence. Colossal sign-boards announced to the passers-by the business followed in the houses; while in the time of Plautus, notices of lost and found objects were displayed on placards written in letters a cubit long; and gladiatorial games, races, shows, and theatrical exhibitions were made public by huge boards displaying colored representations of some of the most striking scenes or sights to be exhibited. The walls, doors, and palings, were covered with these rude advertisements, which seem generally to have been drawn in some bright color on a black or red ground. Although the Romans, like other ancient nations, were ignorant of printing as applied to the multiplication of books, they were familiar with the use of printing type, which their potters used for stamping names on their vases; and we are told that the Emperor Justinian, when he wished to append his signature to a public document, had recourse to a small wooden tablet, on which the letters of his name were cut, which he traced on the paper by following with the point of his style or pen the various contours of the carving.

But perhaps the strangest indication of the fact, that most of our assumed discoveries and innovations are mere *réhabilitations*, to use a French word, of preëxisting things, is supplied by the suggestion which is ascribed to Plato for "the establishment of agencies for marriage, by means of which the qualities of each candidate for matrimony might be made known, and men thus have a better chance of procuring wives suited to their various characters." This idea seems to have been lost for ages, but not wholly, for it revived in great force about a century ago, when some ingenious German, either from the depths of his own consciousness, or from a careful study of Plato's writings, established at Hamburg an office for the transaction of matrimonial affairs, in which advertisements for husbands and wives were always to be seen. There was not the slightest mystery or reserve assumed; and there is great frankness displayed both by the ladies and gentlemen who took part in these negotiations, for we are informed by one advertiser that "she is fifty-nine years of age, and having buried her fourth husband within the previous three weeks, is anxious to meet with a good-looking healthy young man of twenty-six, as successor to her lamented partners. He need be under no trouble or care about money-matters, as she has plenty for both, and will leave him her universal legatee." Another announces that he is possessed of independent means, having upwards of ten thousand rix-dollars, and would not object to marry a widow who could bring about sixty thousand marks as her portion, provided she had no encumbrances, and was not very old. He begs it to be understood, however, that no one need apply who is not able to superintend all household matters, or who can not sew well enough to dispense with the services of a work-woman in her house. We do not know what success attended the establishment; but it is certain that several similar institutions flourished under the Directory at Paris, their success being perhaps in a great measure due to the anomalous condition of society at the time, when persons of low birth rapidly thrust themselves into prominent places, and, belonging to no special circle or sphere of society, had no means of forming suitable connections by the ordinary routine of social intercourse.

We are apt to imagine that our own is *par excellence* the age of humbug and advertisement, but even in these respects we must hide our diminished heads, and admit that we are only following in the steps of past generations. The Chinese practice, as their forefathers did before them, the puffing system in all its modifications. The doctors in China apply the art with great pertinacity, and the suffering invalid is invited to enter the dwelling of one of the medical fraternity by seeing suspended above the door a white or black sign-board, engraved with golden or brightly colored letters, and setting forth that within this Temple of Repose, or Garden of Delight, or some such title, dwells "the curer of all maladies, as may be proved by an inspection of the *bjan*, or memorial slate," on which are inscribed the names of the patients, and the diseases which the wonderful man has cured. These *bjans*, are transmitted as heir-looms from father to son; and where no honor of this kind exists in a family, it is said that they are occasionally bought, or fabricated to suit special cases. The presentation of a *bjan* is made as public as possible, the giver and the recipient being equally anxious, it would appear, to proclaim the fact. Placards posted at the corners of the neighboring streets announce its expected arrival, which is ushered in with music and dancing; the *bjan* being carried on these occasions in a sedan chair, attended by the giver and his special friends and retainers. The same system of puffing seems to be carried through every profession and trade in China. We need not, however, look so far for prototypes or rivals in the art of advertising our stock in trade, whether in the way of talents or more transferable goods, for the practice had its adepts in France long before it became common among ourselves. The Parisian tradesman of two hundred years ago presented his customers, before they left his shop, with an embossed card, or engraved metallic plate, on which were inscribed his name and address, with the names of his principal titled patrons on the one side, while the reverse generally displayed a pictorial representation of some of the articles in which he trafficked. A century nearer our own time, the "Warrens" and "Moses" of those days employed the highest talents of the day to celebrate the excellencies of their goods,



for the philosopher Diderot declares that he was far better paid for the panegyrics which he had been engaged to compose

on a special kind of pomatum, than for his most elaborate articles in the *Encyclopédie*.

From the North British Review.

## THE MARTYRDOM OF GALILEO.\*

THE romance of "the Starry Galileo and his Woes" has been so often written by the philosopher, and by the historian of science, that nothing but the discovery of new incidents in his life, or the circulation of fresh calumnies against his name, could justify us in now calling to it the attention of the public. The imprisonment and moral torture of the greatest philosopher of his age, for publishing truths which the Almighty had revealed to human reason, might have excited little notice if inflicted by the civil magistrate, or even by an ecclesiastical tribunal, in the exercise of their ordinary powers; but when the successor of St. Peter—the infallible pontiff—God's vicar upon earth, who held in his hand the reason and the conscience of the Catholic world,—when he pronounced the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun to be a lie and a

heresy, and threatened with the torture the sage who taught it, the attention of the civilized world was riveted on the daring and hazardous decree. Philosophers were struck dumb by the presumptuous verdict, and humanity wept over the martyr of science. Even Catholics of high intellect and generous hearts shuddered at the deed, and contemplated with fear an act of inquisitorial law which threatened with subversion the moral as well as the ecclesiastical power of the Church which they loved.

In spite of the pontifical decree, the earth continued to perform its annual round, and year after year contributed new proofs of the great truths for which Galileo had been condemned. The Jesuits themselves were at length compelled to illustrate them in their writings, and even instil them into their youth; and the story of Galileo, and the controversy of the earth and sun, were topics of painful recollection among the educated supporters of the Catholic faith. The successors of Urban VIII. ceased to defend, and doubtless to believe, the dogmas which he promulgated. The very cardinals, whose predecessors sat in judgment on the philosopher, have renounced the infallible decree, and, as a dogma less amenable to science, and more germane to the Catholic mind, the Immaculate Conception has replaced, in the Pontifical creed, the Ptolemaic system of the universe.

This change of feeling has been no where more strongly exhibited than in the city of Florence, when subject to the most Catholic of sovereigns.\* In a former age

\* *Une Conversation au Vatican.* Par J. B. BIOT. Lu à l'Académie Française dans sa séance particulière du 3 Février 1858. *Journal des Savants*, Mars 1858, pp. 137-142.

*La Vérité sur le Procès de Galilée.* Par J. B. BIOT. *Journal des Savants*, Juillet 1858, pp. 397-406; Aug. 1858, pp. 461-471; Septembre 1858, pp. 543-551; Octobre 1858, pp. 607-615.

*Galileo e Inquisizione*, da M. MARINO MARINI. Roma, 1850.

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*Vie de Galilée.* Par J. B. BIOT. Biog. Universelle. *Life of Galileo.* By the late Mr. DRINKWATER BETHUNE. In the Library of Useful Knowledge.

*Martyrs of Science*, containing the Lives of Galileo, Kepler, and Tycho Brahe. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, F.R.S. 4th Edition. London, 1859.

*Note sur le Procès de Galilée.* Par JEAN PLANA. Lu dans la Séance de l'Académie de Sciences de Turin du 9 Novembre 1858. Pp. 12. Turin, 1858.

*Reflexions sur les Objections soulevées par Arago contre la Priorité de Galilée pour la double découverte des taches Solaires noires, et de la Rotation uniforme du Globe du Soleil.* Par JEAN PLANA. Turin, 1860.

\* The Tribune of Galileo, in the Museum of Natural History at Florence, is one of the noblest monuments that a sovereign ever raised to a subject. It was erected at great expense by the liberality of

Galileo was an exile from its walls—chained to his own roof-tree, and, as a convict, chanting the penitential psalms in his solitary home. He was prohibited from seeking medical advice, and associating with his friends in the city which he honored. He durst not inhale the salutary breeze on the banks of the lovely Arno, nor bathe his aching limbs in its crystal stream. When those eyes which had descried new worlds in the bosom of space were closed in darkness, he was not allowed to grope his way among the scenes which he had hallowed and immortalized. When his powerful intellect could no longer cope with error, the hatred of the priest pursued him beyond the tomb. His mortal remains were denied Christian burial, and for a century they lay in a dishonored grave. Even his right to make a will, the last and the holiest privilege of our frail humanity, was denied to him as a prisoner of the inquisition; and when the friends whom he loved had provided a monument to his memory, the pope would not allow it to be reared.

Time, however, which changes every thing, has changed even the faith which professes never to change. The fame of the martyr has achieved a lofty place in the temple of science, and the cities of his birth and his labors have striven to do him honor. In Florence, the scene of his deepest sorrow, his memory has been most affectionately cherished. In the very church of Sta. Croce, where his sentence and abjuration were ignominiously and insultingly published, and in which his bones were denied a place, a magnificent monument now rises over his exhumed remains. The youth of Padua venerate his solitary vertebra, and those of Florence his purloined finger, with a more affectionate admiration than the scented relics of their saints and their sovereigns; while, what would be to him a nobler triumph,—the great truth for which he suffered—the daily revolution of the earth—has been exhibited to the eye by a Catholic philosopher as an indisputable fact which even cardinals and pontiffs could hardly venture to gainsay.†

the ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is a richly decorated apartment, in which are preserved all the telescopes and other instruments of Galileo, together with the astrolabes of Alphonso, and the instruments which belonged to the celebrated Academy del Clemento.

† We refer to the beautiful experiment of M.

It would have been well for the Catholic faith, and well also for the interests of truth, had the trial of Galileo ceased to be the subject of controversy, and been permitted to take its destined place in the pages of history. But error never dies; and the infallible Church has reappeared in the person of a functionary of the inquisition, with an eminent philosopher as his interpreter, to give a new aspect to the story of Galileo, and to fix a calumny on his name. As the history of this attempt is little known in this country, and possesses the highest interest in its relation to scientific history, as well as to the character and claims of the Catholic Church, we shall present it to our readers in its fullest details.

When engaged in an astronomical mission in 1824, M. Biot, one of the most distinguished members of the Imperial Institute of France, and known throughout the civilized world by his writings and his discoveries in physical optics, had occasion to visit Rome with his son on their way to Naples. The morning after his arrival, which was in the month of March, 1825, M. Biot waited upon the Duke de Laval, the French Ambassador, by whom he was received with the distinction due to his character and talents. Modern Rome thronged into the saloons of the ambassador, and through his means ancient Rome became more accessible to M. Biot than it could otherwise have been. After having enjoyed for some days the courtesies of the embassy, our traveller naturally desired to be presented to the pope; and the Duke de Laval kindly promised to take the earliest opportunity of introducing him to Leo XII. An ambassador, however, as M. Biot observes, restrained by certain precautions, must follow certain rules in his official relations. The expected opportunity of being presented to his holiness never arrived; and the most respectful attempts on M. Biot's part to bring it about seemed to place new difficulties in the way. The young attachés of the embassy gave our philosopher the solution of this "enigma." When he arrived at Rome, he was anxious to write to Colonel Fallon, Director of the Topographical Bureau at Vienna, in order to give him an account of the operations

Foucault of Paris with a pendulum suspended from a fixed point, which follows the earth in its daily motion.

which he proposed to make at Fiume, the eastern terminus of the portion of the 45th parallel of latitude which was measured by the Austrian engineers. In order to do this, he required certain numbers which could only be obtained from the Observatory of the *Collegio Romano*, kept by the Jesuits, and under the direction of Father Dumouchel, who had been his friend and fellow-student in the *Ecole Polytechnique*. He had therefore to go frequently to the College of the Jesuits; and, his movements having been observed by the authorities, his visits were believed to conceal some mystery which it was necessary to clear up before any further communication was held with him. "In short," he says, "I had become a political character without knowing it. I conceived that it was not necessary for me, a simple savant, to remain any longer enveloped in the toils of diplomacy, and that the sincerity of my humble homage did not require so much arrangement. I resolved, therefore, to open some less embarrassing way out of the official world, of which I could sooner avail myself. But in order to exercise the sagacity of the watchmen of the embassy, I purposely paid more frequent visits to Father Dumouchel."

M. Biot was acquainted with M. Testa, a prelate of literary tastes, who had published a learned dissertation on the zodiacal representations discovered in Egypt a few years before. Having been himself occupied with the same subject, he had paid a visit to the prelate a few days after his arrival in Rome. As he had been well received, he repeated his visit,—related to him his misadventure, and expressed the regret he should feel were he not admitted to an interview with his holiness, along with his son, to whom, as well as to himself, such an event would be a source of pleasure during the rest of their lives. He had not known that the good Abbé Testa was, more than any other person, in a position to obtain for him this favor, to which he had attached so great a value. The Abbé held an office of trust in the pontifical court, and his excellent qualities had secured to him the esteem of Pope Leo XII. The favor of a presentation was asked and granted; and the Abbé and his friends repaired to the Vatican a little before the appointed hour. This was after the dinner of the Holy Father, who had just retired into

an inner apartment; so that they remained in the waiting-room till they were summoned into the presence-chamber. At this time there entered into the salon a priest, who had come for an audience like themselves. He was clothed in a white robe, and was a tall man, with much dignity of manner. The Abbé presented to him M. Biot by his name, which was not unknown to him; and he immediately entered into conversation with him concerning the zodiacs of Egypt, a subject which he knew to be interesting both to the Abbé and his friend, who reviewed with much learning and critical acumen the numerous conjectures by which they had been explained. He then said to M. Biot, without any other transition, "We have read here your article 'Galilée' in the *Biographie Universelle*. You there condemn the judgment pronounced against him by the Holy Office. But, in fact, the tribunal had condemned only his errors, for he had committed very serious ones."

Embarrassed by this opinion, the philosopher could not decide whether he should, in such a locality, disown his scientific faith or oppose so severe a judgment. He determined, therefore, to veer between these two extremes. "It is possible," he said, "that Galileo has committed errors. Every man is fallible. But it required judges in advance of the age to perceive them; and, after all, they could not charge him with a great crime. The trial which he underwent does not seem to rest on the essence of his discoveries, but on their philosophical consequences. The teachers of the day, who were ecclesiastics, arrayed themselves with a furious unanimity against the reformer, who spared neither their refutations nor their sarcasms. They attacked him from their professorial chairs, and even in their religious services; being thus made his implacable enemies, they accused him of heresy at Rome, as the Protestants of Holland accused Descartes of atheism—religion becoming every where an arm, and a most terrible one when directed by the passions. Moreover, in deploring this trial, and exposing the interested motives which were the pretext for it, you may have noticed that I have not exaggerated the facts. I believe I have made it clear that the physical rigors (the application of torture) indicated by the terms of the

sentence were only formal expressions, without any reality of application. Every thing concurs to prove this. Galileo had from the first, for his prison, the house of the chief officer of the tribunal, with permission to walk in the palace. He was attended by his own domestic servant; and afterwards, when he was transferred to the palace of the Archbishop of Sienna, whose superb garden served him for a promenade, he was allowed to write freely every day to his friends; and he wrote to them very pleasant letters in the report of those who interrogated him. It is not in this way that an old man of seventy would jest who had been put to the torture. The moral sufferings which his trial had brought upon him, and the privation of his liberty in the latter years of his life, were sufficiently painful to require any aggravation."

"Assuredly not," replied his interlocutor. "In every thing your article is written with honesty and sincerity; but, believe me, M. Galileo was very wrong in giving personal offence to the pope, who had shown him much kindness. He had ridiculed him in his 'Dialogues,' under the character of Simplicio; and in alluding to the passion which had been attributed to him, of composing verses, he did not scruple to say and to write that he had a taste for composing 'an amorous sonnet.' Be assured that these personal injuries contributed powerfully to his fall."

From the moment that it appeared to M. Biot that the enmities inspired by the man had been the decisive motive for the condemnation pronounced against the astronomer, scientific truth seemed to him no longer the cause; and therefore it was not necessary to defend it, which was the only right which he could assume, as it was the only duty which he could not honorably abandon.

Finding his interlocutor so well informed, and agreeing to the only amicable arrangement which he could admit, M. Biot asked permission to see the original documents of the trial. "They are not in our possession," he replied. "They were carried to Paris with the whole of the Pontifical archives. Louis XVIII. wishing to see them, they were taken to the Tuilleries; but when he fled from Paris, on the 20th of March, they were not restored to the royal archives, and they disappeared in the succeeding disturbances. Had we possessed them, there would

have been no difficulty in communicating them to you."

At this stage of the conversation, M. Biot and his party were summoned to the holy presence; and we believe it will interest our readers if we succeed in translating the lofty and eloquent expressions in which a French philosopher has embalmed his conversation with the Holy Father. "I will not attempt," he says, "to report the words which were addressed to us, nor to convey the impressions which they produced, by the august character, with so many titles, of him who pronounced them. It was like a chain of thoughts marked with an indulgent kindness, with a suavity and a charm which seemed to descend from heaven to earth, and to rise from earth to heaven, where we could not but feel the calm serenity of the soul of an old man, allied to the dignity of a pontiff and a prince, still adorned and heightened by a superior culture of mind, which the princes of this world have seldom an opportunity of acquiring. The marks of interest which his holiness showed to myself, my young son, and my absent family, reached to the very depths of my heart."

After quitting the Vatican, M. Biot expressed to the Abbé how grateful he felt for the "adorable goodness" with which the pope had received him, and proceeded to question him respecting the stranger whom he had introduced to him, and with whose manners, erudition, and profound knowledge he had been so much charmed. "Though you did not know his name," replied the Abbé, "did you not recognize the white habit of St. Dominique?" He is the Commissary-General of the Holy Office, the person whom you in France call 'the Grand Inquisitor.'" "Ah!" cried M. Biot to himself, "I hardly expected to appear here in his presence, and to find myself in such close conversation with him. I am no longer astonished that he insisted so much on the affair of Galileo. He had the advantage of me. I could not refuse to converse with him on the subject; but I did not go out of my way to choose it."

M. Biot returned to his lodgings quite pensive, as he says, and meditating on the results of this remarkable reconte. "Thus," said he to himself, "after two centuries had elapsed, in the same Vatican where Galileo was condemned, we have



made a pacific revision of his trial; and with what marvelous changes both in the men and in their ideas! On the one hand, one of the inheritors of his genius, charged with teaching and professing publicly his doctrines, is admitted by a special favor into the presence of the Holy Father, who loads him with kindness. On the other hand, the Commissary of the Tribunal, resuming the consideration of the case with as much equity as intelligence, concurs with his disciples in separating from the scientific question all the accessories with which human passions had surrounded it; so that *truth, separated from these fleeting clouds, will henceforth shine with a pure luster which offends neither science nor religion.*"\*

The extraordinary opinion, that the trial of Galileo, and the sentence by which he was condemned and imprisoned for life, offended neither science nor religion, might have passed unnoticed had it been maintained by some frantic Jesuit, or some underling of the inquisition, who, in defending the infallibility of their Church, would sacrifice the highest interests of truth and justice; but when we view it as the ripe judgment of one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the age—the father too of the French Academy of Sciences, who had published the opposite opinion—we are equally confounded by the boldness of its assertion and the imbecility of its argument. The air of the Vatican, and the adorable goodness of the Holy Father, had doubtless some influence in effecting this conversion. A Dominican monk, clad in white raiment, and with imposing mien, encounters the biographer of Galileo in the Vatican, compliments him on the rectitude and sincerity of his article, assures him that Galileo had personally affronted Pope Urban VIII., by ridiculing him under the name of Simplicio, and dogmatically asserts that these personal wrongs *contributed powerfully* to his fall! The philosopher of the Institute becomes the Simplicio of the Vatican; and without even asking for any proof of these assertions, he adopts them implicitly, retracts the judgment he had pronounced against the inquisition, rejoices over the reconciliation

of religion and science; and in this desirable result, finds "a striking application of the fine maxim of Cicero, '*Opinionum commenta delet Dies; Naturæ judicia confirmat.*'"

This remarkable conversion of M. Biot took place in March, 1825. A new light had burst upon him on one of the most interesting points of scientific history, in which the characters of Galileo and of Pope Urban and his cardinals were seriously compromised, and in which the Catholic Church itself was on its trial. M. Biot had taken the wrong side in the controversy; but, though the "pure light of truth had dispelled the clouds which human passions had raised," he quietly placed the light under a bushel. He neither retracted his errors, nor enabled others whom he had misled to retract them. He concealed for *thirty-three long years* that blessed light which reconciled science and religion; and in place of shedding it upon his colleagues in the Academy of Sciences, who had doubtless taken the part of Galileo, he dazzles with it the French Academy—the branch of the Institute which is charged with the language and literature of France, and which is honored with the names of Guizot, Thiers, Villemain, Cousin, Remusat, and others, who had never taken a deep interest either in the fate of Galileo or the infallibility of the Church.

Having thus given publicity to his *Conversation in the Vatican*, and rested his conversion on the *simple and unsupported opinion of the Grand Inquisitor*, a partisan whom no court of justice in Europe would receive as a witness in such a cause, he found it necessary to study the proceedings in the trial of Galileo, and to obtain some colorable pretext for the views he had promulgated. The results of this inquiry he has published in four articles in the *Journal des Savants*, which no Catholic can read with satisfaction, and no Protestant with patience. Were we to admit all his facts, and adopt all his reasonings, we should strike a blow against the Catholic Church which the most daring of Galileo's friends never ventured to aim. To assert that one of the high priests of science had been imprisoned for life—we will not say put to the torture—from the personal vindictiveness of Pope Urban VIII., a kind and benevolent pontiff; that his College of Cardinals, men of high character and position,

\* The priest with whom M. Biot carried on this remarkable conversation was Father Benedetto Maurizio Olivieri, Commissary-General of the Inquisition, who passed for a very learned man, and who became General of the Dominican order in 1834.

placed their reason and conscience in the hands of their Holy Father; and that they did not regard the Copernican doctrines as contrary and injurious to Scripture, is a calumny against the Church of Rome which no Protestant would dare to circulate, and no Catholic could believe. The best and the only apology for the condemnation of Galileo is, that in the sixteenth century astronomical truth was equally unknown to the clergy and the laity; that the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun were doctrines apparently inconsistent with scripture; and that in those days the truths of religion were guarded by a sternness of discipline and a severity of punishment which have disappeared in more enlightened times. Even we Protestants can not look back to that period of the Church's history without shedding burning tears over the unholy zeal of our ancestors.

A correct account, therefore, of the trial and condemnation of Galileo has now become as necessary to the character of Pope Urban VIII. as it is to that of Galileo; and we are fortunately able, from the new documents recently given to the public, to make it one of the most interesting portions of scientific and ecclesiastical history. Truth alone is the object at which we aim; and though we can not reconcile science and religion by the strange process adopted by M. Biot, we hope to satisfy the most zealous Catholic that, though apparent antagonists in the trial of Galileo, they may embrace each other in the arms of Christian charity without sacrificing the good names of a virtuous pope and an honest philosopher.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of this case, that the original documents of the trial have never been given to the world. They were carried to Paris in 1812 and 1813, along with the treasure conquered from the Roman archives, after a list of them had been taken by M. Daunou, who went to Paris in 1811 for that purpose. When the treasure was restored in 1814, the documents were not to be found; but the pontifical court never ceased to reclaim them. When M. Rossi went on a diplomatic mission to Rome in 1845, they were again demanded; and when he promised to search for them in the dépôt of the Foreign Office, and return them if found, he made it an express condition that they should be given to the public,

as the imperial government had even begun to translate them for publication. The papers having been found, the originals of the text of the trial were taken to Rome in 1846 by Rossi, and were immediately returned to Pope Pius IX., who, during the revolution of 1848, entrusted them to Marino Marini, the keeper of the Secret Archives of the Holy See. When tranquility was restored they were again delivered to the Pope, who made them a present to the library of the Vatican; but, strange to relate—and M. Biot has related it without any expression of surprise, or any conjecture respecting its motive—they were afterwards restored to the Secret Archives. Had the promise to print them been honestly fulfilled, it was of no consequence where the originals were deposited; but as that promise has been broken, and garbled extracts only given to the world, their retention in the library of the Vatican was of high importance. The biographer and the historian could have there tested the completeness and fidelity of the extracts; but, buried in the tomb of the Secret Archives, we can attach to them no other value than what is due to the opinions and honesty of M. Marino Marini. What confidence is placed in this functionary of the pontificate, M. Biot shall himself tell us. "The promise made to Rossi has been fulfilled, very incompletely indeed, by M. Marini in 1850, in a printed dissertation addressed to the Archaeological Academy of Rome, with the title of *Galileo e Inquisizione*. A friend procured me this work. It is a pleading in favor of the tribunal of the Inquisition, rather than a book of history. We do not find in it the entire text of the trial, but only a small number of extracts, which by themselves have always a great value." The importance of the "textual publication of the Process," as M. Biot calls it, is admitted by himself. Such a publication, he says, "would promote the well understood interests of the pontifical authority, being the most sure, if not the only means, of refuting the supposition that corporeal torture had been inflicted upon Galileo—a supposition which we might be induced to believe from certain formal expressions contained in the sentence passed upon him, and promulgated by the Holy Office." The extracts, he afterwards adds, "are far from sufficient to throw a complete light on the im-

portant question of the tortures." Notwithstanding this *suppressio veri*, M. Biot thinks he can supply the defect from the series of official letters addressed by the Tuscan ambassador to his court, from the commencement of Galileo's trial to the day when he returned from it after his condemnation. By combining the details in this correspondence with those furnished by the work of M. Marini, M. Biot believes that we "can now reproduce, in all their truth, and review in our presence, the acts, and the scenes, and the personages in this philosophical drama, in which a man of genius, who created other eyes than those which Nature has given us, was the first to direct his view into the depths of space, and having thus seen revealed the mysteries which are there accomplished, is punished for his audacity like another Prometheus." "Such," he adds, "is the subject of the moral and scientific studies with which we are about to entertain our readers."

In order to form a correct judgment respecting the causes which led to the trial and condemnation of Galileo, we must turn to that period of his life when he first submitted his opinions to the public. The philosophy of Aristotle was then prevalent throughout Europe. It was taught in its universities by professors lay and clerical; and every attempt to refute their doctrines exposed its author to every variety of persecution. Even in his eighteenth year Galileo had displayed a great antipathy to the Aristotelians; and, in the discharge of his duty as Professor of Mathematics at Pisa, he had attacked their mechanical doctrines with unnecessary asperity. He had refuted their theory of falling bodies by experiments made from the falling tower of Pisa; and so strong were the feelings which they had roused against him, that he found it convenient to quit that city in 1592, and accept of the mathematical chair in the University of Padua. Having acquired a high reputation by his writings, the Grand Duke of Tuscany invited him to return to his former situation in Pisa. Galileo accepted the offer; but, before quitting Padua, he paid a visit to Venice, where he heard of the discovery of the telescope. On his return to Padua he constructed one of these instruments, which magnified *three* times; and soon afterwards two larger ones, with magnifying powers, the one of *eight* and the other of *thirty* times. During the years

1610, 1611, and 1612, he applied these instruments to the heavens, and made those great discoveries which exposed him to the hostility of the Peripatetic philosophers, and subsequently to the persecution of the Catholic church. His discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter, of the oblong figure of Saturn, of the mountains and cavities of the Moon, of the round disc of the planets, of the crescent of Venus, of the spots and rotation of the Sun, and the speculations to which they led, excited the admiration of his friends, and the jealousy of his enemies. In 1611 he had exhibited his principal discoveries, in the Quirinal gardens at Rome, to princes, cardinals, and prelates. The solar spots, and the changes which they underwent, gave ocular demonstration of the rotation of the Sun, and overturned the Aristotelian dogma of the immutability of the heavens. In a letter to Prince Cesi at Rome, written in May, 1612, he describes the phenomena of the changes in the solar spots as a death-blow to the pseudo-philosophy of the Peripatetics, and wonders how they will evade it, seeing that the changes are manifest to their own eyes. The supporters of the ancient philosophy had no difficulty in finding a reply. They denied the accuracy of his observations; and when they found this of no avail, they were driven to the last refuge of error, by denouncing the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun as contrary to scripture, and a heresy against the Catholic faith.

Thus challenged to the discussion, Galileo wrote letters to several of his friends at Rome in 1613, 1614, and 1615, in order to prove that the Scriptures were not intended to teach us natural science; and he addressed an elaborate dissertation to Christina of Lorraine, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and the mother of the reigning Duke, in which he endeavored to show that texts in the Bible ought not to be quoted in questions which observation and experience alone can decide. Upwards of a year before this, in 1613, he had written a letter to Father Castelli, one of his liberal friends, in which he supported the Copernican system with a force of argument which alarmed the priesthood.\*

\* In his first article, p. 400, M. Biot says this letter was printed; but in a subsequent one, p. 620, he substitutes for the word *imprimée*, the phrase, "of which he took copies."

The first of these productions seems to have been addressed to the mother of Cosmo, in order to give the impress of royal authority to the Copernican system; and in this imposing form it seems to have excited a warmer interest, as if it had expressed the opinion of the Grand Ducal family. This apparently high recommendation was sustained by facts and arguments which were felt to be irresistible. Galileo states boldly to the Grand Duchess that the Scriptures were given to instruct us respecting our salvation, and our reasoning faculties for investigating the phenomena of nature. He regards scripture and nature as proceeding from the same Divine author, and incapable of speaking a different language; and he ridicules the idea that astronomers will shut their eyes to the celestial phenomena which they discover, or reject those deductions of reason which appeal to their faith with all the force of demonstration. These views, so just in themselves, he supports with passages from the writings of the Fathers; and he quotes the dedication of Copernicus' work to Pope Paul III. to prove that the Holy Father himself did not regard the new astronomy as hostile to the sacred writings.

It was in vain to meet such arguments by any other weapon than the sword; and the priesthood had now to determine either to yield to the reckless heresy, or crush it by the arm of power. Father Lorini, a Dominican monk, had already denounced to the inquisition Galileo's letter to Father Castelli. Caccini, another priest of the same order, attacked the philosopher in a sermon preached at Florence, from a text in the Acts, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"\* He attacked Galileo personally; denounced mathematics "as a diabolical art; and declared that mathematicians, as the authors of every heresy should be banished from every Christian land. Luigi Maraffi, the General of the Order to which these monks belonged, and to whom Galileo had sent a formal complaint against Caccini, had the candor to make an apology to the astronomer, and expressed the regret with which he found himself implicated in "the brutal conduct of thirty or forty thousand monks."

Thus countenanced on one hand by sovereign authority, and even by some of

the dignitaries of the Church, and assailed on the other by the great body of the priesthood, Galileo found himself in a position from which he must either advance or recede.

"The current of his life," as Sir David Brewster remarks,\* "had hitherto flowed in a smooth and unobstructed channel. He had attained the highest objects of earthly ambition. His discoveries had placed him at the head of the great men of the age; he possessed a professional income far beyond his wants; and, what is still dearer to a philosopher, he enjoyed the most ample leisure for carrying on and completing his discoveries. The opposition which these discoveries had encountered was to him more a subject for triumph than for sorrow. Ignorance and prejudice were his only enemies; and if they succeeded for a while in harassing him on his march, it was only to conduct him to fresh achievements. He who contends for truths which he has himself been permitted to discover, may well sustain the conflict in which presumption and error are destined to fall. The public tribunal may neither be sufficiently pure nor enlightened to decide upon the issue; but he can appeal to posterity, and reckon upon its 'sure decree.'

"The ardor of Galileo's mind, the keenness of his temper, his clear conception of truth, and his inextinguishable love of it, combined to exasperate and prolong the hostility of his enemies. When argument failed to enlighten their judgment, and reason to dispel their prejudices, he wielded against them the powerful weapons of ridicule and sarcasm; and, in this unrelenting warfare, he seems to have forgotten that Providence had withheld from his enemies the intellectual gifts which he had so liberally received. He who is allowed to take the start of his species, and to penetrate the veil which conceals from common minds the mysteries of nature, must not expect that the world will be patiently dragged at the chariot wheels of his philosophy. Mind has its inertia as well as matter; and its progress to truth can only be ensured by the gradual and patient removal of the difficulties which embarrass it.

"The boldness—may we not say the recklessness?—with which Galileo insisted upon making proselytes of his enemies, served but to alienate them from the truth. Errors thus assailed speedily entrench themselves in general feeling, and become embalmed in the virulence of the passions. The various classes of his opponents marshalled themselves for their mutual defence. The Aristotelian professors, the temporizing Jesuits, the political churchmen, and that timid but respectable body who at all times dread innovation, whether it be in legislation or in science, entered into an alliance against the philosophical tyrant, who threatened them with the penalties of knowledge.

\* Acts 1: 11.

\* *Martyrs of Science*, p. 46.



"The party of Galileo, though weak in number, was not without power and influence. He had trained around him a devoted band who cherished his doctrines and idolized his genius. His pupils had been appointed to several of the principal professorships in Italy. The enemies of religion were, on this occasion, united with the Christian philosopher; and there were, even in those days, many princes and nobles who had felt the inconvenience of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and who secretly abetted Galileo in his crusade against established errors.

"Although these two parties had been long dreading each other's power, and reconnoitering each other's position, yet we can not exactly determine which of them first hoisted the signal for war. The Christian party, particularly its highest dignitaries, were certainly disposed to rest on the defensive. Flanked on one side by the logic of the schools, and on the other by the popular interpretation of scripture, and backed by the strong arm of the civil power, they were not disposed to interfere with the prosecution of science, however much they may have dreaded its influence. The philosophers, on the contrary, united the zeal of innovators with that firmness of purpose which truth alone can inspire. Victorious in every contest, they were flushed with success, and they panted for a struggle in which they knew they must triumph."

Such was the state of parties after the two Dominican monks had entered the field, the one with the weapon of personal scurrility, and the other by a direct appeal to the inquisition. The army of monks, however, described by Maraffi, were not satisfied with these measures of defence and attack. Caccini, bribed by the mastership of the Convent of St. Mary of Minerva, leagued himself with a multitude of monks of all orders, and went to Rome to embody the evidence against Galileo, and to denounce to the inquisition the great work of Copernicus, *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*. Although these machinations had been carried on in secret, Galileo's suspicions were roused, and he obtained leave of the Grand Duke Cosmo, to go to Rome in December, 1615, in order to frustrate the designs of his enemies. All his attempts, however, proved fruitless. The monks had obtained the ear of the pope and the cardinals; and the inquisition assembled on the twenty-fifth of February, 1616, to consider the grave questions which had been formally submitted to their judgment. The congregation of prohibited books issued their decree on the fourth March. They declared that "the false

Pythagoric doctrine of the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun was contrary to the text of Scripture." They ordered the correction in Copernicus' work of certain expressions and passages where this doctrine is maintained, not as a mathematical hypothesis, but as a physical truth; and, among these, a passage in which the earth is called a *star*. They prohibited the pamphlet published by Paul Anthony Foscarini, a learned Carmelite monk, in which he illustrates and defends the doctrine of the mobility of the earth, and reconciles it with the texts in scripture which had been adduced to overturn it; and the same prohibition was extended to every work in which the new doctrine was taught. Although Galileo was never named in this decree, his enemies circulated the report that he had been cited before the inquisition; that he had abjured his opinions; and that the congregation of the index had condemned him. In refutation of these calumnies, Cardinal Bellarmine gave him a certificate, dated the sixteenth of March, 1616, that these imputations were false, and that he had merely intimated to him the opinions of the pope, published by the congregation of the index, "that the doctrine attributed to Copernicus, that the earth moved round the sun, and that the sun remained immovable in the center of the world, without moving from east to west, is contrary to Scripture, and can not be professed or defended."

Disappointed and chagrined at the result of this appeal to the inquisition, Galileo did not accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he was placed. Although he had visited Pope Paul V. soon after the issuing of the congregational decree, and was assured by his Holiness that while he occupied the papal chair he would not listen to the calumnies of his enemies, yet he continued to maintain his opinion in every house which he visited, and thus to annoy his ecclesiastical friends, and afford new grounds of persecution to his enemies.\*

\* The conduct and temper of Galileo at this crisis are well described in a letter from Querenghi to Cardinal D'Este, and in another, given fully by Biot, from Pietro Guicciardini to Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose ambassador he was at the Court of Rome. Galileo's own vexations and disappointments will be found in a series of letters addressed to his intimate friend Curzio Picchena, secretary to the Grand Duke, and published in the last edition of Galileo's Works.

This pertinacious obtrusion of his opinions, after they had been denounced as heretical and unscriptural by authorities which he was bound to respect and obey, was no doubt encouraged by the mild proceedings of the court itself, and by the continued friendship of persons high in authority. In the decree which so much offended him, neither his name nor his writings were mentioned. He was simply informed of the decision of the congregation, and that in the most respectful manner, by his friend Cardinal Bellarmine.\* The Grand Duke of Tuscany and his minister still remained attached to their great astronomer; and among the cardinals themselves he had a staunch friend in the person of Cardinal Orsino, to whom he had been introduced by the Grand Duke, and who took such a warm part in his favor as to ruffle the temper of the pope himself.

In this account of the proceedings of the congregation, and of the decree which they issued, we have followed M. Boit, because it is possible that the decree itself may have been given by M. Marini, or in some other work which we can not procure. If it has been published, we have no doubt that M. Boit has given a correct account of its contents; but it is remarkable that a totally different account of the proceedings and of the decree has been given by Sir David Brewster in his *Life of Galileo*.

"Galileo was lodged," he says, "in the palace of the Grand Duke's ambassador, and kept up a constant correspondence with the family of his patron at Florence; but in the midst of this external splendor he was summoned before the inquisition to answer for the heretical doctrine which he had published. He was charged with maintaining the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun,—with teaching this doctrine to his pupils,—with corresponding on the subject with several German mathematicians,—and with having published it, and attempted to reconcile it to Scripture, in his letters to Mark Velsar in 1612. The Inquisition assembled to consider these charges on the 25th of February, 1615; and it was decreed that Galileo should be enjoined by Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce the obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself that he would neither teach, defend, nor publish them in future. In the event of his refusing to acquiesce in this sentence, it was decreed that he

should be thrown into prison. Galileo did not hesitate to yield to this injunction. On the following day, the 26th of February, he appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine, to renounce his heretical opinions; and having declared that he abandoned the doctrine of the earth's motion, and would neither defend nor teach it, in his conversation or in his writings, he was dismissed from the court."

Sir David Brewster does not mention the authority upon which he has made this statement, so opposite to that given by M. Biot, but we find that it is almost a translation of the introductory portion of the sentence of condemnation and imprisonment passed upon Galileo in 1633; and therefore, unless we suppose, which we can not do, that the pope and the cardinals have knowingly given a false account of their own decree of 1615, for the purpose of aggravating the conduct of Galileo, and justifying the severity of his sentence, we must hold the statement of M. Biot to be wholly erroneous. And this is the more remarkable, as he has himself published, in his fourth article\* on the subject, the original text of the trial of 1633, in which the following correct account is given of the proceedings and decree of 1615:—

"Since you, Galileo, the son of Vincent Galileo, a Florentine, and 70 years of age, was denounced in this Holy Office, because you hold as true the false doctrine maintained by many, namely, that the sun was in the center of the world and immoveable, and that the earth moved even with a diurnal motion;—that you had certain disciples to whom you taught the same doctrine;—that you kept up a correspondence with several German mathematicians;—that you published certain letters entitled, *On the Solar Spots* (his letters to Mark Velsar in May and December 1612†,) in which you explained the same doctrine as true;—that you replied to certain objections against you, taken from sacred scripture, by glossing the same scripture according to your own interpretation of it," etc.

After announcing in the most formal manner the two great Catholic dogmas to be adopted by all qualified theologians, the document thus proceeds:—

"But when it pleased us, in the meantime to proceed kindly against you, it was decreed in the holy congregation, held in the presence of D. N. (Domino Nostro,) on the 25th February

\* This is the account given by Boit:—"Galilée ne fut pas nommé . . . on lui a seulement annoncé la Déclaration faite par le Pape, et publiée par la Congrégation de l'Index."

\* *Journ. des Savants*, p. 616.

† See *Martyrs of Science*, p. 39, 40.

1616, that Cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin you to retract altogether the foresaid false doctrine, and that, in the event of your refusing, the Commissary of the Holy Office should order you to abandon the said doctrine, and that you should neither teach it to others, nor defend it, nor treat of it; and that if you did not acquiesce in this command, you should be thrown into prison; and in execution of this decree, on the following day, in the above-mentioned place, in the presence of Cardinal Bellarmine, you were kindly admonished by him, and commanded by the Commissary of the Holy Office, before a notary and witnesses, that you would wholly abandon the said false opinion, and that in future you would not be allowed to defend it, or in any way teach it, either orally or in your writings;—and when you promised obedience you were discharged."

Here, then, we have what we must regard as the true account of the proceedings and decree of 1615, as signed by the seven cardinals in 1633, and to an extent confirmed by Galileo himself in the abjuration which accompanies the decree of that year. The decree of 1615 exhibits the admitted policy of the Court of Rome—the denunciation as false and heretical of great astronomical truths, and the punishment by imprisonment of the philosopher who should dare to teach or in any way maintain them. The policy of 1615, enjoined by Pope Paul III., was carried out in 1633 in all its integrity and sternness by Pope Urban VIII., as it would have been by any

other pope; and to maintain, as M. Biot has done, that the condemnation of astronomical truth, and the punishment of Galileo in 1633, was owing solely to the personal insults which the astronomer had offered to the Holy Father, is one of the most extraordinary paralogsms that is to be found in the history of science. Admitting for the present, which is not true, and what we shall presently show is not true, that Galileo did not insult the pope, and that the pope was actuated by a spirit of revenge, it is as clear as noon-day that Pope Urban VIII. could not be impelled by any personal affront to sanction the decree of 1633. He was bound to follow the policy of his predecessors. The inquisition had laid down the law, and, unjust as it was, he was bound to follow it. Galileo was warned before all Christendom, that if he in any way maintained his opinions, he would be thrown into prison; and seeing that he did maintain his opinions, he could expect no other result than the fulfillment of a threat sanctioned by the highest authorities both in church and state. The law was promulgated with all the solemnity of a Christian court, and Pope Urban VIII. would have exposed himself to the contempt of his Church, and the ridicule of the friends of Galileo—the band of sceptics that hounded him on to his ruin.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

## A R I D E F O R T H E R I N G .

Then might you hear each valiant knight  
To page and squire that cried,  
"Bring my armor bright and my steed so wight,  
It is not each day that a warrior's might  
May win him a royal bride!"

It seems to us that there has been of late years, in our periodical literature, a strong inclination to depreciate the healthy effect produced on society by the institution of chivalry; nay, to vilify with more energy than justice the fundamental principles of knighthood, and to throw much unmerited obloquy on the morals and practice of those who carried out the

precepts of their order. Now, we are not about to follow the example of Don Quixote, (albeit we candidly confess to a feeling of kindness and something akin to admiration for that enthusiast,) and lay lance in rest against such a windmill as the common sense of the nineteenth century, whirling its rotatory sails under the steady breeze of ridicule, and grinding, as

it does to powder some of the tenderest and most inconvenient feelings of the human heart. We do not wish to see trial by jury superseded by the ordeal of red-hot ploughshares, a kind of judicial blindman's buff, in which, if the prisoner were acquitted, it was "more by good luck than good management;" nor do we profess a concurrence in that pugnacious regret which would

Give the lands of Deloraine  
Dark Musgrave were alive again,

for the sole gratification of slaying the swarthy warrior once more. Nay, we will even go so far as to admit the proper feeling displayed by our unpaid magistracy in opposing by all constitutional means a fight for the championship within the "four seas that girth Britain," and will acknowledge once for all that we do not care to be present at another Eglinton tournament, nor to witness the aristocracy of these realms besmirched in all their panoply of knighthood by such a three days' rain as only the west of Scotland can produce—

Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor e'en thy garments, Cording, could avail.

No! the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche have been split into posts and rails, and cut up for firewood long ago. Though gentle Ivanhoe has been recalled to life for a space by the black art of Mr. Thackeray, Bracy and Bois-Guilbert must love ladies and splinter lances no more. Front-de-Bœuf sleeps with his bull-headed ancestors and his pig-headed descendants. Athelstan the Unready will never break from his cerements again; and although the Jewish usurer still lends money in the land, and fools increase and multiply—or how should knaves flourish?—yet Isaac of York has exchanged his gaberdine for his grave-clothes, and Wamba, the son of Witless, has eaten up his brawn and "gone where the good niggers go."—R. I. P.

The knights are dust, and their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

All that we insist upon is, that they did good in their day; that, like every other vital change which modifies from time to time the framework of society, the institution of chivalry, notwithstanding

ing that spirit of self-worship and self-aggrandizement which alloyed its undoubted self-devotion, wrought sundry healthy effects upon the whole of Christendom, of which even in this present year of grace 1860, with its enlargement of the franchise and its income tax, we are reaping the benefit.

When Rome—imperial Rome—crumbled to pieces by the weight of her own superstructure, there was necessarily a want of cohesion and concentration in the different nations of Southern and Middle Europe, such as the brotherhood of chivalry was perhaps alone calculated to supply. It must be remembered that there was no printing in those days, and the only means of locomotion were of the tardiest and most uncomfortable. The Gothic races, even of neighboring countries, might have remained in the darkest ignorance of each other, had they not possessed some common object, some common interest, some universal bond, which made all "who buckled on the spur" brothers of one illustrious family. It is useless, though tempting, in the history of nations as in that of private individuals, to speculate on what *might* have been. Had the power of Rome survived her disruption into an eastern and western empire, under the propitious names of Valens and Valentinian, and the subsequent assaults she sustained by the Saracens in the one stronghold and the Visi-Goths in the other, it does not seem, as far as man can judge, that such long-continued dominion would have been advantageous to the human race. We need only glance at Juvenal, to shudder at the vices which a forced prosperity too surely produced, even in a manly and victorious people; whilst a perusal of the history of her who was once mistress of the world, subsequent to the removal of her first Christian emperor to Constantinople, affords a fearful example of sin, cowardice, and effeminacy, such as can not but sap, and eventually destroy, the mightiest state which in the acquisition of wealth neglects political honesty, and forgets the lesson of Brenus the Gaul, that to those who would be free steel is a more precious metal than gold.

When, therefore, the Latin language ceased to be the tongue of the civilized world; when the *civis Romanus sum* was no longer the proudest patent of nobility to be obtained, the *dark ages*, as they



have not improperly been called, must have been darker still had the several European kingdoms, isolated by distance, ignorance, and difference of language, possessed no common territory, so to speak, upon which their noblest and most influential personages could meet on the courteous terms of a perfect equality. Every knight was, as a knight, on a level with the whole fraternity of the spur; and Charlemagne himself, the proud Emperor on whose effigy the diadem is ever represented encircling the steel head-piece, had he injured the poorest of his paladins, must have done him reason with his sword. It may easily be conceived how such a state of manners, in that period of transition, should eventually lead to social and political freedom—not the freedom understood by a democracy of which each individual malcontent would be a tyrant if he could, but that rational and virtual liberty, which, perhaps of all people on earth, our own people are the best able to comprehend and appreciate. The goddess, to use an inflated metaphor, appears to us less to rise up from earth than to descend from heaven; certainly she has always gone to sleep when she has put that red nightcap on; and it seems that the movement when originating from *above* has ever prospered better than when forced upwards from *below*. A *really* free nobility is the best guarantee for eventual freedom of the people; and we need not look far to observe how a *bonâ fide* republic, “one and indivisible,” is prone to relapse into an absolute monarchy; nor can we dispute that it is fair matter for argument, which is the better form of government of the two.

We are not, however, so infatuated, notwithstanding all the glitter which surrounds the subject, as to affirm that freedom could coëxist with that picturesque institution which is so fascinating to a high spirit, a genial temperament, and a courageous heart. It is as a mother and not as a sister, chivalry claims relationship with liberty; and it is to the effect of the former after she passed away, that the latter owes her very existence in civilized communities. Whilst she was predominant, woe to the inferior classes! We must look at the question fairly on both sides; and we can not shut our eyes to the ever-recurring tale of rapine, insolence, cruelty and oppression which the chronicles of the middle ages hand down

to posterity as the usual conduct of the high towards the low. Nor must we forget that the chronicler is commonly a churchman, born in the same class as the oppressor, whom he can not but condemn, and probably allied to him by blood—dependent too upon the protection of him or some such other hard-hitting, hard-riding, hard-living adventurer for the peaceful enjoyment of his monastery, his trout-stream, his refectory, and the very security of the snug retreat in which he is inditing a qualified disapproval of his champion's general behavior. It was all very well for the knight, sheathed in the best Milan steel, arrow-proof at point-blank distance, and without a cranny or crevice in his armor, to mount his powerful steed, make the sign of the cross, lay lance in rest, and shouting the dear name of his lady-love, ride down the half-armed infantry opposed to him, till, like Arthur in the *Idylls*,

From spur to plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,

he might stand, if he chose, upon a heap of slain, and cry with a great voice, “They are broken! they are broken!” It was all very well, we say, for the knight, brave by nature and education, trained to the use of arms from boyhood, like the charger beneath him, high-bred, high-fed, and high-hearted, to scorn at death, and devote himself to the service of the Virgin and the ladies; but what of the poor *villein* who supplied him with the means for all his exploits and his escapades?—the needy, half-starved laborer, whose whole life was one long penance of hard work and hunger and privation, and who might be called upon at any time to sacrifice that life in any one of his lord's desperate enterprises, by which, whether the leader won or lost, the follower could by no possibility gain either glory or profit?

We have only to dip into old Froissart—himself, depend upon it, no prejudiced upholder of the “rights of the people”—to mark in how little account the life of a human being was held, if his death-wound welled out other than gentle blood. In speaking of one Geoffrey Tête-noir (an ominous name!) he observes naively:—

“This Geoffrey was a wicked man, showed mercy to none, and would just as soon put to death a knight or a squire as a peasant.”

And Lingard, after instancing the massacre of Limoges to prove how little influence the institution of chivalry had upon the civilization of the times, thus proceeds:—

"The most accomplished knights of the age occasionally betrayed ferocity which would not have disgraced their ancestors of the barbarous sixth century. I may add also that chivalry generated and nourished a profound contempt for the other orders of society. The Black Prince spared the lives of the *knights* who held Limoges against him, but shed with pleasure the meaner blood of three thousand men, women, and children."

None of us can have forgotten the romantic history of the Black Prince. How he was the very *beau idéal* of knighthood, calm and courteous, gentle and fearless, lamb among the ladies, and lion among lances; yet it seems this *preux chevalier* rated but as water in the puddle the base blood of the mechanic as compared with the generous fluid that warmed the veins of those who had watched their armor till dawn, and buckled on the spurs of gold, and received the *accolade* which entitled them henceforth to rank with the proud ones of the earth.

Also the morality of domestic life in these romantic times will hardly admit of that rigid scrutiny which to-day it is our chief business and pleasure to bring to bear on the practices of our neighbors. It has been said by one who knew human nature well, "Let who will make the *laws* of a people, so I make their *ballads*." And in the same way we may judge, not unfairly, by the pastimes in vogue at any particular period, of the sentiments and opinions prevailing in more important matters. Now, one of the favorite indoor amusements of these knights and ladies, when collected together at the time of a tournament or other great gathering, was a certain round game, called, *Le roi qui ne ment*, in which one haughty dame having been selected by lot for the queen, all the others of both sexes were bound to answer in turn, truly and unreservedly, on any subject as to which the royal inquirer might choose to cross-examine them. Let those who will, imagine the style of questions likely to be asked by female curiosity, utterly unrestrained by modesty and decorum. From the remarks of cotemporaneous writers, it seems that the boldest imagina-

tion would fall short of the reality. And yet those very knights had been striking for their lives all the morning in the *mêlée*, with courage kindling on their flushed brows, and true love nestling in their stout hearts, whilst many a fair face looked wistfully down from the gallery for the well-known figure, and snowy bosoms heaved beneath their ermine, and parted lips grew pale, whilst fond eyes never left him, whether he struck or parried, advanced or retreated, won or lost, driving through the press in the pride of his manhood, or down amongst the horse-hoofs, gasping on the sand. Ah! 'tis a strange, sad medley, that godlike soul of ours, clothed in its restless covering of clay, so strong to will, so feeble to endure.

Poor sons of men said the pitying spirit,

Dearly ye pay for your primal fall,

Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

To show the ferocity, too, that might accompany a character celebrated for its bravery and its general adherence to chivalrous principles, when maddened by jealousy and revenge, Doctor Doran quotes a hideous tale from Gallenga's *History of Piedmont*, exemplifying the barbarities which in those rude times might be enacted without question by a powerful knight and noble in his own house.

Antonia Grimald, [says he,] a nobleman of Chiera, had become convinced of the faithlessness of his wife. He compelled her to hang up with her own hand her paramour to the ceiling of her chamber; then he had the chamber walled up, doors and windows, and only allowed the wretched woman as much air and light, and administered with his own hand as much food and drink as would indefinitely prolong her agony. And so he watched her and tended her with all that solicitude which hatred can suggest as well as love, and left her to grope alone in that blind solitude with the mute testimony of her guilt—a ghastly object on which her aching eyes were riveted day by day, night by night, till it had passed through every loathsome stage of decomposition. This man was surely worse in his vengeance than Sire Giles de Laval, who has come down to us under the name of Blue Beard.

We confess that until reading the above, we had never considered the latter terror of our nursery days otherwise than as a ferocious Turk in petticoat trousers and a yellow turban, such as he appeared in those colored woodcuts, of which, even

to this hour, we have a ghastly remembrance. We did not imagine him to have been one of those paladins whose initiative vow was that of devotion to "God and the ladies," nor believed that a knight with so chivalrously sounding a name as Sir Giles de Laval, could have failed so signally in his duty to both.

We can not conscientiously relish a state of society in which the *grand sérieux* of life admitted of such treatment, nor in which such practical jokes as the following, met with unbounded approval and applause.

Gaston de Foix, according to Froissart, being a warrior of a warm temperament, and disliking hot rooms, was nevertheless complaining one wintry day of the scanty fire kept up by his retainers in the great gallery, where, according to the custom of the time, he was wont to loiter about amongst his knights during the long dreary hours, so well described by the adventurous borderer—

When snow comes thick at Christmas tide,  
And we can neither hunt, nor ride  
A foray on the Scottish side.

Gaston then, rubbing his knightly hands and anathematizing the cold, was immensely amused and delighted when one of his retinue, a second Milo, stepped down into the court-yard, where stood a number of asses laden with wood, selected one unfortunate animal, and, staggering up stairs again with his load, bundled the ass and his burden, the former heels uppermost, into the capacious hearth, where the poor beast was of course burnt to death. "Whereof," says Froissart, himself not entirely inaccessible to the jest, "the Earl of Foix had great joy, and so had all they that were there, and had marvel of his strength, and how he alone came up all the stairs with the ass and wood on his neck."

And now we think we have fairly shown the reverse of our medal, and are entitled to exhibit its face. One word ere we do so. Revolting as may have been the crimes committed by some of the professors of chivalry—and the punishment of the poor Countess Grimaldi stands unrivalled in the annals of the Middle Ages—they are indeed light in the balance when weighed against the foul vices of a Commodus, the ingenious cruelties of a Domitian, Vitellius's effeminate debaucheries, or Nero's insatiate lust for blood. The

period of over-civilization which preceded the Dark Ages was rife with more of crime, more of bloodshed, more of sensuality—in one word, more of black inexcusable sin than the earlier or subsequent history of the world has yet disclosed; and it is evident that only some violent convulsion, some tremendous thunderstorm as it were, could clear and purify the moral atmosphere of society. War—dreadful, hateful war—brought, as usual, the remedy with the crisis of the disease. From the midst of rapine, violence and slaughter sprang the institution of chivalry—in theory, at least, the fairest edifice ever erected on this lower earth, after that Christianity on which it was founded, and which it professed to imitate and adorn.

A true knight, had he acted up to the principles he adopted and the vows he made on his installation, would have been the humblest of Christians, the most honorable of soldiers, and the noblest of men. As he watched his armor the long night through in the gloomy chapel, the acolyte might well ponder upon the weaknesses he was bound to abjure, the virtues he was about to profess. His first duty was to God and his religion. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries every knight who was present during the reading of the Gospel listened with his sword pointed towards the sacred volume, in token of his readiness to uphold by force of arms the doctrines of peace and goodwill. A mistaken devotion truly, and like that of Peter, when he "trusted in the sword," in direct opposition to the real principles of Christianity, yet with a certain manly loyalty about it nevertheless, from which fallible humanity can not entirely withhold its admiration. It was some such sentiment, doubtless, which prompted the well-known outburst of the Norman knight, who never could hear the awful details of the crucifixion read aloud without exclaiming, "Oh! had I been there with a hundred lances!"\* We must make allowances

\* Our readers can scarcely have forgotten the old Highlander's characteristic lament in Aytoun's *Execution of Montrose* :—

Had I been there with sword in hand,  
And fifty Camerons by,  
That day in high Dun-Edin's streets  
Had pealed our slogan cry,  
Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
Nor might of mailed men,  
Not all the rebels of the South,  
Had driven us backward then:

for the habits and ideas of the time, and give the champion credit at least for a blind, unreasoning devotion that knew no better.

After the love of God our neophyte professed love of the ladies. *Risum teneatis!* or perhaps it would be more in character with the subject to quote the motto of the noblest order of chivalry in the world, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The tenth century placed a very different construction from that of the nineteenth on such a comprehensive profession. This "love of ladies" which the old minstrels were so fond of rhyming about, which the heralds shouted out in the lists when, with vizors closed and lances down, the warriors waited but the signal to engage, was in theory at least the loftiest and most ennobling of human sentiments. It comprised chastity, courtesy, and constancy; the strictest self-denial, the fullest self-devotion, and that pure ennobling worship of an ideal, which, in some shape or other, seems to be the only safeguard for mankind for selfishness, self-indulgence, and sensuality. That a human being is to exalt for himself into an idol any thing on earth is of course a fallacy; but if it must be so (and how few there are who do not worship *something* far below heaven!) that idol had better—not for his happiness, but for his moral elevation—be enshrined in the person of another than in his own. The knight, then, whilst loyal in his fealty to one, was bound to reverence, to uphold, and to protect the whole of the weaker sex. Wherever a woman was in a difficulty, it was the duty of a *preux chevalier*, at any risk and against any odds, to spur at once to the rescue. That the relations thus established between distressed damsels and their champions might not have been invariably restricted to a conventional gratitude on the one side and a distant politeness on the other, is a subject for discussion by those who profess to understand the inclinations of the daughters of Eve; but whatever may be its results, it is contrary to sound argument that the stability of a theory should be affected by the looseness of its practice.

So far was this principle of respect for

the weak because they *were* weak carried out by the professors of chivalry, that in one of the old romances a story is told of a damsel approaching alone to a fountain at which four knights are sitting slaking their thirst. One of them wishes to make her his prize, but this is objected to by the other three as contrary to all the rules of love and war, seeing that she possesses no protector with whom the necessary amount of fighting can be got through. So the errant damozel, a little disappointed it may be, goes on her way unmolested, and for lack of one lover loses the attentions of all four. These ladies too, having obtained the upper hand of their adorers, were not disposed to forego the use of their authority, and dealt on occasion somewhat hardly with their mailed victims. A seven years' absence was esteemed no severe trial of a lover's constancy, and as many years' service held but as a trifling offering of affection, to be accepted or not according to the fair one's caprice. To do them justice, however, with all their affected indifference and icy pride, they seem at heart to have been not unworthy of the extravagant devotion with which they inspired their lovers. To quote once more from Doctor Doran:

"When Jordano Bruno was received in his exile by Sir Philip Sidney, he requited the hospitality by dedicating a poem to the latter. In this dedication he says: "With one solitary exception, all misfortunes that flesh is heir to have been visited on me. I have tasted every kind of calamity but one—that of finding false a woman's love."

After, and subservient to, his loyalty to his ladye love, it was the duty of every true knight to redress injuries, to succor the oppressed, and without much regarding the justice of the quarrel, to assist the weak against the strong. He was to be temperate in meat and drink, observant of all the fasts and penances of the church, unless—which he was pretty careful to do—he had earned a dispensation from them with his sword; courteous in his bearing to all; open-handed to the needy; especially reverential to our lady, of whom partly perhaps out of compliment to her sex, he considered himself the chosen servant; and to his patron saint, whose intercession he was never ashamed to ask even in the most secular of his difficulties. Also, he must no whit infringe upon the minutest regulations of his order, must

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Once more his foot on Highland heath  
Had trod as free as air,  
Or I, and all who bore my name,  
Been laid beside him there.



face any odds, and ride calmly into certain destruction when ever its far-fetched exigencies exacted such proofs of heroism, and must prefer death when vanquished rather than surrender to any meaner mortal who had not been dubbed a knight :

"I will not yield me to a bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;  
But I would yield to the Black Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery if he were  
here."

Courage, truth, piety, constancy, temperance, and self-devotion—these were the qualities that went to make up the character of a perfect knight. Such a combination of virtues was at least the ideal to which every candidate aspired when, solemn and shriven, white-robed and belted, his blade was blessed by holy church and knighthood laid upon his shoulder by some noble hand. That the universal prevalence of an institution which exacted such virtues from its votaries could not but materially enhance the welfare of society no one, we think, will deny; that it was fallible, very fallible, because human, we readily admit; yet at the same time we can not but express our own conviction that one half the high feeling and most of the amenities of our present every-day life are more or less remotely owing to the institution of chivalry. This conviction must be our excuse for the simple tale we are about to relate.

It is the privilege of old romancers and of certain modern novelists to commence their works with a description of scenery. One voluminous and popular author, who has extracted more "light reading" from the dry pages of history than any of his contemporaries, invariably introduced in his first chapter two knights on horseback, a setting sun ominous of rain, and a mountainous country "with a lake in its bosom." We will not exact from our reader's imagination any such exalted flights as these. We will only entreat that courteous individual to fancy an archduchess in a garden—an archduchess, we repeat, in a garden! Pleasant subjects both, and requiring no great mental exertion to contemplate. The question is simply this—What sort of an archduchess, and what sort of a garden? Well, it is easier to describe the setting than the gem, the frame than the picture, the landscape than

the sunshine. Perhaps we had better begin with the garden.

A square of short, much-trodden turf, on which the daisies are already beginning to droop their modest heads and shut up for the night; a few flower-beds ranged with mathematical, or rather say with military precision, and containing plenty of roses, stocks, and such commoner flowers, none of which have yet come into bloom, for it is spring-time still. Three high, close-cut beechen hedges in their first tender verdure, yet impervious as the walls of a palace, and on the fourth side, where to secure uninterrupted privacy another hedge ought to rise, a murmuring brook,

That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth its quiet tune;

and beyond that a fair expanse of meadows sloping away to the dark pine forest, above which the evening star glitters like a silver lamp out of the pale serene sky. The place is indeed retired, though small. Nothing overlooks it except one tall row of poplars whispering and quivering in the light air that wafts with it the sound of vespers on the ear of the only occupant of the garden—the archduchess herself.

Again we must entreat the reader's forbearance, and request an utter repudiation of all preconceived notions of an archduchess, an archduchess, too, of Austria. No *nez retroussé*, no hair dragged back à l'*Impératrice*, no prominent "here we are again" expression, such as we are accustomed to see, with the inane smirk of the Austrian mouth, in our galleries and their own, where Austrian archduchesses are always represented as foolish full-grown, full-blown blondes, making the most of their red cheeks and their white bosoms, and their general vacancy of countenance and pointlessness of demeanor.

No; *our* archduchess is of a different pattern-altogether. As she steps pensively along the grass alley between the flower-beds, would that we could sit down and sketch her in life-like chalks and crayons and colors, rather than in the dull outline of mere pen and ink. She is a young queenly woman of some twenty summers. Her very walk is majestic in its feminine grace, and the flowing lines of her noble figure, with its rounded sym-

metry of limb, are well in character with the stately *pose* of a head that would adorn a diadem, and a full white neck and bosom against which the royal ermine itself loses its purity. Even the very action of her shapely hand and chiselled arm, bare from the elbow, denotes a certain imperious willfulness, a certain playful impatience, less the result of high birth than conscious beauty; for beauty indeed she possesses, with all her dignity, of the most womanly and most attractive kind. The features are more of the Norman than the Saxon type. The eagle look conferred by those arched eyebrows, which she has inherited from her warlike ancestors, is redeemed by the purity and gentleness of that wide low forehead, framed in its masses of dark chestnut hair, by the softness of those loving eyes, and by the playful expression of the red lips and beautifully moulded chin. Though she is pale to-night, and her breath comes quick and short as she paces down towards the rivulet, her color is usually that of the moss-rose in its first bloom; and indeed it must be some emotion of more than ordinary strength that can thus blanch her cheek or bate one jot from the customary dignity of her gait and bearing, for our archduchess is not without a considerable share of that woman-pride on which women so pique themselves, and thinks she is possessed of a great deal more than she really has. Her dress—but here we honestly confess ourselves at fault. With no feminine assistance at hand, we dare not enter on the details of a lady's toilette in the days of which we write, as now, a matter of profound science and elaborate art. It is sufficient to observe that more than one gallant about her father's court had that afternoon pronounced it the most becoming he had ever seen; and that although it was a favorite costume of her own, or she would scarcely have worn it on the present occasion, she had this evening for the first time certain misgivings as to its attractions and her general appearance. She must, however, have been a good deal preoccupied, for she scarce gave more than a passing thought to this uncomfortable consideration.

Bright and fair as the evening star above her, she walked down to the murmuring rivulet, and her cheek grew yet paler and her head drooped more and more as she watched the passing stream. Presently she started, and the blood

mounted to her brow, for a bunch of violets floating down the eddying water came ashore at her very feet. She stooped to pick them up with a bright smile, and wringing the wet away, hid them tenderly in her bosom, then with quickened steps and agitated gestures hurried from the garden, and was soon across the adjacent meadows and lost in the gloom of the neighboring pine-forest.

It was not the first time that a running stream had been employed to carry a message or a love-token. It was thus, according to the old romancers, that Lancelot corresponded with Guenevere, and that true Sir Tristram held converse, after she became Queen of Cornwall, with

The loveliest lady in the land,  
Yselt of Ireland.

So our sweet Archduchess, fair Clothilde, so called after her ancestress Chroetilde of Burgundy, wife of Clovis the first king of France, hid her away to a lone spot in the depths of the pine-forest, where a certain spring, being indeed the very source and origin of the stream that flowed by her garden, bubbled up clear and cold from its surrounding moss.

It did not, however, appear that the crystal water was the attraction which drew her to this sylvan haunt. She stopped indeed at the spring, but it was to look and listen rather than to stoop and drink; and she needed not to look nor listen long.

There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
And her cheek grows pale and her heart beats quick;  
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,  
And her blush returns and her bosom heaves.  
A moment more, and they shall meet—  
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

"My angel Clothilde, how good of you!" said a fond, frank voice, and a manly head bent down towards the hand he had imprisoned in both his own, whilst she, womanlike, must needs exclaim in accents of the greatest astonishment, "Count Karl! and *here!* how often have I told you *not* to come!"

It would scarcely tend to elucidate the thread of our narrative were we to detail circumstantially the succeeding conversation. Our own impression is that much of it was carried on in dumb show; and we are of opinion that a dialogue between a lady and gentleman who met accident-

ally twice or thrice a week at a fountain by starlight was not more likely in the fifteenth century than at present to be of a terse and sparkling character, alive with point, rejoinder, and repartee.

Once in our life, and once only, we assisted unwittingly at a colloquy of the above nature, not as a principal—forbid it, heaven!—but in the part of an innocent and unwilling eaves-dropper. We were reposing after a Greenwich dinner in one of Mr. Hart's commodious balconies. Our convives, two roundabout elderly gentlemen, had gone fast asleep—good kindly souls, harmonious even in their snores. We lounged back at our ease, sucking vacantly at our cigar, and thinking between whiles we would not be young again if we could. In the adjoining balcony were a couple who belonged apparently to a large and noisy party, and as far as we could judge, who had snatched this one opportunity of exchanging a few words. They were obviously young and very probably good-looking. We can only speak to what we saw—namely, one transparent bonnet trimmed with lilies of the valley, and one exceedingly large brown whisker. The lilies had their back to us; the whisker pervaded them like some enormous butterfly, hovering however nearer and nearer. Their dialogue was so exceedingly logical and conclusive that we have never forgotten it. The lilies, as became their sex, were the first to speak.

"Unkind!" whispered they very softly, as lilies would when stirred, after a shower, by the southern breeze.

"I didn't mean it," replied the whisker in a deeper and lower murmur, not without a tremble in it.

"Then if *you* didn't mean it, *I* didn't mean it," said the lilies, ringing all their fairy-bells at once in a peal of suppressed joy.

"*My own!*" rejoined the whisker, this time, even in so short a sentence, not without a most undoubted break-down.

After which there was a dead silence for full five minutes, and then they went back to their party, amongst whom we soon recognized these two voices, soaring above the rest, the gayest and happiest of all.

From this we gather that an explanation, without being lucid, may be wholly satisfactory.

It is now necessary to account for the

intrusion of the young gentleman whom the Archduchess addressed as Count Karl, in that lady's favorite haunt—an intrusion which seemed to create so much astonishment as to leave no room for indignation. How forgiving women are, to be sure!—how meek and patient of compulsion, when force and inclination point in the same direction! Pliant as the willow if you only bend them with the grain; try them against it, however, and see how soon they will snap!

Count Karl of the Fen, then, was one of the sprightliest young noblemen at the court of Maximilian I., a far-seeing and rightly-judging Emperor of Austria, who, with that keen eye to his own interests which marks the successful man, had married Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, the richest heiress in Europe, and a personable lady enough into the bargain. Like his son, Philip the Fair—who followed the paternal precept in espousing another heiress, Jean of Aragon—Maximilian adopted a matter-of-fact and practical view of the holy state, such as meets with the cordial approval of "parents and guardians," and only entails upon society the bitterest of all the curses with which nature takes care to avenge herself on those who rebel against her laws. Nevertheless, if people *must* repent, it has become an established axiom that they had better "repent in a coach-and-six;" and even in the fifteenth century a certain Latin distich impressed upon the magnates of Austria the wisdom of marrying for money rather than fighting for aggrandizement:

*Bella gerunt fortes, tu felix Austria nubo; Nam  
quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

Ay! the doves built in the helmet of Mars, but the goose in those piping times laid her golden eggs in the coronet of Austria. Of course Maximilian looked to a wealthy match for Clothilde, the pearl of all his handsome children.

Maidens of twenty, however, are apt to view these matters in a different light from their sires. A score of years later, when her heart is hardened and her good sense developed, the prudent matron can scarcely believe she could ever feel like his "miss in her teens." Women exhaust their affections faster than men, and consequently are less hampered with them in advanced life. Herein they show their accustomed tact; a doting greybeard may

be a pitiable sight enough, but a romantic old woman is as ridiculous an anomaly as a cow in a gallop. Nevertheless, the young ones can be as willful as you please. Clothilde could not be brought to see the merit of a suitor whom her father especially favored, simply, it would appear, because Maximilian *did* favor him, and because he was the wealthiest and most sumptuous noble about the court. And yet Otto of Alsatia, Landgrave of Ehenheim, was a gallant well calculated to make wild work in the female bosom. He was in the prime of life, exceedingly good-looking, with a certain air of conscious superiority and nonchalance which makes so much way in a woman's good graces. Indifference, you see, interests them, it piques them, raises the combative principle, of which they possess a considerable share, and they must fathom the mystery, must conquer or die. He had a high reputation, too, as a warrior; had held the lists in Burgundy, on occasion of the Emperor's marriage, for two summer days against all comers, and threw his Alsatian revenues about with a profusion that astonished the whole court. Also, the extravagant absurdity of his dress was only equalled by its splendor; so the Austrian ladies vowed, in their soft Austrian tones, that he was enchanting.

As an aspirant to the hand of the beautiful Clothilde, he had especially devoted his military talents to the service of her father. He wore the young archduchess' colors on all occasions; and although he had once been unhorsed in a tournament by an unknown knight who bore a knot of ribbons of the same hue on his helmet, his stout arm and skillful lance had made the terrible violet, Clothilde's favorite emblem, a dread to all who sat in knightly *selle*, from which the Landgrave was exceedingly successful in extricating them.

Still she liked Count Karl the best. How her heart had beat, that well-remembered day, when from the gallery she recognized her own cognizance on an unknown helmet, and something told her she was guessing rightly at the face beneath. How she held her breath and turned sick at the crash of the encounter; and how her faintness passed away and her blood thrilled when she saw the Landgrave on his back, with his squire unclasping his visor, while the unknown champion wheeled his charger round in

triumph to receive the plaudits of the emperor. After that, of course, she let him declare himself; and when he appeared at court in a full suit of violet satin, embroidered with seed pearls, to the empress' admiration and the Landgrave's unbounded disgust, rewarded him with a sunny smile, and permitted him to eat off the same plate with her at supper—a partnership which, in those unsophisticated times, implied rather an excess of goodwill than a scarcity of china.

And Count Karl loved her very dearly, and for her sake spilt his blood in her father's battles, winning great honor and renown; and for her sake haunted her father's court, where he was not exceedingly welcome, and preferred his almost hopeless suit, with all its sorrows, to the bright eyes and kindly smiles that wooed him from his rest.

It was strange, said the Austrian ladies, to see so high-couraged a warrior with a heart so cold.

But stranger still was the conduct of Clothilde. So little advanced was this young lady in the code of coquetry, that she did *not* despise her lover for his unswerving devotion to his mistress; that she did *not* undervalue a possession simply because she was sure of it; nor humiliate him because he was too proud to endure and too kind to resent it; nor visit on him all her own petty cares and annoyances whencesoever they might spring; nor inflict upon him any one of the thousand insults and injustices with which women take pains to destroy a fabric they are unable to build up again. And then who so dismayed as the child itself, when the card-castle has fallen to pieces, and all the ingenuity of the pretty fingers, and all the tears from the pretty eyes, can never put it together any more?

Our young couple, however, had plenty of difficulties in their way without making any for themselves. Courtiers' glances are sharp, and courtiers' tongues are nimble, neither do the former restrict themselves to seeing nor the latter to detailing only that which actually takes place. Too overt an admiration on the part of Count Karl for the emperor's daughter would have destroyed its object by earning his own dismissal from the court. In public the lovers were compelled to appear cold and distant, yet it *did* seem hard, very hard, if they were never to converse at all. Of course, then, they met in secret;



perhaps enjoyed such meetings all the more for the necessity; and the manner in which they arranged these interviews, without being novel, was sufficiently ingenious.

First of all, Clothilde, seized, as it would seem, with a violent horticultural turn, began to make a practice of walking at sunset in the garden above mentioned. After a while, when her absence from vespers ceased to be remarked, she extended her rambles to the adjacent pine forest; and somehow or another it was a very short time before she made out that if a handful of violets should chance to come floating down the stream whilst she took her evening stroll, she need not be startled in a few minutes afterwards to find Count Karl at the spring.

On the occasion in question, when the archduchess expressed so much surprise, tinged with displeasure, at the *ren contre*, she was particularly anxious for an interview with her admirer. That very day, some two hours after noon—for the emperor dined at eleven, and sat a long time after dinner—she had been summoned to her father's chair to pour out his Rhenish, and listen to a few words of paternal advice. The three or four courtiers present sat so far below the dais as to be out of ear-shot; and the jester, whose privilege it was to stand behind his master, was by this time so drunk as to be both blind and deaf; thus parent and child might be said to be alone.

Maximilian I., slightly elevated, began the conversation.

"My pretty Clothilde, it is time thou wert married. Fill my cup, daughter, and married thou shalt be forthwith."

It was contrary to etiquette for the lady to make any comments on so natural an arrangement, nevertheless it was not in woman to refrain from disclosing a pardonable curiosity as to the proposed husband.

"Doth it please thee, my pretty one?" continued the emperor, in high good humor, for he was fond of his children as well as his liquor. "Speak, answer me—thou hast thy father's leave."

"I would fain know that he is a brave warrior, sire," replied the demure damsel, "and a good lance, and—and—what is his name."

The emperor laughed loud enough to waken the jester, who looked into his empty beaker, simpered, and went to sleep again.

"A warrior! my little vixen!" quoth his majesty; "ay, that is he! Fill my cup, daughter. Otto of Ebnheim and his Alsations are not the last in men's mouths when hard blows and good service are the theme. Fill my cup, I say, and drink to the Landgrave's health!"

"I *knew* it was that odious Landgrave!" thought poor Clothilde; and how she felt she hated his goodly person, with its curling locks, and its shining apparel, and its high and mighty airs; nevertheless, she took a little sip of the Rhenish, and glancing at her father, added, inquiringly—

"And a good lance?"

"A true daughter of Austria!" shouted the emperor, exultingly, emptying his goblet. "Kiss me, lass! Not a stouter arm nor a firmer seat amongst all my paladins, or indeed how should he presume to love a descendant of Charlemagne and a granddaughter of Charles the Bold?"

Maximilian, be it observed, even in his moments of hilarity, held the memory of his wife's father in considerable awe. Nor was this a rare sentiment amongst that defunct potentate's kinsmen and allies. Perhaps a more headstrong, inconsiderate, uncompromising individual than Charles the Bold never took the vows of chivalry, and the worst of him was, he used always to be ready to justify the most unreasonable of his arguments with his sword.

Clothilde, not more deficient than other young ladies in woman's wit, caught at the idea, which her father's tone suggested when he mentioned the name of her formidable grandsire. As a last chance she resolved to claim a right which she had heard Mary of Burgundy declare was the privilege of all female descendants of her illustrious house.

"Father," she began timidly, and paused; but the emperor set his cup down with an air of such unbounded satisfaction that she took courage to proceed. "Father, I ask as a boon what my mother's daughter may claim as a right. A grandchild of Charles the Bold may protest against a marriage with any but the bravest of the brave. Her hand is the meet reward of him alone who bears himself best for a summer's day in closed lists. Mamma told me so only yesterday, and what would grandpapa have said if he could have heard I was to be married like a miller's daughter, without a drop of liquid spilt, more precious than a few flasks of Rhenish?"

She spoke in German, of course, and in high-flown language; but our translation though colloquial, conveys as nearly as possible what she intended to say.

Maximilian pondered and looked profound. To oppose Mary of Burgundy was in itself no tempting venture. All that family, as he used to observe, required the most delicate management; and in his few collisions with his empress, he had invariably come worst off. But to contravene any established *dictum* of hers, inherited from her tempestuous old father, why it was not to be thought of. He had not the nerve to do it.

"Besides," thought the emperor, staring wisely into his cup, "Otto of Ehenheim is a formidable warrior. I have seen the best of our champions go down before him like barley in harvest-time. He will not tilt the worse that he is fighting for an archduchess of Austria. *Sapperment!* he shall win her with his lance, and every body will be satisfied."

So he woke the jester with a hearty kick, at which that professional, though wincing from an application delivered with the pointed shoe of the period, was fain to raise an ill-dissembled laugh, and imprinting a kiss upon his daughter's forehead, exclaimed:

"Be it as thou wilt, my lass. Thou art thy mother's own child, and doubtless art ever best pleased in the midst of confusion and strife. Let them fall to blows for thee, an' they must; and perhaps the victor may find, ere all be done, that he too has met with his match."

So he dismissed her from the presence, and summoning his heralds, commanded a grand tournament to be proclaimed for that day week, specifying the conditions of the contest, and the value of the prize. Cunning Maximilian reflected that the shorter notice given, the fewer competitors, and consequently the better chance for his favorite, Otto of Ehenheim.

And now was running to and fro about the precincts of the court, and dispatching of retainers hither and thither, and much inspection of horse-flesh, and proving of mail, and driving of armorers to their wit's end; for a week was but a brief period of preparation for such an event as a tournament in which an emperor's daughter was to be the prize. Every man thought his chance as good as another's, and resolved that no deficiency in charger, weapons, or accoutrements,

should give his antagonist the slightest advantage. Business, as we should say in these commercial days, received no inconsiderable impetus. Sigismund of Kalbsbraten gave Leopold, Count Schmarn, fifty gold pieces on the spot for a new-fashioned head piece, which he had long hoped to come by in a less honest manner; whilst Rodolph the Châtelaine exchanged a suit of Milan chain-armor, without a murmur, for a famous bay steed belonging to the Lord of Ehrenbreitstein. The courtiers' tongues ran more nimbly than ever, and the ladies could hardly be expected to keep silence on so congenial a topic.

"Have you heard of the tournament?"

"Dame Clothilde to marry the conqueror."

"Holy Virgin! you don't say so!"

"The emperor proclaimed it after dinner."

"Long live the emperor! Was he tolerably sober at the time?"

"Who is likely to win?"

"Kalbsbraten is a stout warrior."

"Rodolph is a good lance."

"Otto of Alsatia will empty all their saddles."

"How I *hope* he will, that duck of a Landgrave!"

(the last remark from the empress' junior maid of honor)—and such like were the sounds that pervaded the palace. Otto was evidently the favorite, especially amongst the ladies; and although many of those gentle partisans, for sundry reasons, did not care to have him married, perhaps there was but one feminine heart in the whole court that would leap to see him vanquished—and that heart was beating beneath the bodice of the fair prize herself.

He took it very coolly—he always did take matters coolly; but while he abated not one jewel in the splendor of his daily peaceful apparel, he prepared for a strict investigation of his horses and armor, not without a strong conviction on his own part that he *must* win, if he only did his best. These imperturbable, resolute champions are the most dangerous adversaries.

And whilst the whole palace was alive with bustle and shouting, with the din of armor, the flashing of torches, and the discord of many voices, how still and quiet were those two in the shade of the pine-forest, with the spring bubbling softly up at their feet, and the evening star shedding its rays calmly down upon their pale, loving faces.

Hand-in-hand, with many a pretty oath and foolish vow between, had they talked over the coming tournament, and the

Hand-in-hand, with many a pretty oath and foolish vow between, had they talked over the coming tournament, and the

chances of victory for him whose arm was nerved by the smiles of his beloved. Of course, at first she would not hear of his entering for the prize. *She* would never endanger her dear Karl's life forsooth, not she! and he must give her up and not think of her any more, and be satisfied with her assurance that she could never, *never* forget him; and of course if he had taken her at her word, she would have been infinitely disgusted, and rated him as low as he would have deserved. Then, on his cutting short all this kind of thing, rather brusquely, but in a sufficiently pleasant manner, the subject came to be more practically discussed, and the Archduchess did not scruple to express her high opinion of the Landgrave's prowess, and intense dread that he would prove the conqueror and winner of the prize. Doubtless, before the lance of whomsoever the Alsatian went down, the knight who laid that lance in rest would obtain Clothilde's hand. Must not Karl reserve his forces as much as possible for this formidable antagonist, so that the result of the tournament should indeed be a duel between the two wearers of the violet? And then, could the Count of the Fen but come into the struggle a fresher man than the Landgrave of Ehenheim, what doubt of victory and subsequent happiness? With a woman's enviable faculty of talking herself into any given opinion in less than ten minutes, and her implicit faith that the man she loves has only to attempt it, and he must succeed in any and every enterprise, Clothilde soon found herself triumphantly anticipating the result of the very contest she had so much dreaded; nay, before the increasing darkness warned them it was time to part, she had taken such a jump into the future as to have settled in her own mind the very dress she meant to be married in, and even sundry subsequent arrangements in which the unconscious Karl was to bear an obedient and unassuming part.

But the evening star ere this was high in the heavens, and under the shadow of the gloomy pines, the night, as the German says, was "black as a wolf's mouth." Mary of Burgundy resembled the strict old dame in the nursery ballad—

of Northumberland,

Who kept her daughter in her hand,

rigidly enforcing certain rules, which nei-

ther family nor household dared venture to disobey. It was not good to offend the house of Burgundy. Strong and fiery, like the wines of their dukedom, their blood boiled up quickly, but took a long time to cool down. Nobody dreamt of disputing the Empress' authority—least of all the Emperor. It was high time to part. A hurried sentence—a warm pressure of the hand—two heads bowing nearer and nearer each other—something that would have been a whisper, had it not terminated in a sweeter assurance still, and Clothilde was hastening away through the darkness to the edge of the pine-forest, whilst her lover remained like a statue at the spring, listening to catch the last echo of her footfall.

But another footfall caused Karl to start as if he was shot, and crouching down to the earth, to put his ear on its surface and listen for an instant in an agony of suspense. No! there was no mistaking the long stealthy gallop, nor the snuffing nostrils hunting steadily on the track of their prey. Ere she could reach the border of the forest, the wolf must be upon her—the gaunt grey wolf that would pull a man down if he fled from him, that maddened with hunger, after the severe winter, would tear the life out of a fallen prey. Karl started to his feet and flew along the path with all the vigor of his stalwart manhood and the speed of his fresh elastic youth. Love's ears are sharper than those of fear, she had half turned round to meet him, when a dim panting shape, with flaring eyes, bounded up against her, and bore her to the earth. There was a faint shriek—a fierce stifled snarl—a dark, rough outline, and a mass of white draperies on the path. With an instinct fiercer and more reckless than the wolf's, Karl flung himself down to the rescue.

Short, sharp, but decisive, it was a gallant struggle between the man and the brute. The former had no weapons save those with which nature had provided him, and twice the long white fangs of his antagonist drank deep from the stream of life. Once the sharp muzzle was buried in his thigh, once in his side; each time it tore away the dripping flesh, but the Count of the Fen was no child in a death-grapple like this, and the grasp of his two strong hands grew tighter and tighter round that sinewy neck, till at last he got

his knee and his whole weight to bear upon its throat, and so pressed life and breath together out of the long, lean, hairy monster. When Karl arose, bleeding gasping, and exhausted, the wolf's dead carcass lay stretched on the path at his feet. His first care was the Archduchess, but he was giddy and faint, and it was *her* hand that wiped his brow and strove to staunch his wounds with the strips she tore from her dress, and *her* voice that bade him rest his head on her knees (for he had fallen once more) and look up in her face, and tell her he was not hurt to the death, her preserver! her own! She had forgotten all about the tournament now, and the Emperor, and the Landgrave, all but Karl, bleeding, it might be dying, and for *her* sake.

She was not hurt. The rescue had arrived just in time, and ere the savage animal which had dragged her to the ground, could tear away more than a mouthful of lace and velvet and ermine from her dress, it had found an unsparing enemy instead of a defenceless prey.

She did not faint. She was Charles the Bold's granddaughter. She was not even frightened. She would have helped him in the struggle had there been time; but she supported her lover's steps to the very walls of the palace, and would not leave him till she was satisfied he could walk alone. Then she sailed into her mother's presence with a haughtier step and a brighter eye than ordinary, and though the usual hour was long past, and a biting reproof was on the tip of the imperial tongue, there was that in her daughter's bearing which forbade Mary of Burgundy to question or chide.

It was only after the excitement had passed away, and its inevitable reaction commenced, that Clothilde's heart turned sick within her, to think his wounds would never be healed in time for the tournament.

The Landgrave of Ehenheim, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was not a man to throw away his chances, either in love or war. Though his handsome face looked so imperturbable, and he affected in his demeanor so much langor and carelessness, his real character was one of quiet energy and perseverance. Like most successful combatants, his experience had taught him the advantages of severe training; and no sooner had he learned the day fixed for the tournament,

than he devoted all his spare hours to preparation for the conflict. True to his assumed character, he appeared indeed as engrossed as formerly with the dissipations of the court; but Kalbsbraten, who allowed nothing to interfere with his revels, was heard to observe more than once, that these Alsations could not drink with your thorough-bred Saxon, after all; and sundry eyes, as sharp as they were beautiful, detected a shade less color on the Landgrave's bronzed cheek, a trifle more listlessness in his bearing, when he joined the Empress' circle after the severe exercises of chivalry in which he spent the morning.

How many pieces of armor he proved and cast aside—how many steeds he rejected for flinching from the shock of the encounter—how many tough ashen lances he splintered, it would be waste of time to enumerate. Suffice it to say, that sword, mace, and battle-axe were only resigned to lay lance in rest; and that poor Johann von Müller, his squire, with whom he tilted for practice, and whom he hurled repeatedly from his saddle, with irresistible velocity, found by the third day's preparation every double-tooth loosened in his head.

Perhaps, except Clothilde herself, no one hated the very name of the tournament so heartily as this long-suffering acolyte treading his thorny path towards the spurs of gold.

So the great day came at last. The lists were up, the galleries prepared. His majesty's own private box covered anew with scarlet velvet. Trumpets sounded their *fanfares* all over the place. One only topic of conversation pervaded every circle, both high and low. *Jongleurs* and minstrels sang their jingling rhymes to applauding hundreds, ringing many a fanciful change on the beauties and attractions of the fair Clothilde, and less directly on the valor and munificence of the Landgrave of Ehenheim, the implied winner of the prize. Court gallants and court ladies could talk of nothing else. The chances were calculated, the combatants enumerated. Wagers were laid, (as in modern times, fewer taken than were proffered,) and chains, brooches, and armlets were freely gaged by rosy lips upon the lance of each fair one's favorite. Also, as in modern times, the *starters*, as we should now say, were in small proportion to the *entries*. Some had been



hurt in the practice-ground, others had succumbed in the training. A few were too diffident to contend for so magnificent a prize. A good many did not care to encounter such formidable champions as Schmarn, Kalbsbraten, and Ehrenbreitstein, above all, the dreaded Alsatian with the violets on his armor; so that when Hildebrand of Hocheimer, imperial grand marshal, ordered the heralds to proclaim the names and titles of the aspirants, there were not above a dozen champions on his list. The Emperor was delighted. The business would be over the sooner, and he would get the earlier to dinner; so he pointed them out to Clothilde in high good humor, as she sat by him pale and dejected, nor noticed how her whole frame trembled when the herald concluded his task without reading on the roll the well known title of Count Karl of the Fen.

As at a bull-fight in modern Spain, so at a passage of arms in mediæval Europe, the fair sex mustered in considerable numbers, and betrayed a vital interest, tinged, of course, with womanly pity in the fate of the principal actors. Not that they suffered the real tragedy to interfere with their own by-play, or allowed themselves to be so engrossed with the admirer in mail and plate down yonder, fighting for his life, as to neglect the nearer conquest up here in satin doublet and silken hose, whispering elaborate compliments in a willing ear. Their dresses, too, occupied a large share of their attention. Sumptuous apparel in both sexes was the principal extravagance of the age. It was not probable that the daughters of Eve, whose consciousness of dress has in all times been as sensitive as their mother's was of nudity, would forego the opportunity of arraying themselves in a style of splendor fatal to all beholders.

Tier upon tier, the ranks of beauty shone and sparkled in the gallery, commenting freely the while on the warriors below.

"See how Kalbsbraten backs his Flemish roan. He looks like a tower of steel. 'Tis a fair device, too, the *Tête de Veau*, so cunningly embroidered on his surcoat. In my opinion Sigismund's weight and size must bear down all before it!"

"Nay, Baroness, observe how Count Schmarn sits in the saddle. Trust me, he is the better lance. They say last year at

the tournament at Aix he unhorsed six French knights running, without unlacing his helmet."

"Pooh! the French knight never won a course against Burgundy. Montmorency acknowledged it himself. Honorable lady, I will wager you my collar of pearls against your diamond cross, that in six courses Ehrenbreitstein proves himself the best knight here, save one."

"I will accept. Baroness, know you that the Lord of the Rhine has sold his good bay horse to Rodolph? Perhaps the Châtelaine may win the prize, after all."

"Nay, Countess," interrupted a deep voice joining in the conversation, "with sword and battle-axe Rodolph is a formidable champion, but his hand is not so steady as it once was with the lance. There rides one who could have held the lists against all comers in the days of Charlemagne!"

The ladies gazed intently in the direction pointed out. Their informant was an undoubted authority on all such matters, having held the post of honor for ten years as one of the ten champions of the empire, a distinction which now conferred on him an immunity from all military service for life; and in the present instance the critical approval of the warrior was ratified by the plaudits of the multitude.

As the Alsatian, in complete armor, and with his vizor down, rode into the lists, there was a loud cheer of approval even from the phlegmatic Saxons, and the air resounded with outcries of "The Landgrave! the Landgrave! An Ehenheim! An Ehenheim!" whilst the royal trumpets gave an extra flourish in honor of his gallant bearing and the splendor of his appointments.

Had one of the seven champions of Christendom reappeared upon earth he could not have more completely realized the ideal of chivalry than did Otto of Ehenheim, as he guided his managed charger into the spacious enclosure. Over his burnished armor, which shone like glass, and which was curiously inlaid in gold with an elaborate pattern representing wreaths of violets, he wore a velvet surcoat of the same hue as that modest floweret. The housing of his charger were likewise of the favorite color, and a violet scarf floated loosely from his shoulders. His fine frame showed to great ad-

vantage, sheathed as it was in mail and plate; and when, with consummate horsemanship, he caused his steed—a dark roan of great power and symmetry—to pass sideways along the arena so as to keep his front to the ladies' gallery till he arrived beneath the throne, and there halting made him stand motionless as a statue, while he lowered his lance in knightly homage to his Imperial master and the fair girl whose cognizance he wore, the spectators were already waxing vehement in their applause. But when, in the execution of these manœuvres, it appeared that he bore no device on his shield, no plume on his helmet, but in the center of the one and on the crest of the other a large posy of fresh-gathered violets, the enthusiasm, particularly amongst the ladies, knew no bounds.

"He *must* win!" said they. "He *shall* win. He *deserves* to win! Happy Clothilde! How I wish I was an archduchess! Such gallantry! such delicacy! such romantic feeling! And that lovely armor must have cost a king's ransom! Look at the velvet, and that *dear* horse! The violets, too, gathered this morning, with the dew on them. How charming of him! Did you *ever*? No! There *never* was such a knight as Otto the Alsatian, Landgrave of Ehenheim!"

At this juncture, when the sentiment of admiration was at its height, and the last arrival was carrying all before him, a fresh flourish of trumpets announced the appearance of another competitor for the prize; and lo! to the breathless astonishment of every individual present there rode into the lists the exact counterpart of the magnificent Landgrave, so completely in every respect the double of his predecessor that men looked agape in each other's faces as though doubting the evidence of their senses. The same figure, the same size, the same strong graceful seat in the saddle. The burnished armor was inlaid with the same pattern, and covered with a velvet surcoat of the very same shade. The scarf appeared cut from the same piece; the housings, nay, the very charger beneath them, were identical with the Alsatian's; and when the rider, after performing precisely the same evolutions, lowered his lance, and ranging up alongside of his predecessor disclosed a posy of violets in the boss of his shield, and another on the crest of his helmet, the ladies began to cross themselves, and

the Emperor turned pale, and bethought him of his sins, and the power of the black art; and even amongst the redoubtable champions themselves there were no small misgivings as to the character of their new competitor. Count Schmarn, appealing at once to his confessor, caused his armor to be sprinkled with holy water on the spot. Rodolph and Ehrenbreitstein swore great oaths inside their helmets, the latter qualifying his imprecations with vows to his patron saint. Kalbsbraten, whose gigantic frame enclosed a superstitious mind, trembled till his armor rattled again, and was not restored till, raising his vizor and calling for a bowl of wine, he had quaffed off that restorative at a draught. Only the Landgrave, if he felt astonishment or alarm, suffered neither sentiment to appear; he sat unmoved by the side of his double, and the spectators began to wonder which was which.

The heralds then proclaimed the last comer as "The Knight of the Violet." In accordance with the usages of chivalry, he could not be required to give any more explicit account of himself, at least until after the conclusion of the tournament. Knights were in the habit of making such eccentric vows, and were altogether such mysterious characters, that their laws invariably treated an *incognito* with the strictest respect.

Perhaps Clothilde knew something about it. She looked very pale and anxious on the first appearance of the new arrival; but when she had assured herself that he sat strong and upright in his saddle she seemed to gather courage, and listened with sufficient composure to the Emperor's expressions of curiosity and astonishment.

The hour of combat had now arrived; the lists were closed. The Grand Marshal made a progress round the arena. The Emperor assumed his warder. The ladies' tongues were hushed, and all stood on the tiptoe of expectation.

The antagonists were at first chosen by lot. Whichever should be adjudged by the Marshal and confirmed by the Emperor to have come best off in three courses was to be set aside in the victorious class; these again were to contest the palm among themselves until but one conqueror should be left. Commencing on the principle of a Welsh main, these conflicts could only terminate like the famous duel of the Kilkenny cats.

It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the different combatants as they ran their various courses and shivered their respective lances, amidst the peal of trumpets, the shouting of heralds, and the applause of the delighted ladies. Count Sehmarn, having twice disposed of inferior competitors, was obliged to succumb to Ehrenbreitstein, and the proud Lord of the Rhine again in his turn was rolled over by the good bay-horse he had lost to the Châtelaine. Rodolph now looked like a winner, but alas! the hand that had lifted so many full beakers to set them down empty, though it retained its strength, had lost its steadiness—his lance shook as he couched it against his adversary's helmet, and when he missed that object altogether, and received the whole force of the hostile weapon on his own corslet, it was no wonder that man and horse went down before that resistless shock.

Once more the crowd shouted "An Ehenheim! an Ehenheim!" but a counter-cry arose for the unknown champion, and people asked each other in some consternation whether it were the Alsatian or his double who had made such an example of Rodolph the Châtelaine? Even Hoch-Heimer, the Grand Marshal, was unable to answer the question, puzzled as he was by the exact similitude of the combatants and their squires.

Meanwhile the other "Knight of the Violet" was preparing to engage with Kalbsbraten. That redoubtable warrior's weight and size had disposed readily of all who encountered him; and he now addressed himself to the conflict with considerable confidence, partly the result of his knightly courage, and partly of the good Rhine wine which he had quaffed during his intervals of repose. Mentally defying the Alsatian, or the Devil, who, he devoutly believed, had entered the lists in that warrior's likeness, he made the sign of the cross, laid lance in rest, and charged furiously at the foe. The arm that met him, however, was as strong and more skillful than his own. Aimed at the gorget, his adversary's lance took him exactly in the throat, and the extra leverage lifted his huge bulk clean out of the saddle, and left him senseless on the ground, whence he was conveyed to his lodging, where the leech who attended him affirmed that the lancet drew from his veins a mingled stream of blood and wine.

The prize now remained to be contested by the two Knights of the Violet, and the excitement of the spectators, stimulated by curiosity as well as interest, knew no bounds.

Two courses they ran, each shivering his lance fairly against the body of his adversary, but neither to the most critical eye obtaining the slightest advantage. Hoch-Heimer swore in good guttural Saxon that he had never witnessed so even a match, and the crowd began to murmur that the combat must be fought out at last with sword and battle-axe.

As they rode once more to their respective posts for a third essay, one of the knights reeled in the saddle as if about to fall from exhaustion. Clothilde turned paler than ever.

"Father," she whispered, "the Landgrave is faint and weary. Throw the warder down, or thy daughter must become the prize of an unknown knight."

Why did she think it was the Alsatian whose stamina would fail to endure the severe labors of the day? His training had been of the strictest; it was none of Otto's blood that a wolf's sharp fangs had drained but one short week ago.

The *black* lie is of both sexes; the *white* almost invariably a female.

The Emperor was a reasonable man enough. He did not wish Clothilde to marry any one but the Alsatian, and he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was Ehenheim and not his adversary (for in his heart he believed the latter to be a magician) whose strength was failing him. Besides he wanted to go to dinner, so he flung his warder into the lists and stopped the fight just as the champions were couching their lances for the third time. Hoch-Heimer rode under the gallery to receive the imperial commands in ill-dissembled wrath. The Grand Marshal was choking with indignation at such an infringement of the laws of chivalry. He even ventured on a respectful remonstrance, though it crossed his mind the while that the Emperor was hungry and the dinner-hour already past.

"Stuff!" said Maximilian. "The champions have borne themselves equally well. It is a drawn battle. They can't both marry my daughter. It shall be decided by lot."

In his heart he dreaded a protracted contest with sword and axe, the dinner cold, and probably the Alsatian worsted

after all. As for a decision by lot, it was very easy to arrange all that.

Here the clear cold tones of Mary of Burgundy broke in on his reflections.

"Let them ride at the ring to decide the victory," said she, raising her proud head. "Enough blood has been shed for the honor of the House of Burgundy, and so we decided more than one doubtful contest in my father's time."

The Emperor fidgeted and looked as though he would have spoken. Some of the bystanders even affirmed that he *did* mutter something about "the soup being cold," and "would it take long?"

"At the court of *Charles the Bold*," added the Empress, fixing her consort with a freezing look. The magical name produced its usual effect. Summoning the Grand Marshal to his side, Maximilian, after a brief consultation with that functionary, desired that the heralds might proclaim his imperial pleasure forthwith—namely, "that the two conquering champions should decide their contest by running three courses at the ring, to the sparing of noble blood and the encouragement of knightly skill," adding in a whisper to the jester, on whose fidelity in such matters he could rely, "run to the lord high steward and tell him—dinner in half an hour."

Some murmurings among the spectators followed the announcement of the imperial edict, for the appetite for bloodshed of a crowd "grows by what it feeds on." Nevertheless the preparations for riding at the ring were soon concluded (a small circle of gold, just large enough to contain the point of a lance, and suspended on a slackened cord between two upright wands, being all that was required,) and the champions, whom rigid etiquette had forbidden so much as to unhelm, were once more warned to make ready for the bloodless conflict.

How many wax candles Clothilde promised her patron saint during that interval, short as it was, we would hardly venture to surmise; but it doubtless was a comfort to reflect that the exercise demanded neither strength nor endurance, only a true eye and steady hand; also that Count Karl's proficiency in this particular feat was unequalled.

Twice did each warrior, going at full speed beneath the cord, carry off the golden circlet fairly on the point of his lance. Clothilde must have fainted had

it not been for the tension of extreme suspense. In the third course one of them missed the object by a hair's breath; the other bore it deftly away once more, and riding beneath the gallery, his whole body swaying to and fro as if he must have fallen from the saddle, laid it at the Archduchess' feet.

The trumpets rang out a peel of victory; the people shouted and clapped hands. Mary of Burgundy enunciated a cold but decided approval, echoed in warmer tones by the ladies of her court; and though every thing seemed to swim before Clothilde's eyes, she was just able, when the Grand Marshal and his assistants had unhelmed the conqueror, to make out the pale, exhausted face of Count Karl of the Fen.

The Emperor rose to go to dinner.

"I had rather it had been the Landgrave," said he; but recollecting that the result was owing to one of his consort's arrangements, he felt it would be too late to dispute the question, and looked on with an approving smile while the Archduchess threw her glove down to the successful champion, and the exhausted count pressed the token rapturously to his lips.

Otto of Ehenheim said very little about his defeat. It was not the Alsatian's custom to express his opinion in public on his own concerns; but in pledging Kalbsbraten and the Châtelaine fathom-deep, during the festivities with which Clothilde's marriage was celebrated, he *did* discharge one sounding Saxon imprecation at the artificer who had so cunningly imitated the device on his corslet, and the poor armorer was certainly stabbed the following evening going home from his work. In those days, however, such matters were of little account.

So Karl and Clothilde were married almost before the wounds left by the wolf's teeth were fairly healed, and as the nursery-tales say, "lived happily ever afterwards"—and had many children and grandchildren, both sons and daughters, of whom the latter were conspicuous for their beauty, and the former, as might be expected, were exceedingly skillful with the lance.

One of these lineal descendants, whose adventures brought him to Britain, settled in this country and Anglicised his name to Musgrave, from the Saxon *graf*, a count, and *muss*, a fen, or morass; and to this day, in memory of their chivalrous



ancestors' successes in love and war, the Musgraves of Somersetshire bear for their family arms, "Azure, six amulets; Or, three, two, and one." Gentle as he was brave—gallant, and loving, and true—not in vain did the daring count woo the Emperor's daughter; not in vain did he stoop for the Violet and aim at the Ring.

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From the London Review.

### MOUNT LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.\*

THE people of Lebanon would revel in plenty if they were not so sorely oppressed by the rulers of the country, in the name of the supreme government. The majority of the peasantry are tenants at will; but among them there are many landed proprietors. A laborer can sustain a family for about a shilling a day. Their principal food is bread and olives, onions, and dried apricots; with oil, raisins, figs, and *lebn*, or buttermilk, the produce of his cows, of which he has generally two or three, varying in value from £2 to £5 each. The rearing of the silk-worm is his most tedious and most laborious occupation. The system of clanship prevails to a great extent; and this gives the chief an immense advantage when summoning his retainers for war. They depend for success more upon cunning and the vehemence of the onslaught, than upon the regular evolutions of modern strategy. They have no military music; a wild war-cry takes its place. The conscription, as it carries the young men away from home, and is uncertain as to the length of the service it requires, is one of their greatest terrors, and to avoid it they will subject themselves to the most painful mutilations.

The wife of the Druse has a position which is not conceded to the woman by any other tribe of the mountains, whether Christian or Moslem. She makes her voice heard in the great council of the nation, and is ready to minister to her husband amid the dangers of the battle. When a young man intends to marry, a

wife must be sought for him among his own relatives. On reaching her new home, the bride takes from her bosom a piece of leaven, which she dashes upon the door-post, to signify that thus closely she will cleave to her husband; and he, in turn, brandishes over her head a drawn sword, not, we trust, to betoken his tyranny, but that he will be her defender, even unto the death. But these customs are not always alike, as Chasseaud tells us that, after the young man has solemnly promised to protect and love his future wife, "the betrothed girl, veiled from head to foot, and accompanied by her nearest female relatives, is brought to the door, and her lover asks her, in a distinct voice, that all-important question which settles the destinies of so many poor mortals on earth. As a matter of course the girl replies in the affirmative, but at the same time she presents him, in token of her future obedience, with a dagger carefully sewn up in a woollen scarf of her own manufacture, and which she has many days, nay, years previously, knitted inch by inch, as she pictured up in her childish imagination the realization of this happy hour, when the bold lover should come to ask her for this token." Thus delicately is it set forth, but in true consistency with the lawless habits of these hills, that he is to be her defender, and that she, by her gentleness, is to repress his violence, and throw around him the spell of a well-regulated home. The daughters of the emirs and sheikhs remain unmarried until death, rather than give their hand to a man of inferior rank. Plurality of wives is not permitted, but

\* Concluded from page 9.

divorce, as in nearly all eastern countries, is easily obtained. Among the more respectable families the seclusion of the harem is as complete as with the Moslems. The use of the tantour gives the Druse ladies, who are tall and well-proportioned, a singular and unlovely appearance; and it is so strange a custom, that we dwell for a moment on this deformity. Made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the wealth of the wearer, its length indicates rank; the nobler lady wears the longer horn, so that it is sometimes more than a yard long. It is of different shapes, usually tapering like a horn, and, being firmly fastened to the head, is never taken off, not even when retiring to rest. It is kept in its place by silken cords, about three feet long, to which silver weights are attached, hanging down behind the back. This gives the ladies an appearance of great stateliness as they walk. Unless in the higher ranks, it is only worn by married women; and it is sometimes placed upon the head by the bridegroom when he first removes the veil, and is equivalent to the putting on of the mystic ring. It is worn according to the whim of its fair owner, inclining to the right or left, or rising perpendicularly from the center of the head. A large veil is thrown over it, which hangs loosely over the head and shoulders, the left eye being alone allowed to appear. An influential sheikh prohibited it in his own family, but the example was not followed. Recently, a more powerful authority has pronounced against the tantour. As a Maronite lady was receiving the sacrament from a bishop, she unfortunately gave her head a sudden toss, by which her tantour came in contact with the cup, and spilt its contents on the ground. The priests have denounced its use in consequence; and this old and inconvenient fashion will soon have disappeared, with the patches and hoops and more modern absurdities of another land. But the veil, which is the "power" of the woman, her safeguard and defence, must still be worn, until the fountain opened in Jerusalem has exercised a more extended influence in purifying the polluted humanity of the East.

The emirs are the princes of Lebanon, and the sheikhs the nobility. By the former we are reminded most vividly of our own barons in the middle ages; with this difference, that the eastern chieftains had

no king to control them in their exactions, or compel them to be at peace. Their glory is, to excel in the hurling of the jereed, and to rein in the fiery war-horse; to appear on the medan with a numerous retinue, and extend the domain of the family or the possessions of the tribe. The falconer accompanies them to the chase; they practice magic in the privacy of their own homes; and they are chivalrous in their respect for women. An emir having noticed the inconvenience to which a peasant girl was exposed when crossing the river Suffa, called his laborers, and never left the spot until he saw, at the end of forty-one days, the completion of a substantial bridge over the stream. Not long ago, feudalism reigned paramount as the bond by which their clans were united together. The emir was almost more than king. The castle in which he kept state frowned from some lofty eminence; its massive towers rose confusedly in defiance of all architectural rule; flights of marble steps had to be scaled before the entrance court could be reached; the hall of audience was vast and rudely ornamental; arms of every form hung from the wall, or were piled in the corridor; the sparkling rill from the hill-side again rose up in marble-fountains; in gardens laid out at vast expense were porcelain tanks, in which gold fishes flashed in the bright sunshine, as languid eyes were turned towards them by the inmates of the harem; and a proud array of retainers were ready at the call of their master to greet the coming stranger and show him all hospitality, to go on an embassy to some pashia or sheikh, to collect a levy by force of arms, or to mount their horses for a foray in some enemy's district. But the recent wars, and the extension of the power of the Turks, have stripped the emirs of much of their former importance; the steed no longer paws the medan; and, though the head of each ancient house, and the members of his family, may still receive marks of homage from the people, their influence and authority are gone. The increase of European commerce is raising up a new element of greatness, and producing its wonted innovation. The castle is superseded by the silk factory; or its magnificent rooms are occupied, as a cool retreat from the sultriness of the plain, by the family of some consul.

The Emir Beshir of the house of Shehaab was the last of these stately potentates. As we read his history, it seems more like a romance of the past than a reality of the present age. After the death of the Emir Fahr ed Din, who was beheaded at Constantinople in 1635, the house of Shehaab gained the supremacy, and from that time it was regularly transmitted in the same line. The origin of the family was noble, as it sprang from a collateral branch of the Koreish, the tribe to which Mohammed belonged. The Emir Beshir was made governor of Lebanon in 1788, and was then in his twenty-fourth year. Two mules laden with the heads of his master's enemies, and sent to the palace, convinced his patron, the hated Djazzar, of Acre, that his attachment was sincere. His progress towards the attainment of power was marked by intrigue and dark crime. In 1795 ten powerful sheikhs were presented in his own palace at Ebeddin with sherbet, pipes and coffee. They were then separated from the other chiefs who were present, and in less than ten minutes they were gashed corpses, lying in their blood. At another time, the tongues of three emirs were torn out at a signal from his hand, and their vision was seared by the burning of the eyeball. When angry, the hairs of his beard stood erect, like a lion's mane. In 1821 his power was more fully established by the defeat and overthrow of his principal rivals; and he now supposed himself to be the founder of a dynasty that was to exercise supreme power throughout the mountain range for many generations. The other emirs, both Druse and Christian, stood before him with folded arms, until permitted to sit down. Thousands of persons were entertained at the palace for days at his expense. In his vaulted stables was accommodation for a thousand horses; and he was able in a few hours to summon to his standard fifteen thousand armed men. On the invasion of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, he waited to see on which side victory would declare itself, and then unfurled his banner in the cause of Egypt. In the years immediately succeeding, Syria was governed with an iron hand, but it was tranquil; property was protected; and no rule, since the era of the Roman, was ever more effective in restraining the turbulence of the mountaineers of all classes. The traveller and

the pilgrim could wend their way fearlessly and alone, in places that at all other times have been inaccessible without an armed escort. But the Allied Powers of Europe came to rescue the Sultan from the hand of his rebellious vassals; Syria was returned to his rule; and in 1840 the Emir Beshir and his sons were sent into exile, with the exception of the youngest, whose imbecility was his protection. The old chief died at Constantinople, leaving a name that will long live in Lebanon, as that of the mightiest prince and the most efficient ruler who has ever governed in person its wild tribes.

It was at the foot of Lebanon, in the town that Eliot Warburton calls "beautiful Beirout," and to which he yields the palm over all the earth, that the first Protestant missionaries to this part of Syria were located. The Rev. William Jowett, of the Church Missionary Society, in 1823, and the Rev. Charles Cooke, afterwards D.D., of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1824, visited the Holy Land, to make inquiries relative to its religious position and prospects; but neither of these great societies was induced to establish a mission within its borders. For the American Board of Missions was reserved the honor of forming the first Protestant Church among the natives of the hallowed region in which the Patriarchs wandered, the Psalmist sang his glorious hymns, the Prophets proclaimed the will of God, and Jesus Christ endured the agony of the cross for the salvation of the world. The youngest of the great nations of Christendom came, from the West, to infuse freshness and vitality into the oldest of the churches in the East. The Rev. William Goodell and the Rev. Isaac Bird arrived at Beirout in 1823. They, and the colleagues who afterwards joined them, had to labor amid many discouragements; but they were faithful to their high trust, and God honored their faith and patience. The martyrdom of Asaad Shidiak, who died after treatment that must have wearied his very persecutors by its length and severity, was at once a trial and a triumph. After seven years of hard toil, only seven persons had been admitted to communion; and, though many copies of the Scriptures had been distributed, from Aleppo to Gaza, "not a single soul had, to their knowledge, been by this means brought to a sense of sin, and converted to God." But in 1836,

when under the rule of Egypt, a more cheering prospect was presented. "Almost every change," says the committee, "opens the door still wider for missionary work. Lebanon is completely open. Missionaries can go where they please. The Druse population, in particular, have been rendered accessible to the truth. They are frequently seen at the chapel of the mission." Three years afterwards several Papal priests were impressed by the truth, and there was an excitement among the Druses of great extent and interest. In 1854 there were twenty mission schools on Lebanon, with five hundred children; and a seminary with forty-two students of both sexes, in which the religious character was an object of special attention. Four years ago, a great part of the southern side of Lebanon was regularly divided into parishes, and placed under the spiritual oversight of men in whom the missionaries had confidence. "Among the villages of these noble mountains," they tell us, "the Gospel is spreading with more rapidity than in any other part of this land. The pure word of God faithfully preached, sound Christian instruction imparted in the schools, and the constant example of sterling integrity, piety, and zeal, in the acts, conversations, and labors of the mission families, have produced wondrous effects on a large section of the community. The Spirit of God has been poured out, too, in answer to earnest prayer, so that, while thousands have been awakened and enlightened, not a few exhibit all the evidences of a general conversion." The enmity of the priests was still active in its opposition to the truth, but the protection of the government was asked, and in some instances granted. A missionary, on going to Aramon, where attempts had been made to destroy the infant church, was accompanied by two official agents, who told the people that there was to be perfect religious liberty for all, to-day, to-morrow, this year, next year, and for all time. This they declared to be the will of the Sultan, and then ordered some one to go to the house-top, and proclaim aloud, after the manner of the Mohammedans, that it was time for prayers, and that all who wished to come might come. But, in the midst of all this cheering promise, there were mutterings, near and in the distance, which told the missionaries a more fatal storm was about to burst upon

the mountains than could be raised by the power of either patriarch or pope.

The feud between the Maronite and the Druse is as old as their proximity upon Lebanon, and has been as constant in its outbreaks as the return of the winter's snow upon the heights of Hermon. Wars, leading to reprisals, have been begun from the most trivial causes. In 1841 a quarrel arose between the two races in consequence of a Christian having shot some game in the preserve of the Druse governor of Deir-el-Kamar. On the following day a Druse fired at a Christian in the street of the same town. The entire population then flew to arms, and there was a general war. In writing to Lord Palmerston Colonel Rose says: "The origin of the conflict was a partridge; but the real although remote cause may be traced to the inveterate dislike which has existed between Druse and Christian for centuries, which has been handed from father to son, and which it has so often suited the policy of their rulers to foster rather than to check." Though peace was restored through the intervention of the British Consul-General, the grievances which had caused it still existed. In 1845 a simultaneous effort was made to drive the Druse from Lebanon. The patriarch proclaimed the rising to be a holy war; it was carried on with the usual recklessness, and scores of villages, on both sides, were burnt to the ground; but the Maronites had no leader of the genius required for so extensive a movement, and the advantages they gained in the end were of little importance. They had a bold and determined enemy with whom to contend, and of whose strength of resolution the most striking instances are constantly presented. At the battle of Muzzi, near Damascus, a sheikh had grasped his sword so long and firmly, that he was unable to withdraw his hand when the strife had ceased, and it was not until it had been repeatedly plunged in cold water that the contraction was relaxed. When the conscription was first proclaimed in the Houran, three hundred cavalry were sent to the principal village to enforce it. The unsuspecting Turks were quartered upon the inhabitants, and hospitably entered; but in the dead of the night the villagers arose, and cut off the head of every one of the detachment except the aga.

When these are the elements before us,



two nations in mutual antagonism of the bitterest character; the hatred they bear to each other the growth of centuries; a difference in their religion as well as in their race; the memory of a thousand collisions that have taken place in by-gone days constantly burning in their minds; the revenge of blood cherished as the most sacred of all duties; the hostile races living together in the same village, their fields and vineyards side by side in the same glen; and no supreme authority with sufficient power to restrain their violence, or bind them over to the keeping of the peace; we wonder not at the recent outbreak, or at the atrocities with which it has been attended. We do not ask who was the aggressor. As well might we try to find out whether it was the nitre or the sulphur that first ignited in the shot that was fired at the commencement of the war.

Early in May of the present year it was observed that the mountaineers of Lebanon were in a state of great uneasiness and agitation, and that large bodies of armed men were assembling on different points, as if preparing for some great conflict. Towards the middle of the month there was a marked increase of restlessness and insecurity; and assassinations and reprisals were almost of daily occurrence between the Druses and the Christians.

The information we have received is too scanty, and the war too recent, to allow of our forming a proper estimate of its consequences, or presenting a connected narrative of its progress and events; but the general truthfulness of the accounts contained in the numerous letters from that ill-fated country is attested by the concurrence of their testimony and the uniformity of their details. And as it can not but be interesting to know something more of the localities in which the sufferings of the Christians have been endured, we shall take a rapid glance at each place, and listen for a moment to its mournful story.

On the west of Sidon, in a ravine opening into the plain of Esdraelon, in the midst of rich gardens, shaded by noble trees, stands the village of Jennin. A few palms add further interest to the scene. It once belonged to the Levites of the children of Gershon. (Joshua 21: 29.) The inhabitants, about two thousand in number, are nearly all Moslems, rude and lawless. After travelling from this place

to Deir el Kamar, Smith says: "This has been a day of days, and I know not whether I have been better pleased with the country or the inhabitants. We passed a continued series of villages, embosomed in the hills, which presented the finest cultivation to the top, and enriching the land with wine, silk, and olive. The climate is lovely. The people are healthy. I have never been more gratified than to-day." In the midst of the scene thus pleasantly pictured, one of the earliest slaughters of the present war took place. On the sixteenth of May a party of Christians on their way to Jennin were attacked by their enemies, and several were killed, including a Maronite priest. This was the signal for a general rising. The Druses began to sing their war-songs, and the Maronite patriarch suspended all religious services, enjoining all Christians, in the name of their religion, to repair to the standard of the faith; and all able to bear arms who refused to obey the call were threatened with his displeasure. The Christians of Jennin, and of the districts around it, received repeated assurances, both verbal and in writing, from the Druse chiefs, that they should be protected; but they were soon afterwards attacked, several villages were burnt, and the people had to hide themselves in the woods and caves. In other places similar outrages were committed; and on the thirtieth of the month, upwards of thirty villages were seen from Beirout to be burning on Lebanon.

Hitherto the outrages had been confined to the smaller villages, the convents, and parties found in the open country trying to escape from the place of danger; but on the first of June a series of attacks was commenced on the strongest and most flourishing of the Christian towns. The Maronites were no longer alone in their peril; the Christians of every Church were attacked indiscriminately, and the Moslem stood shoulder to shoulder with the Druse. At the distance of a few hours' ride from Beirout is the town of Deir-el-Kamar, the capital of Lebanon, said to have contained about eight thousand souls, nearly all Christians. They were famed for the manufacture of silk and cotton stuffs, which rivalled those of Damascus, and prosperity followed their industry and thrift. On the opposite side of a deep ravine, its slopes covered with the vine, the olive, and the mulberry, was

Ebteddin, the residence of the Emir Beshir, and the most imposing of the baronial castles of Lebanon. A Protestant mission was established here about five years ago. There were seven schools in the district, attended by more than two hundred pupils. The noise of the thousand rills by which the cultivated terraces are watered, mingled with the hymn of praise from the lips of the children. At first stones and execrations were the greeting received by the missionary, the Rev. W. Bird. But brighter days had come, and the anathema of the clergy was set at naught. The news of the insurrection was here received with regret. The inhabitants were reluctant to join in the warfare, and thereby endanger their hard-earned success. A promise was given them that the road to Beirut should be kept open if they would remain quiet. But they were vain words. The town was entered on the first of June, and on the next day was plundered; more than two hundred houses were burnt, and many murders were committed. The Emir Beshir el Kassim, ex-governor of Lebanon, eighty-five years of age, and quite blind, had been killed a few days previously. About three hundred men fled towards Sidon, but they were put to death within sight of the place, after they had laid down their arms and surrendered. The rest of the fugitives were not allowed to remain in any one spot. The Druses butchered them at the very gate of the city, like sheep; the officers of the Turkish garrison making no effort to stay the slaughter, and the soldiers and Moslem citizens assisting to render it still more extensive. Without the city the sword was every where drawn; and within were agitation and terror.

The city of Tyre owed its preservation to the tact and prowess of an Englishman, John Harvey, Esq., who was not far distant in his yacht, the "Claymore." When an appeal was made to him for his protection, he brought his vessel close to the town, and anchored her so as to protect the gate, in such a position as to be able to rake with his guns any party advancing to the attack. In this position he remained, with his ready crew armed for action at any moment, until the danger had passed away.

The pride of the Christians of Lebanon was Zahala, in the valley of El-Bekaa, and on the opposite side to Baalbec, with its

noble columns and masses of ruin. It was built in a glen, round the steep sides of which the houses rose in terraces, white-washed, and looking gay as only an eastern city can look. A river runs through the town, with tall poplars on its banks. Its inhabitants were ten thousand in number, and its merchants had become rich from their staple of wool. They sometimes went as far as Erzeroom, to purchase large flocks of sheep, which brought them great gain. It was the chief station of the French Lazarists, and had a handsome cathedral. On the ninth of June, a memorial was sent by the principal ecclesiastics of the place to the consuls-general at Beirut, in which they say: "Should Zahala be destroyed, there will remain no name for the Christians in this country. The enemy are doing their best to destroy it for that purpose, as its inhabitants are all Christians." It was pleasant to the Syrian traveller, after having long heard nothing but the muezzin cry, to listen to the silver tinkling of the bells of the churches, which were rung out without fear. But the men of Zahala were amongst the most bigoted Christians upon the face of the earth. The Jesuits had here the opportunity of carrying out their principles to their hearts' content, and were virtually the rulers of the city. Though in the dominions of the Sultan, no Mussulman was permitted to ride on horseback within its precincts. An attempt was made by the Covenanting Church of America to establish a mission in the locality, but the Catholic bishop determined to drive their agent away, and at last succeeded. The sheikhs were persuaded to assemble, and convey the missionary, his wife, infant child, goods, and chattels, out of the town, and leave them, unprotected, in the open plain. Ecclesiastics of the Eastern Churches were treated with the same severity.

An attack was made on the Druse villages at the White Back Mountain, on the twenty-ninth of May, by a detachment from Zahala; various skirmishes took place, but the Christians were finally driven back to their own vineyards. On the thirteenth of June, an action was fought outside the walls, which lasted several hours, but was not decisive in its results. The place at this time contained seven thousand fighting men, and abundance of stores and ammunition. But on the eighteenth it was captured, and the

inhabitants, on evacuating it, took with them only their women and children. It was then burnt down. The Turkish troops were among the foremost in the pillage and riot.

Of the lower part of the valley of Et-Teim, Hasbeiya is the capital. It is situated on one of the southern slopes of Hermon, a few miles north of one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and not far from Dan, the northern limit of the Holy Land. It was within the shadow of the mountain masses, here rising in indescribable majesty, that Jesus Christ spoke of the Church founded on the rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail—words that can not be read in the retirement of the closet without a sense of their grandeur, but which must have been most solemnly impressive, and most powerfully significant, when heard under the influence of the sublime associations of this locality. We wonder that amidst the darkness of former ages no church arose upon the spot, to claim the literal fulfillment of the promise. The town has long been a possession of the house of Shehaab. The Crusaders sought to expel them from it, but without success. Its population was estimated at five thousand, of whom about four thousand were Christians, and the other thousand Druses, with a few Moslems and Jews. In 1844, about one hundred and fifty of the Christian inhabitants declared themselves Protestants. The place was visited by the missionaries from Beirut, and Mr. Smith thus writes: "How strange and exciting our circumstances! It seemed almost a dream. Here we were, in this wild corner of Syria, always peculiarly lawless, and now entirely without a government. Before us was a considerable congregation, brought up in the gross and deeply-seated superstitions of the Greek Church, but now abandoning, and with a suddenness almost miraculous, all their fasts and feasts, their image and saint worship, and worshipping God with us, after the simple forms of Protestantism; yet not a hand was raised to molest us, and we went through our worship with as much quiet and security as if we had been in the heart of New-England." The Protestants entered into a covenant engagement to be faithful to each other and to the truth, which was signed by about seventy names, each person standing by the table, and laying his hand upon the Bible as it was read to him. The

priests of the Greek Church, to which they had principally belonged, commenced a cruel persecution. They were defended by Mr. Wood, the British consul; but his efforts in their behalf were defeated by the interference of the Russian consul-general. The emir was threatened with expulsion from office, if he dared to protect the Protestants from the outrages of the Greeks. The men who had sought instruction from the missionaries, were obliged to take refuge in the mountains, leaving their wives and children behind them; and the Greeks threatened that "they would annihilate and destroy the seceders, if they returned as Protestants." The British consuls at Beirut and Damascus were reproved from home for the part they had taken; and Lord Aberdeen, in one of the most singular dispatches of modern times, cautioned all British agents "carefully to abstain from any act which might be construed into giving support or countenance to conversions from the Greek Church." The persecution continued some time, without producing any impression upon the minds of the Protestants; but at last the governor, who had failed to secure submission by persuasion and threats, marched them, under a guard of armed men, into the Greek church, and there forced them to conform. The good work was, however, not thus to be suppressed; although, from the distractions of the country, it had to struggle with many difficulties. At a communion, in 1853, the Protestants came fully armed, and piled their guns, and hung up their swords, in the court of the chapel, reminding the missionaries of scenes often witnessed in the planting of the early churches among the savages of the American wilderness. The commotions which thus prevailed were not favorable to the growth of the Christian character; but schools were established, and a native of Lebanon was ordained as the pastor of the Church. The light thus happily kindled under the crown of Hermon, had gradually shed its rays far and wide over the surrounding district, where eager listeners gathered around the *colporteur* and schoolmaster, to hear the Scriptures read, and the missionary was joyfully welcomed on his visits. More recently, the Druses had gained the exclusive government of the district, and the missionaries thus wrote: "The atrocities they daily commit, and the outrages against every principle

of humanity which they perpetrate, almost defy description." But a large number of the Maronites had become regular attendants on the preaching of the word.

The town of Hasbeiya stood nearly at the head of a ravine, shut in by hills, and surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Not far from it was the most celebrated of all the Druse sanctuaries, on the highest point of the ridge. It was plundered by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha in 1838, and its sacred books, contained in several chests, were afterwards scattered in various directions. As the Christians supposed they would receive the protection of the Turkish garrison, they flocked hither from the surrounding villages. When attacked by the Druses, they defended themselves successfully three or four days, after which they were persuaded by Osman Bey to enter the castle. Upwards of a thousand men, and double that number of women and children, were shut up within its walls, where they soon began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The promise was given them, that if they would lay down their arms, not a hair of their heads should be touched; but the arms, on being given up, were sent to Damascus, under a small escort, which was soon attacked, and they were taken by the Druses. The distress in the castle was great. The younger children were dying for want of food, and the enemy was gathering around in greater numbers. The family of the governor was sent away from the apartments they had occupied; after which all the men were called into the lower court. The doom that awaited them was now evident. Among them were a number of Protestants, one of whom, Shahin Barakat, "venerated for his piety by all the mountaineers," had fought by the side of his son, Mansour. This young man had, single-handed, cut a passage through the ranks of the Druses, seized their colors, cut off the head of the man who bore them, and returned unhurt to the midst of the Christians, waving aloft his trophy. The head of Mansour was demanded, but his father, with others, was offered an asylum at the house of Naifa, sister of the Druse General. The old warrior would not part from his son; and when he saw the peril of their position, he addressed the great company around him, telling them that they had no help but in God, and calling upon them

to commend their souls to Christ. The gates were thrown open by the soldiers, when the Druses entered, and began to fire upon the crowd indiscriminately. But the word was given to spare the women, and all children under ten years of age. The hatchet and the sword were now used as the instruments of destruction; and from morning till night the slaughter continued. Barakat, after seeing his son cut to pieces, fell on his knees in prayer, and thus calmly met his own death. Not a month before, the missionary had, with his family, been a welcome guest at his house, and his soul then seemed athirst for the truth of God. A few of the intended victims, and among them the chief of the Protestants, were protected by the bodies above them, and in the night they succeeded in making their escape, their garments being saturated with blood. "Our houses," said these fugitives, "are ashes, and our dead are in heaps."

As Hasbeiya is at the head of the lower part of the valley of Et-Teim, so is Rash-eiya the capital of its upper division, and equally commanding and beautiful in its situation. At the summit of the hill on which it stands, is another old castle of the Shehaabs. It had some three thousand inhabitants. Here, also, the Christians were induced to give up their arms, after which they were slaughtered. The houses were set fire to by night, and the whole families perished in the flames.

The vengeance of the Druses, who had now become demons in their thirst for blood, was again directed against Deir-el-Kamar. Taught by their former sufferings, the inhabitants carefully avoided giving any occasion for any further strife. Their safety was guaranteed in strong terms by Kurshid Pasha, who commended them for their prudence. But on the 19th of June, a body of Druses entered the town, unopposed, pretending that they had been sent as an escort; at noon they began to seize the arms of the Christians, and then pillaged their houses, shops and stores. The affrighted inhabitants rushed to the serai, and about two hundred took refuge in the military barracks of Ebeddin. Early the next morning, the houses were set on fire, and the Druses proceeded to the massacre of the men and boys. All who had taken shelter in the serai were butchered; so that "the blood in the court was about a foot



deep." The Druses then proceeded to the barracks, and put to death all whom they found there. The firing and slaughter continued the whole day, and throughout the night, and until sunrise on the third morning, when orders were given to the Druses to leave the city. The house of the Rev. W. Bird was the only one which escaped destruction. The tortures that were inflicted, the blasphemies that were uttered, and the horrid deeds that were openly done, form a picture of cruelty and villainess scarcely paralleled in any age or place. Nor in writing thus do we forget Cawnpore, though a visitor to that foul spot said the sight made him feel as if his heart was stone and his brain fire. The women and young children were permitted to escape to the plain, where they congregated at the mouth of the river Damoor, north of Sidon, in a state of utter destitution. Her Majesty's war-steamer, Mohawk and Gannet, were sent down to bring them away; and the flag of England fluttered proudly in the breeze as the sailors took on board, though with some difficulty, two thousand two hundred of the fugitives, who were safely conveyed to Beirut. They hailed their deliverers with every demonstration of joy, and some could scarcely be prevented from throwing themselves into the sea, in their anxiety to escape.

We might stand upon the lofty summits of Sunnin or Esh-Sheikh, and, as we saw the flames of burning villages in all directions, recite a tale of woe concerning each; but the repetition would be wearisome—one uniform story of misery and massacre. Yet Damascus the proud and peerless, the oldest city in the world, the pearl of the East, whence came Naaman, with his present of "ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment," and near which Saul, the persecutor, was arrested in his career of enmity against Christ—is too important a place, and too instructive in its own ancient story and more recent circumstances, to be passed by without at least some notice of its calamities since the rising of the Druse. Its annals are full of interest, but it has a sad account to give of the haughtiness of its people, and the cruelty of its rulers. Its principal bazaar has been literally paved with human heads; and the spot where Abana and Pharpar lose themselves amidst the sands of the desert must be more infested

with ghouls than almost any other place on earth, from the myriads that have been slain upon their banks, and the number of the sack-sewn corpses, victims of jealousy or sin, they have rolled away from the scene of crime. Its inhabitants, one hundred and sixty thousand in number, have long been famed for their fanaticism. They clothe nearly the whole of Syria, as well as supply other lands, with some of the richest products of the loom; and thousands of pilgrims congregate here annually, and spend many months and much money amid the luxuries of the city, previously to their journey to Mecca. The Christians have been estimated at twenty-five thousand.

Nowhere was the news of the outbreak heard with more gloomy forebodings, or with greater reason for alarm, than in Damascus; and it was not long before the worst fears of the Christians were justified. On the 10th of July, men were seen to rush madly through the streets of the city, crying out for the plunder and the slaughter of the Christians. With the rapidity of a whirlwind from the desert, multitudes gathered together, uttering threats of vengeance and words of blasphemy. A moment afterwards, and shrieks were heard from the quarter of the city in which the Christians lived; and a stream of men, women, and children was seen to pour out thence, with yells and loud imprecations, carrying in their hands and on their heads rich caskets, chests of goodly apparel, and costly articles of furniture, or driving before them in furious haste goats and cattle. The Arab from his tent, and the Gipsy from his lair, had heard the plunder-ery; and camels, horses, and mules conveyed to the encampment articles, the use and value of which were alike unknown. A lurid blaze in the sky revealed to the breathless watchers in the distance that many a dwelling and storehouse would soon be utterly destroyed. At first the taking of life was rare, but afterwards the uplifting of the red hand ceased not until victim after victim had been sacrificed at the shrine of the prophet of blood. Swords, daggers, and axes flashed amidst the gleam, or a more speedy death was dealt by firearms. It was the resolution of the rioters that not a house should be spared, and that the whole of the Christian quarter should be levelled with the ground. Women, married and un-

married, were driven into the streets, and were seen to cry for assistance, with heads uncovered and feet naked, appealing to the murderers for mercy. Many were sold as slaves for a few piastres, or taken away to the desert. The streets were crowded with fanatics, who shouted continually, "Death to the Christians! Let us slaughter the Christians! Let not one remain!" Every church and convent was plundered, and afterwards burnt. The silver plate, jewelery, and gold coin taken from these sanctuaries, "were not allowed to be plundered by the rabble, but were removed by soldiers." These are the words of the British Consul, Mr. Brant. The consulates of France, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and the United States, were all burnt. Those of England and Prussia spared, from not being situated in the Christian quarter; and they became an asylum for as many as were able to reach them. Others were saved in greater numbers in the house of Abd-el-Kader, and in the citadel; but the governor, Ahmed Pasha, was an unmoved witness of the devastation, or an accomplice in the lawless deeds of the plundering rabble.

One of the greatest calamities of this outbreak was the death of the Rev. William Graham, of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. He resided near the British consulate, to which he was directing his steps, after being driven from a house in which he had taken refuge. The murderer, who was known, openly avowed his crime; and the reason he gave for committing it was, that he mistook him for a consul. In his last letter home, Mr. Graham says: "It may require a European war to wind up matters; but at the present rate of progress the Christian population will be soon totally ruined. Let us pray that all that has fallen out may be overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel, and amid such scenes of anarchy we will be glad, and rejoice that the Lord reigneth."

It is not possible to number the victims slain, or estimate the value of the property destroyed. "The conflagration extended," says one account, "from Brumana, the capital of the Christians, southward to Sidon; eastward to Hasbeiya and Damascus; and northward to Baalbec, over an area of more than a thousand square miles; and consumed nearly two hundred cities, towns, and villages of the Christ-

ian sects." One of the latest letters from Syria states the amount of loss at "six thousand men killed, fifteen thousand widows and orphans, and seventy thousand souls houseless and utterly destitute;" but of this there can be no certainty. There is one tangible fact of great significance, in the statement that at the end of July there were ten thousand persons receiving daily alms in Beirut. We trust that the liberality of British Christians will yet flow in a much nobler stream than it has flowed, for the relief of this severe and widely-extended distress.

The carnage has ceased for the present, but the principal causes that produced it are still there; the bigotry of the Moslem, the hatred of the Druse, the cupidity of the Turkish pasha, and the imbecility of the supreme government. The pride of the Eastern Christians is another cause, but this has been checked for the present. There is cherished in the heart of Islam a hatred towards Christianity of the deadliest and most unrelenting character. Nor is this feeling confined to the lower or more ignorant classes. Abdhallah Pasha, one of the many tyrants of Acre, was accustomed to say, "O God, why didst thou create Christians?" The frequent interference of the European powers in the affairs of the Sultan's government, the presence of consuls and consuls-general in all the more important towns, the formation of the Protestants into a recognized community, the publication of the Hatti-Houmayoun, by which liberty of religious profession was granted to all the subjects of the Porte, the establishment of Protestant Missions in the principal cities, the impression made upon the Eastern mind in favor of the Gospel by the circulation of the Scriptures, the massacres of Juddah, Nablous, and other places, the wars on the continent of Europe, the revolt of the Sepoys in India,—all these events have had their influence in producing an unwonted degree of uneasiness and agitation among the Mussulmans of all countries. The complicity of the pashas of Syria in the work of destruction has been too clearly proved, and proved in too many instances, to admit of any doubt as to its reality; but with them it was more from the thirst of plunder than from devotedness to their prophet.

"What is the best course for the fu-

ture?" is a question most difficult to answer. The agent who has been sent from Constantinople with extraordinary powers, Fuad Pasha, seems wishful to assert the efficiency of the Sultan's rule. For a time he may succeed in repressing further outbreaks; but, so long as the ordinary pashas, with almost unlimited power, are appointed for a few months only, and have in this short period to amass a fortune for themselves and their families, then being followed by successors equally rapacious, we fear that the provinces of Turkey must continue to be the theater of oppression and misrule. The higher offices of the state are bought at Constantinople, and the successful purchaser recompenses himself by selling all the appointments in his own gift during his retention of power. The courts of law are conducted on the same vicious principle. The oppressor triumphs; anarchy reigns; trade is restricted; the traveler is unsafe; the villages are exposed to sack and pillage; and thousands have been massacred, with no effort to avert the hand of the destroyer on the part of the guardians of the people.

With the consent of the Allied Powers, France has sent her soldiers into Syria. But for what purpose? They can not follow the Druse to his fastnesses; they can only overawe the people of the plain; and an overt interference in the punishment of the insurgents will be a violation of trust. Will Napoleon III. be at all the expense of the armament, without seeking some equivalent? Yet, if this be demanded, the weakness of "the dying man" will be made weaker still. The banner of St. Louis waves once more on Lebanon, and it will require all the vigilance and firmness of the other powers to prevent the occupation from becoming permanent. There will be little difficulty in finding excuses for its continuance. There may be insult to repel, or grievance to redress, as well as indemnity to seek. The experience of the past renders us suspicious of our present ally; and there are many circumstances which have paved the way for the position he now occupies in Syria, and which render the state of current affairs most favorable to the interests of France. The Jesuits have extended their influence so widely that there is scarcely a village in the whole country in which the Christian community is not divided into Greek and Greek Catholic, Syrian and Syrian

Catholic, or Armenian and Armenian Catholic. When eastern communities are gained over to Rome, they are allowed still to use the native language in worship, and other ancient usages are retained; money, rank, and influence are promised; and protection from the oppressors is afforded. The French consuls make common cause with their co-religionists, and it becomes a coveted privilege to have their support. They throw their shield around the Romanists, as Russia around the Greeks; and these nations bid against each other in the purchase of influence; by which means converts are sought, not so much to extend religious privilege, as to increase the political power of the rival states. A writer in the *News of the Churches* said three years ago: "Were the French to land troops to-morrow, every one who bears the name of Catholic would hail them as friends." And more recently, a writer in the same periodical gives us this information: "The strength and extent of French influence in Syria can hardly be understood except by those who are on the ground. The fact that one hundred and fifty thousand Maronites in Mount Lebanon are of the same religion as the French, has given the latter a strong foothold among them. The French have three seminaries for the education of Syrian youth, in all of which their language is taught by Jesuit priests and nuns of great accomplishments; and the pupils are taught to regard France as the impersonation of all that is good. The French language is of such great value in commercial pursuits, that persons of all sects, even Moslems, send their children to the Jesuit seminaries to be educated. As you travel through Mount Lebanon, you find the most lively interest awakened among priests and people when the name of France is mentioned; and as French and Papal interests are generally identical, it can be easily seen how strong a political position the French already occupy in their much-coveted province." The establishment of schools and hospitals leads to the same results. The buildings are imposing in appearance, the expenditure is enormous, and the persons connected with them, or receiving assistance from them, are numerous. The Emperor recently transmitted to the Catholic Patriarch of Antioch the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; and has signified his intention to give him, as a royal solatium,

ten thousand francs a year. Once in possession of Jerusalem, it is impossible to tell what strange project might enter into his mind, in relation to the government of the Church, or his own personal aggrandizement; more especially when we remember the political position of the Pope, and the uncertainty of his continuance in Rome. Reasons might be found why the mosque of Omar should be preferred to the shrine of St. Peter; and it might be discovered that the Mount of Olives has richer associations than either the Palatine Hill or the Capitol.

Some arrangement for the government of Syria is necessary. It has been recommended that it be erected into an hereditary pashalic, like Egypt, paying annually to the Porte a stipulated sum, and acknowledging the Sultan as lord paramount. The rule of Ibrahim Pasha is proof sufficient that under a governor with a strong will and a powerful force at his command, it may be kept in peace. Its central position, between the enterprise of the West and the productiveness of the East, renders it of so much importance, that it will not much longer be allowed to continue as a mere pillage ground for the enrichment of Turkish pashas. The whole course of modern events seems to indicate that every nation under heaven is soon to be brought under the influence of Christian government; but the acquirement of Lebanon by the French would place the Protestant Missions in peril, and be attended with other circumstances of grave importance. The prayer of the Church must go up earnestly before God, that Her Majesty's ministers may be guided aright in their decisions on this great question. There are intimations many, in the prophets, of the falling, the

shame, the hewing down, the withering away, the cry, the mourning, the languishing, the violence, the howl, and the spoiling of Lebanon; but there are also joyous predictions which have yet to be fulfilled, when "the glory of Lebanon" shall again appear, and "the choice and best of Lebanon, all that drink water, shall be comforted." Then shall be sung in gladness, by a happy and holy people, an eastern version of the Vaudois hymn:

"For the strength of the hills we praise Thee."

The statements that appear in the narrative we now conclude, have been culled from numerous authorities; but those named at the head of this paper have been our principal sources of information. The translations of De Sacy still present the fullest and most authentic accounts we possess of the mysteries of the Druse religion. Robinson and Wilson are authors to whom every student of sacred topography and history is largely indebted. The work of Colonel Churchill is without the assistance which head-lines and indices give to the reader; but when his plan has once been comprehended, his pages are found to be instructive and full of interest. Washington Chasseaud will write less floridly, but with greater precision, when he has had more experience. *The Land and the Book*, by Dr. W. M. Thompson, is a more generally useful work than any other that has yet appeared on the Holy Land. Attractive in its style; vivid in its illustrations of scriptural scenes and eastern manners; extensive in the range of the subjects which it treats, and the objects it describes; correct also in its information, as the result of long experience; it deserves, as it will receive, a large circulation.

M. WOTHLEY, of Aix-la-Chapelle, has sent to the French Academy of Sciences some specimens of a new process for enlarging photographs taken on collodion, either by solar or electric light. M. Wothley states that he arrives at these results by a series of manipulations constituting almost a new art. By means of a heliostat he directs a broad pencil of parallel rays upon the negative impression. The light, in passing through, forms a wide cone of diverging rays, which casts the enlarged image on a sheet of prepared paper. The impression thus obtained may be of any dimensions; Mr. Wothley has produced some eight feet by five.

IMPERIAL JEWELS.—During the recent Imperial journey some of the finest diamonds of the Crown were more than once worn, the value of the whole collection being 20,908,266 francs. The first inventory was made in 1810 by order of Napoleon I., and another was taken under Louis XVIII. on his return from Ghent, to which place his Majesty had caused them to be conveyed. On the latter occasion all the precious stones, being removed from the settings, were found to be 16,312 in number, to weigh 18,752 carats, and to be of the value mentioned above. An inventory recently made shows the number, weight, and value to be unchanged.



From the Morning Post.

## THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

SHE was not old in the number of her years. She had only entered her sixty-third summer four months ago. To the eye, and to ordinary appearance, the late Empress of Russia possessed all that the most boundless ambition could desire. She shared the throne of one of the most powerful of European monarchs. She was herself, in her youth, a lady of surpassing beauty, and her husband, then the Grand Duke Nicholas, afterwards the Cesarwitch, was one of the handsomest men of his time for manly beauty and soldierly solidity of figure. For a time the Empress enjoyed all the blessings of happiness incident to the marriage state, and the union of the illustrious couple was blessed with a numerous progeny; but as years rolled on the health of the illustrious lady failed, and at the period when her husband ascended the throne the Empress's health was fragile, and her nerves were completely shattered by the events of 1825. That was a trying year both for the Emperor and Empress. Nicholas was unexpectedly called to a new sphere and to higher duties. With no guide but his own uncontrolled will, his temper, always impetuous, now became headstrong, and brooked no domestic control. The Prussian princess to whose beauty and grace he paid in early life a willing homage, and who gave up in espousing him her country and her creed, now, in her languid and pallid beauty, failed to command his affections, and the monarch sought relaxation and distraction beyond his once happy home. Soldier Emperors, in the force and vigor of their age, with realms to command, are not certainly to be judged as ordinary men. There was not a brilliant beauty of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Kieff, of Revel, or of Nishni Novgorod, who did not desire to attract the attention and admiration of his Imperial and Royal Majesty; nay, more, there was scarcely a German, French, or Italian beauty within the dominions of the Emperor who would not have felt proud of his notice. Under

these circumstances it is not wonderful that Nicholas, in the vigor of health and strength, was led as a child, and that the man whose frown or displeasure was the making or undoing of his male subjects, was bound and led captive in silken cords tied by female fingers. This was one of the sources of the unhappiness of his consort, and it led to that nervous irritation which produced, first functional derangement, and ultimately ended in loss of health, strength, and life. Of late years, too, the Empress had to suffer from those ungovernable gusts of passion to which her imperial husband was subject, and which affected the empire as well as the Empress. Some times, from some hidden and mysterious cause, some times without any assignable cause whatever, some times from private sorrows, and some times from public griefs, the Emperor gave full vent to his ungovernable humor, and then neither friend nor favorite, nor minister, nor consort, dare approach him. This was a fact well known in court society; and its influence on the Empress, as on any other feeble and fragile nature, was most disastrous. Her nerves became completely unstrung, and her health wholly gave way. Yet in the last illness of her consort, the Empress watched over his couch with fond and unswerving devotedness, and never left his side till his spirit had fled from its earthly abode. For this effort beyond her strength, the good and amiable wife has paid the heaviest penalty. She never recovered elasticity or tone; and though more genial climates have been tried, and the faculty in every country have been consulted, it has been unavailing. The present Emperor has been more than a devoted son to his mother. Every thing that could administer to her comfort has been sought for from far and near, and the ingenuity and skill of the most renowned physicians in every capital in Europe have been tasked to the uttermost to alleviate the progress of disease and to dispel the gloom of the sick chamber.

All these efforts have been vain and un-availing. Sorrow and mortal sickness and poignant and deep-seated affliction are beyond the reach of the physician's or surgeon's art. Princes or empresses are not exempt from that rust of the soul which corrodes and consumes, and wears away life imperceptibly and noiselessly.

The deceased Empress exercised considerable influence over her son and family. In her political opinions she was eminently conservative, and leaned to those high prerogative doctrines which had more vogue in the generation which in youth she adorned by her stately grace and cold statuesque beauty.

From the British Quarterly.

### ATKINSON'S TRAVELS IN AMOOR, INDIA, AND CHINA.\*

MR. ATKINSON is, we believe, an artist by profession, or if not by profession, certainly a dilettante of superior powers, who a couple of years ago became favorably known among us by the publication of a work entitled *Oriental and Western Siberia*. This volume, from a concurrence of circumstances, excited a considerable sensation at the time. In the first place it was published soon after the conclusion of the Russian war, when people were naturally anxious to have any authentic details concerning Russia. In the second place it was known that Mr. Atkinson had spent some three or four years in travelling over the most desert and uncivilized portions of Siberia, Mongolia, and the Kirghis steppes; that he had visited portions of Central Asia, and of Chinese Tartary, and that he had been actually furnished with an especial passport by so jealous and exclusive a monarch as the late Emperor of all the Russias, his Imperial Majesty Nicholas the First. Whether Mr. Atkinson ever came into contact with the imperial autocrat, whose will was law, and against whose mandate there was no appeal in the wide extent of all the Russias, we have no means of accurately knowing. It may be that he had bodily come into contact with imperialism, and that the artistic ability,

or the personal demeanor of our countryman, produced on the Czar an impression not always made by distinguished abilities or high rank. We believe the truth to be, that whether the author was or was not personally known to the Czar, mixed motives had a good deal to do with the imperial permission to travel in Siberia so unhesitatingly granted to him. The favor asked for was certainly backed by the influence of the British Chargé d'Affaires near the Court of the Emperor, Mr. Andrew Buchanan, now Minister at Madrid, a gentleman who was personally popular and respected; and it may be also supposed that the Emperor Nicholas himself, with all his hauteur, was not wholly insensible to the importance and advantage of having the most uncivilized and barbarous portion of his dominions described and illustrated by an Englishman, at once author and artist. The field of travel described by Mr. Atkinson in 1858 was wide and extensive, extending from Kokhan in the west to the east of Baikal, and south as far as Techin-Si. In carriages, on horseback, in boats, and on sledges, he then journeyed over nearly 40,000 miles of ground, occasionally through countries which had not been penetrated by Venetian ambassadors or by Jesuit missionaries, and in some of which a native of England, France, or Germany had never before set foot. This was enough, irrespective of other considerations, to stimulate curiosity; but when the admirable efforts of the artist's pencil were superadded to those of the pen, it is no marvel that a

\* *Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and on the Confines of India and China, with Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis and Hunting and Pastoral Tribes.* By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." London: Hurst & Blackett. 1860.

volume distinguished by a graphical and artistically delineated text, became popular among the generality of our countrymen. Descriptions of scenery after awhile, as every reader of travels is aware, are not seldom tiresome from their uniformity, even when the scenes described are new and untrodden; but Mr. Atkinson's delineations are often so interwoven with incident and observation, that there is generally sufficient action in the narrative to counteract that feeling of sameness and satiety which arises from any detailed accounts of the scenery of external nature, however novel.

The volume now before us professes to produce information of a more elevated character than that contained in *Oriental and Western Siberia*. It is intended to satisfy—and in some respects succeeds in satisfying—the geologist, the botanist, and the ethnologist. These classes naturally expect to find in any account of a new country materials to extend the circle of their favorite studies, or to corroborate the theories and truths on which they so fondly expatiate, and the author has certainly catered for them with persevering industry. Nor has Mr. Atkinson forgot the insatiable cravings of British commerce. The merchant and the speculator are, as we all know, as eager for “untried fields and pastures new,” wherein to truck and barter, as the scholar is for new books, or the scientific inquirer for new discoveries. It is the opinion of Mr. Atkinson, that the country which he traversed opens a field of incalculable extent to the merchant and manufacturer—a field in which British enterprise, skill, and industry are sure to find a profitable investment. With a full knowledge of what has been passing in these distant lands for the last ten years, the author of this volume suggests the establishment of a great fair on the Indian frontier. The “yermak” at Irbit, or great fair for the transaction of business with the native tribes of the Amoor, he tells us, has within the past ten years risen from one of comparative insignificance to great importance, and its commercial transactions in February of this present year of 1860 amounted to the sum of more than £12,000,000 of our money. Irbit, whose commercial transactions are thus represented as so large, is a town on the frontier of Siberia. It is 276 miles east of Perm, and 111 east of Yekaterinburg, and if we are to believe

VOL. LI.—No. 2.

Russian statisticians, was formerly attended by a far greater number of Europeans and Asiatic merchants than in recent times. Its population four years ago was stated by native authorities as little exceeding 1000, so that it is plain this considerable traffic, of which Mr. Atkinson speaks, is for transit and diffusion in the districts bordering on and beyond the Ural. For the last twelve years our newspapers and periodicals have been giving accounts—sometimes very vague indeed, but sometimes a more precise—of Russian acquisitions in Central Asia. A willing, and sometimes a too credulous, ear has been lent to these accounts. Distance often enhances anxiety, and creates apprehension, more especially to the speculative politician and trader, and *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is as true of political as of physical ills; for our countrymen, one and all, are disposed to regard any acquisition of our northern ally towards the Himalayas as most unwelcome, and entirely undesirable to Great Britain. But unwelcome and undesirable as territorial acquisitions may be, we must deal with them as an existing fact—as a thoroughly substantial reality, from which we must now and hereafter extract as much good, and eliminate as much evil as possible. More it is not in our power to do; for it is certain that in 1857 large tracts of country in the valley of the Amoor were ceded by China to Russia, and we have not now the power, even though we had the desire, to reclaim them.

It is of these cessions that much has been written without any accurate knowledge of the country. These are the regions, too, of which no modern geographer has published any reliable description, and into which no recent traveller has penetrated. They are interminable steppes, or to use the somewhat stilted language of Mr. Atkinson, they are “Cyclopean mountain chains,” as much regarded as an unknown land by scientific as by learned readers. In exploring these remote regions of the globe, Mr. Atkinson spent several years; and as he was the only European who had been permitted to enter the new Russian territory, it naturally suggested itself to him that a detail of his wanderings in this large expanse of mountain, valley, and plain, which Russia has not only added to her empire, but colonized with a warlike race, must be interesting. Undoubt-

edly it must be interesting and important under many aspects—international, territorial, commercial, geographical, political, and social; for be it understood that this additional Russian territory extends over more than two-thirds of her southern Siberian frontier, which is about six thousand five hundred miles in length; while the breadth of these acquisitions varies much at different points, and can be best—indeed, only thoroughly understood by reference to such a map as is appended to the publication before us. The importance of such a considerable increase of power to a state antecedently one of the most considerable, can not be over estimated by the statesman or the politician. It is not to-day, or to-morrow, or possibly within the next decade or two, that this new power will be *felt*; for its full extent may not be seen or comprehended for forty years to come, or before A. D. 1900. Half a century is no more in the life of a young, robust, vigorous nation like Russia, than is a week in the growth of an adolescent. In the regions of which we speak is mineral wealth of incalculable, because of undeveloped and unexplored, amount, and agricultural produce, even now, of prodigious abundance. The various tribes which inhabit these districts, it should also be remembered, are being yearly moulded to the fashion and state policy, as well as to the political sway, of the Czar; so that a day may come—it may be a century hence, or more—it may, however, be less—when an absolute autocrat will have at his command elements which will give him the power of still further and future territorial expansion. The Russian empire, disguise it as we will, has now for fully two centuries been making progress in territory, in population, in wealth, in political influence, and power; and albeit there has been neither honor nor honesty in her public functionaries, and although her bureaucracy is the most corrupt and degraded in Europe, still, if not because, at least in spite of, these things, we see Russia augmenting her territory on every side, without the aid of free institutions, without the aid of an intelligent public opinion—without, in a word, any of the prestige that belongs to a free, tolerant, liberal, and enlightened government. Probably if the government of Muscovy were free and tolerant—if there were publicity or

freedom of the press, the Czar might not be able to annex and appropriate territory, without principle or without stint, as he has done and does now. In a country wholesomely operated upon by public opinion, and enjoying a high degree of culture, civilization, and liberty, no government could possess itself either by force, or by fraud, or by a combination of both, of a country equalling in extent the area of the whole of Germany, without provoking comment and criticism, if not dissatisfaction. We do not profess ourselves to be alarmists, nor are we among those who think that in the present, or in the coming generation, the most dangerous enemy we shall have to guard against will be Russia; for Russia has now great financial difficulties to contend against, and can raise no large loan upon any of the exchanges of Europe, and is therefore not prepared for a large external war beyond her frontiers. Moreover, she is now actually in the course of emancipating more than twenty million of serfs, or nearly one-third of her population, and must, therefore, be pronounced to be in a transitive state from servitude, or at all events, from serfdom to semi-civilization and progress; for emancipation must, before many years elapse, if it be at all general or successful, produce hundreds and thousands of small proprietors and farmers. A country, then, in this position of passage and transition from one state to another—in which the nobles, when not hostile to emancipation, are neutral—in which the bureaucracy are hostile to the measure, and profoundly corrupt—in which the judiciary is venal, and the military ulcerated with malversations and corruptions of the most hideous nature—in a country, we repeat, whose whole administration has become rotten before it has become ripe—it is not likely that any aggressive war can be made beyond the present immense frontiers of Russia with any signal success.

It should also be borne in mind that the finances of Russia are in a deplorable condition, and that her credit is low. In vain has she attempted to raise a loan at Antwerp, at Amsterdam, at Paris, and in London; in vain have a company of German Jews essayed to establish a credit bank at St. Petersburg. There is no native capital ready to embark in such projects, and foreigners will not entrust



their moneys to Russian keeping. Commercial credit is at as low figure as commercial capital, and because of a lack of money the military and naval services are greatly in arrear of pay. If this be the case now, the evil is likely to be greatly aggravated in the winter; for the harvest has been scanty and insufficient, and in certain governments of the empire locusts have made a devastating progress. Discontent exists among the commercial classes, and even among some of the military classes; and, under these circumstances, it is likely the Czar will have enough to do at home without entering on a foreign crusade. Nevertheless, English statesmen must not shut their eyes to the fact that Russian territory has very nearly approached the possessions of Great Britain in India. The thought of a stride across the Himalayas to Calcutta, which Mr. Atkinson glances at more than once in this volume, is, in our days at least, and possibly may in the days of our children, be still preposterous and absurd. Ideas of an Indian empire have probably never seriously entered into the head of Alexander II., a prince who has not the warlike instincts of his sire, and who well knows that to gain an Indian empire he must grapple with and be victorious over English troops. But ideas of this kind have been propagated and widely dispersed, since the time of Peter the Great, in Russia; and they have always found ready acceptance with superior officers of the army and navy, who are fond of speaking magniloquently.

Russia may, then, at any future time, under the mingled influences of cupidity and cajolery, ally herself, offensively and defensively, with another great military power possessing much greater financial resources and a large and well-equipped fleet, as well as a large army, and then becoming, to use the words of Byron, "coquettish in ambition," there is no predicting to what length such a union of two great powers may proceed in the way of aggression, if not of conquest. But such things have not yet come, nor as yet do they very distinctly loom in the distance. The desire and the design of the present ruler of Muscovy is, probably, to develop the resources of Russia in those vast steppes of Central Asia in the region of the Amoor. The wish of Alexander, if we read his personal char-

acter rightly, is to make the island of Karapta and Saghalien, with its extensive coal-fields and commodious harbors, in perfect harmony with Russia on the Dwina, on the Don, the Oural, and the Volga; but he may, we allow, in the prospect of great advantages, be turned from this peaceful design by the insidious arts of some Mephistopheles among monarchs, who may artfully excite his covetousness, or unduly stimulate his ambition. "Ambition," says Bacon, "is an honor that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped;" and history affords examples of princes, by nature peaceful, who have been seduced into war by misguided friends, or tempting solicitors to deeds of evil. We should not forget either that the Czar is but a part of the system of Russian government, and that his autocracy is in reality more nominal than real, more in appearance than in fact. The Czar in theory may exercise the power of life and death—may exile, imprison, and banish—may deprive any one of his subjects of liberty, life, and fortune; but if he opposes himself to the traditions of the bureaucracy, or to what that bureaucracy conceives its interests, he will be met with a passive resistance, which may be too strong for him. We must not, therefore, too implicitly rely on the peaceful disposition of a well-disposed autocrat, who is, after all, as Alexander I. said of himself, but a happy accident. Alexander II. is also a happy accident; but he may be carried into courses repugnant to his better nature. To return, however, to the work before us.

Of Semipalatinsk, or the Seven Palaces, which stands on the frontier between Siberia and the Kirghis steppe, in latitude fifty degrees thirty minutes N., and longitude eighty degrees E., Mr. Atkinson has given us a description. The town consists principally of wooden buildings, and stands on the eastern bank of the Irtysh. It is a long line of houses set aback about one hundred and fifty yards from the river, facing the south-west, with a view over the Kirghis steppe, which stretches out in that direction for more than a thousand miles. Melons and water-melons are here grown of a large size, and of a most delicious flavor, without the aid of glass. They are sold at the cheap rate of five or six for tenpence. The government offices and

other edifices connected with the military department of Semipalatinsk, are at the northern end of the town. These and the custom-house are mostly built of brick, and have an imposing appearance. Mr. Atkinson tells us, a numerous body of Cossacks is always stationed here, with a strong force of artillery; so that this is really a military town of great importance in connection with the government of the Kirghis.

Of the social life in these regions Mr. Atkinson thus speaks :—

“There is one mansion in the town, the residence of a Siberian merchant, from Tomsk; this had been furnished without regard to cost. The hot-houses and green-houses attached to the dwelling were on an extensive scale, and contained a choice collection of tropical and other plants, brought from Europe at a great expense. The arrangement of the establishment proved that a most luxurious style of living had reached this distant spot, on the verge of nomade, almost of savage life. The proprietor possessed lead and silver mines in the Kirghis steppe, about two hundred miles distant, which were at one time a source of considerable wealth. Afterwards, through mismanagement and speculation, the working entailed a serious loss, persons employed by him in offices of trust becoming rich at his cost.

“Among other refinements of civilization imported from Europe into this region is litigation, in which some of the Siberians are fond of indulging. This gentleman became involved in a lawsuit respecting a claim, £475,000. It lasted several years, and then he not only lost it, but enormous sums expended in law proceedings and bribes. This so affected his circumstances, that the mansion was suffered to fall into decay, and the shattered windows now admit the swallow and the bat, which have taken up their abode, and rear their young, in its magnificent apartments. The vines and the pines have ceased to bear luscious fruit, and the flowering plants no longer put forth their splendid blossoms. The silver and lead mines have passed into the hands of the Crown, and are now being extensively worked.”

The people of Siberia, while as litigious as those of Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, are thus, it appears, under a judicial system equally corrupt. To this point Mr. Atkinson does not advert, yet one would think that a gentleman who spent so many years in Russia must have been well aware of the judicial corruption prevailing with all the Russians. In fact in Russia there is no such thing as justice, equity, or law, though there is a code nearly as voluminous as the body of our

own statute law. That code consists of fifteen thick volumes, and every year there are additions making to it; but of what avail is it, when judges are nearly uniformly venal, and almost always open to bribery? It is not equity, or justice, or the letter or the spirit of the code, which determines a suit; it is money, or money's worth, or, in plain words, downright bribery. Plaintiff and defendant both bribe the judges; and he who is most liberal, or has the longest purse, is the likeliest to win. Sometimes, however, money is paid for a decision which takes place in a contrary sense, from the caprice, deceit, or falsehood of the functionary, who promises for a valuable consideration to decide for the plaintiff, yet decides for the defendant. The secretaries of the tribunals are as corrupt as the judges, and participate in their malversation. Sometimes the bribe is handed to the wife, or the mistress, or to the brother, or father of a functionary, and sometimes those who can fix or influence a functionary are bribed, as well as the official himself. Nor is this the only evil. A plaintiff or defendant may be carried through various courts of justice and appeal, through each of which he has to bribe indiscriminately. In this manner litigants impoverish themselves. An Englishman, who had long lived in Russia, who was supposed to know the Russian laws as well as any man in the empire, and whom the writer of this knew at St. Petersburg nearly thirty years ago, informed him, that no people of sense or shrewdness would contest a small demand; the cheaper and safer way in such a country being, when asked for your coat as a matter of claim, to throw it, together with your cloak likewise, as a peace offering to the functionary.

The Tatar merchants engaged in the trade with China are thus described :—

“Many Tatar merchants in Semipalatinsk are engaged in trade with the Chinese towns of Tchoubachack and Kuldja, also with Bokhara, Khokan, and Tashkend, between which and Semipalatinsk caravans are frequently passing. They take out printed Russian goods, copper, iron, and hardware, returning with tea, silks, and dried fruits, which are forwarded to the fair at Irbit, and are then dispersed, the greater portion being sent into Siberia, and the rest into Europe. The dwellings of the merchants engaged in this trade are commodious and clean, and the rooms contain a great deal of valuable property. In some, rich carpets from Persia and Bokhara are hanging on the walls, as well

as spread on the floors; in others, they are piled up in bales. In another room are magnificent silk shawls and kalats, (or dressing-gowns,) beautifully embroidered with gold and colored silks. Ornaments, and large vases in porcelain, from China, tea-services, plates, dishes, and similar works of singular taste and beauty, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and a few other precious stones, form parts of their stock-in-trade. At my visits, shortly after entering the house, tea and dried fruits were handed. Low divans are placed round the rooms, but most generally the inmates are found seated on carpets spread on the floor, drinking tea and sewing. Forged Russian notes are frequently found among these Tatars; twice they passed them upon me. Although I knew from whom I received them, my friends advised me to burn them, as the loss would be far better than the trouble and annoyance, if the affair were placed in the hands of the police.

"Besides these merchants there are others, who carry on a great trade with the Kirghis, supplying them with silk dresses, tea, raisins, and wooden bowls from China, kalats of printed calico from Khokan, Russian hardware, iron, copper, and leather, for which they receive in exchange black and grey fox-skins, black lamb-skins, horses, oxen, and sheep. The horses and oxen are driven into Eastern Siberia, to the different gold mines. One of these tartar traders told me that he imported fifty thousand horned cattle in Siberia annually, and these are chiefly consumed at the gold mines. I have met the Kirghis with herds of from three thousand to four thousand oxen one thousand five hundred miles from their home, and five hundred from their destination. When the cattle are delivered at the mines the men remain a few days, and then start on their return, a very long ride. Their journey homeward by the post is as far as Semipalatinsk, and then to their hovels on the steppe on horseback. The sheep are driven across the steppe to Petropavlovsk, on the frontier of Siberia, and thence to Ekaterineburg, where they are killed, and their fat melted down into tallow. More than one million of sheep are brought from the Kirghis steppe yearly, which are disposed of in this manner. The whole of the tallow was, till within the last five years, forwarded to Europe; now the bulk is converted into sterine at a large works near Ekaterineburg. This establishment supplies all Siberia with candles, besides sending a great quantity into Russia."

What is said by Mr. Atkinson of the forged Tatar notes we believe to be perfectly true. Some of the most ingenious forgers of Russian notes in the empire, and in London, have been and are men of Tatar origin, as some of the most ingenious mechanicians in the Russian service and factories have been and are of the same race.

It was in October, 1850, Mr. Atkinson tells us he arrived at Semipalatinsk from Chinese Tartary, when he was informed that Prince Gortschakoff was in the town. To the Prince he prepared to pay a visit, though, from a two years' travel, his wardrobe had become scanty and tattered. When he entered the hall an officer was in attendance, from whom he inquired if the Prince was within. A very haughty reply was the response, accompanied by a surly demand as to who the traveller was, and what he wanted. The author produced his card, desiring it should be given to his Excellency. His person was minutely inspected, and the card critically examined; after which the officer declined to deliver it. Subsequently this mustachioed and sworded bear ordered Mr. Atkinson out in a tone intended to enforce instant obedience, and, turning away, clanked his sabre as he strode towards the window. This account may appear strange to those who have not visited Russia, but from our own experience of the country we can vouch for its probable accuracy. Nothing can be more arrogant, imperious, and thoroughly underbred than the manners of young A.D.C.s to strangers wearing, as all English strangers do when travelling, a civilian's dress.

Mr. Atkinson was not, however, to be put off by mere vulgar brutality, he insisted on his card being instantly delivered, threatening the officer that his conduct should be reported. The fellow then inquired his business, insolently telling him that the Prince attended to no beggars, and advising his departure without an escort of Cossacks. Ultimately another officer appeared, who, after scanning our author with supreme contempt, at length conducted him to the Prince, who instantly rose from his seat and shook him cordially by the hand. The bullying adjutant now became amazed and crestfallen, fearing a complaint might be made against him. It was curious enough that Prince Gortschakoff had travelled six hundred miles in forty hours, just before the arrival of Mr. Atkinson, in consequence of a dispatch intimating that Siberia was invaded by an army of Asiatic savages led by the Englishman Atkinson. The director and officers in Barnaoul did not doubt of the fact of Mr. Atkinson being with the invaders, but not as their leader. It was surmised that he had been taken prisoner in the regions south of the Altai, and being

so well acquainted with the passes in the mountains, it was supposed that the commanders of the horde had compelled him to act as their guide.

Of the Russian posts among the Kirghis, Mr. Atkinson gives a curious account. He crossed the Irtisch, which is about a quarter of a mile in width, by a ferry-boat to the Tatar village on the Kirghis side of the river. Here there exists a curious population of Russian Cossacks, Tatars, Kalmucks, and Kirghis, and a singular mixture of races is springing up. There are many Tatar merchants, and numerous caravans, with groups of Bokharians, Khivans, Khokanians, and men from Jashkeut in their picturesque costumes. Numerous camels, too, with their long necks and huge loads, were waiting to be unburthened; others were patiently lying down while the bales were being removed from their saddles. Cossacks were watching these operations with a view to prevent smuggling; but, notwithstanding their vigilance, the people succeed in conveying into Siberia quantities of tea and silk which have never paid duties.

The Cossack post for carrying government dispatches starts from Irtisch for Ayagus, a Cossack fortress about two hundred miles distant; the piquets are built about fifteen miles apart, serving as stations, and forming a line of posts guarding the Kirghis. After leaving the village, a vast plain is entered upon. The driver, Mr. Atkinson describes as seating himself firmly on his box, as the steeds swept along the steppe, and the other two Cossacks rode on each side as a guard, this route not being particularly safe. For the first three stations the party met nothing on the desert except the piquets. It was a solitude unbroken by any sound save the tramp of horses and the rattling of wheels. Not a bird was seen in the air, nor a cloud to break the monotony of the sky. After passing the fourth station, they came upon a large van drawn by four horses abreast. Soon after this they reached the piquet. The owner of the large van was a travelling wine merchant from Semipalatinsk, on his way to Ayagus. His van was stowed full of various wines, including claret and champagne, which, Mr. Atkinson truly says, had never seen France. He expected to sell these spurious beverages to the Cossack officers, the claret at ten shillings and the champagne at fifteen shillings per bottle. The

remotest Cossack settlement in these regions is near to the river Ayagus. Russia, according to our author, is not likely to stop here, as in a few years her boundary will be far to the south. If we are to judge from the past, this is certainly a fair inference to draw. At the same time we would remark that Russia is now internally in a position she never was before. Nine hundred Cossacks are stationed at the town of Ayagus, most of whom have families. The officers consist of the commander of the Cossacks, with several subordinates, the artillery officer, three military officers, and the surgeon. At the head of the civil department is the Sessodatal, or chief magistrate, who has a secretary and several assistants, who are the governing powers over the Kirghis in this region. The men sent to fill these departments look upon their position as a species of banishment, and it has always been a principle among the employés to abstract the greatest amount of profit from the nomades, who are ground by every man, from the chief to the common soldier. De Castine, Schnitzler, Haxthausen, Dupré de St. Maur, Captain Jones, Henningsen, Tourgenieff, Ivan Golovkine, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians, all concur in describing the merciless avarice, corruption, and systematic villany of employés in the distant stations, even in European Russia. We can well conceive, therefore, that the detail of the abuses and malversations of these functionaries in these steppes is not overcharged in this volume.

What sort of men are these Russian functionaries—what toppers, spies, and thieves—may be learned from the extract given under this sentence:—

"The traveling wine merchant always finds his journey to this place a profitable one. Besides his vinous supply, wodka is sent here by the brandy contractors, who pay a premium to the officials on the quantity consumed. This, and the love they individually have for the spirit, induces them to set a bad example to the men. The commander at the time of my visit was equal to any man in Europe as a toper. His regular quantity of wodka every evening was three bottles, 'taken pure, for,' he said, 'no good Russian ever watered his brandy.' Many of the officers tried to emulate his drinking powers, and thus an example was set which the men eagerly followed, and an enormous quantity of this degrading spirit was consumed in Ayagus.

"The sessodatal (which means the magistrate



at the head of the civil department) was a tall, burly, hard-drinking man from the south of Russia, and in no way scrupulous how profit was obtained from the inhabitants of the steppe. His duties were wholly with the Kirghis, and he has officers residing with the different tribes wherever Russia has obtained any influence, who lose no opportunity of extending her power. The chief is courted, paid, and some mark of distinction given him—perhaps, a medal, a sabre, or a gold laced coat and cocked-hat, with the privilege of attending a council at Ayagus, held once a year, when laws are made to govern the tribes, which rivet still faster the fetters with which he and his people are bound. From this meeting he returns to his aoul, dressed in a little brief authority.

"A young Russian who understands his language is appointed to reside with him to translate all official papers sent to him, and write his answers, to which he attaches his seal without understanding a word they contain. The youth is also a spy upon him, and on those who visit his aoul, reporting regularly to the chief at Ayagus. Thus, the power of the empire is quietly and gradually creeping on into the plains of central Asia; and when it is sufficiently secured, the nomades must have to pay both in men and money."

It has always been the policy in Russia to make the officials spies upon each other. Thus the ambassador is watched by his secretary of legation, and the secretary by the attaché, who is in turn watched by valets, seryants, and office-sweepers.

A little beyond Ayagus, Mr. Atkinson saw in the distance a number of Kirghis yourts (that is, dwellings) on the shore of a small lake. He found that these belonged to a Tatar merchant. The merchant's wife and family occupied one, the others were inhabited by his people. This merchant was returning with the produce of his summer trading among the Kirghis, and he stated that he had above 3000 horses, about 7000 horned cattle, and more than 20,000 sheep, which he was now driving to the frontier of Siberia. These were worth about £15,000, and the whole had been obtained by barter. Mr. Atkinson states that it is generally admitted that the Tatars make more than cent. per cent. by their dealings.

With an escort of three Cossacks and a party of eight Kirghis, with twelve horses and two camels, Mr. Atkinson arrived at the aoul (i.e., the Kirghis encampment) of Syrdak, a wealthy chief, who received him with marked kindness. Tea was brought in, with dried apricots and raisins—no bad substitute, he tells us, for bread. A sheep was also killed, and in due time

portions of the boiled mutton was served on a wooden tray, with boiled rice. This Syrdak was dissatisfied with his lot in life, though surrounded by every thing that makes a nomade wealthy. He had discovered that a chief of less rank than himself had been decorated with a gold medal sent by the Emperor of Russia. Believing that the English traveller would afford a channel through which a communication might reach the "great white Khan," as he called the Emperor of Russia, he proceeded to say what an important man he was among the tribes, adding that the Great Khan ought to be informed of his power, and that his friendship was ten times more valuable than that of the man who had been honored. Mr. Atkinson suggested that his claims should be made through Prince Gortschakoff; but to this Syrdak objected, saying that the people in Ayagus would devour half his herds and leave him the hoofs. "If you would speak of me to the Great Khan," he exclaimed, "the medal would be sent."

"Again," says Mr. A., "I urged that I was a stranger, whom the Emperor had permitted to visit the country to see the Kirghis and their steppes, and that I was entirely without power."

"But the Cossacks serve you," he exclaimed.

"Yes," I said, "by order of the Emperor."

"Did the Great Khan tell you to take them?" he demanded.

"Showing my passport, I replied, 'This orders them to serve me; without it they refuse.'

"He examined the paper minutely, turning it in every direction. The large red seal produced a great effect on his mind.

"How many horses did you give the Khan for it?" he at last earnestly asked.

"None," said I.

"In Ayagus," he added, with increased gravity, "they took from me five camels and fifty horses for looking at a paper much less than that. How many can you take with it?"

"Not one."

"Will the Great Khan come here?"

"I think not."

"Has he many aouls, men, camels, horses, and cattle?"

"Yes; more aouls than you have horses, some so large that they would cover this valley, and more men than there are animals on the Kirghis steppes."

"He is a great Khan, and will surely send me the medal if you speak to him."

"I can not help you in the matter; the Emperor only gives the medals to good men for their services."

"Then tell him he has given one to a great rogue, who plunders the caravans."

"This ended our conference."

The preparation of the Hyran, the winter food of the Kirghis, is thus described :

"A busy scene in pastoral life was presented to me. The women and children were milking the cows, sheep, and goats. Not far from the yourt three large iron cauldrons were placed over holes dug in the ground. Into these the milk of the different animals was poured from the leathern pails, while three boys were keeping up a constant blaze by adding small bushes to the fire. At each of these seething pans stood a woman skimming and stirring the bubbling mass. The tattered garments, pointed caps, and haggard looks of these poor creatures, as they flitted to and fro in the steam of the cauldrons, forcibly suggested the witch scene in *Macbeth*. The preparation they were engaged in was Hyran. After boiling two or three hours the preparation becomes thick, when it is cut into squares, and subsequently dried in the sun.

"In another place the young women were at work making 'vorlocks'—felt coverings for the yourts. These are made in pieces twenty-five feet long and seven broad, by a simple process. Their workshop was a space forty yards long and fifteen wide, within a reed fence seven feet high. At one end a number of old women and girls were beating the camels' hair with rods. When this is rendered sufficiently soft and properly mixed, it is handed to the young women at the other end, who are the felt-makers. The first article required is a reed mat, which is made as follows :—Reeds are obtained seven feet long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, being carefully selected to this size. Six inches from the end of each reed a small hole is bored, and five at equal distances between them. Through these holes strings like catgut are passed. The reeds are thus placed close together. When formed a sufficient length the ends are secured, and the mat is complete. It is next spread on the ground, when the young women bring the wool and camels' hair which have undergone the beating process, and begin laying it evenly on the reeds. This is a work of time and labor, and, when finished, it forms a perfectly even mass nine inches thick."

A Tatar merchant whom Mr. Atkinson met following his trade among these people, assured him that these Kirghis had two thousand five hundred camels, sixty thousand horses, more than one hundred thousand horned cattle, and sheep beyond calculation. One chief had more than nine thousand horses. There is no mode of travelling, our author states, and we can well believe him, that creates so profound a sensation of independence as riding over these steppes, uncertain whether the next tribe will be friendly or turn out a band of plunderers. The usual beverage among the Kirghis is a bowl of brick tea. This

brick tea is a solid mass, above eleven inches long, six inches wide, and one and a half inch thick, and is made from the last gatherings and refuse of the tea crop. Instead of the leaves and stalks being dried, they are made wet, mixed with bullocks' blood, and pressed into a mould, when the mass becomes more solid than a brick. When it is used, a man takes an axe and chops off some small pieces; these are bruised between two stones, rubbed in the hands, and then thrown into the cauldron. A bowl of Smitanka, sour clotted cream, is added, with a little salt, and a handful of millet meal. These ingredients are boiled, and served up hot. It is rather tea-soup, as Mr. A. remarks, than tea.

Joul Bar, at whose "yourt" Mr. A. partook of this beverage, was chief of a powerful tribe. He was rich, having nearly ten thousand horses; others of his tribe had from five thousand to seven thousand. They had numbers of camels, and vast herds of horned cattle, and estimated their sheep at more than two hundred and fifty thousand. It is not uncommon, we are told, to see eight thousand to ten thousand horses, more than one thousand camels, twenty thousand horned cattle, and fifty thousand sheep among these people. Joul Bar and his people were much interested with Mr. A.'s arms and costume. His hunting-knife and penknife were greatly admired, and for the former the chief asked how many sheep he should give for it, and was disappointed when he learned the owner could not part with it.

Riding through these vast forests for fourteen or sixteen hours at a spell, and sometimes for twenty hours, was solitary work. Men living in a great city like London can scarcely realize the solitude of dense forests, yet Mr. A. does not appear to be affected at the loneliness of the scene. He thus expresses himself :—

"What a solemn stillness reigns on these vast arid plains, deserted alike by man, beast, and bird. Men speak of the solitude of dense forests. I have ridden through their dark shades for days together, but there was the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaves, the creaking of the branches—sometimes the crash of one of these giants of the forests, which in falling woke up many an echo, causing the wild animals to growl and the frightened birds to utter shrieks of alarm. This was not solitude—the leaves and the trees found tongues and sent forth voices; but on these dreary deserts no sound was heard to break the death-

like silence which hangs perpetually over the blighted regions.'

After quitting Joul Bar, Mr. Atkinson proceeded to visit Sultan Batyr. As he came near the aoul three Kirghis met him, to guide him to the Sultan, whose yurt was easily distinguished from the others by a spear standing at the entrance, with a long black tuft of horse-hair floating in the breeze. On his arrival the Sultan came forward, took the reins of his horse, giving him his hand to alight, and leading the way into his dwelling. A Bokharian carpet and some tiger-skins were spread, on which a seat was offered, and the sultan sat down opposite to Mr. Atkinson. Tea and dried fruits were placed before the stranger, of which the host urged him to partake, setting his guest a good example. Batyr was a hale old man, more than eighty years of age, with good and pleasing features, a ruddy complexion, and a little white hair. The yurt was spacious, forty feet in diameter, and thirteen feet high. A boy was feeding a blazing fire in the center, and a number of boxes and bales

were about, containing the old man's treasure. Near his saddle and trappings was the chair of state, which is carried on a camel before Batyr when on the march; at the four corners it is decorated with peacock's feathers, signifying his descent from Tamerlane. A fine hawk was perched on one side of the yurt; on the opposite side a large bear-coot, or black eagle, was chained to a stump shackled, but not hooded. The hawk is used in hunting by the Kirghis for pheasants and other feathered game, and the bear-coot for foxes, deer, and wolves. The sultana and young ladies milk the cows, sheep, and goats, the younger children assisting. This is the customary duty, night and morning, of the wives and daughters of these princes of the steppe, who are as proud of their descent from the great conqueror as any English noble of his Norman origin. The maiden of these parts feels it no shame to milk her kine, to saddle her horse, or to place her hawk on wrist, ready for quarry, like a true Amazon.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

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From the London Times.

## THE GREAT ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.\*

THE expedition sent out during the late summer respectively by the government and the promoters of the Northern Atlantic Telegraph, for the purpose of examining into the practicability of the proposed scheme for carrying a line of telegraph from Europe to America *via* Faroe, Iceland, and Greenland, have at length returned, having successfully accomplished their arduous mission. It will be remembered that her majesty's ship *Bulldog*, under the command of Sir Leopold McClintock, left England for the purpose of examining the depths of the sea between the various stations on the

proposed route. The depths from his careful examination have proved altogether more favorable for the laying of a cable than those on which the former American cable was successfully submerged, the water being four hundred fathoms less in its deepest parts.

The *Bulldog* left the north of Scotland on the first of July for the Faroe Islands, taking soundings about midway, where, according to the charts, the depth was six hundred and eighty fathoms, but finding soundings readily in two hundred and fifty-four fathoms with a favorable bottom—a depth in which the laying of almost any kind of cable would be a matter of certainty. The *Bulldog*, after visiting several places among the wild and beautiful islands of the Faroe group,

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\* Successful Expedition of the *Bulldog* and *Fox* to establish a Telegraph route between Europe and America—important scientific discoveries.

sounded across to Ingolsholdi, in Iceland. In this section of the route no difficulties were experienced, the average depth being under three hundred fathoms, and the bottom being mostly of a favorable character. Sir Leopold McClintock subsequently visited and examined Faxø Bay, on the north-west coast of Iceland, which, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, is as free from ice and icebergs as the shores of the Isle of Wight. From Iceland to Greenland, across what is technically called the Greenland Sea, the soundings were, as had been expected, found by the *Bulldog* to be deeper than on the Iceland and Faeroe section of the route, but still the greatest depth was far less (nearly nine hundred fathoms) than the deepest portion of the direct route. It is a remarkable fact as showing the erroneous impressions which have prevailed even among scientific men respecting this region, that no ice was found away from the shore where the charts of Manby and Scoresby represent the sea as impenetrably covered with it. The *Bulldog* being a paddle-wheel steamer, unadapted to such navigation, did not pass through the drift ice so as to land on the east coast of Greenland, so long considered inaccessible to ships. She, however, stood along the coast sounding occasionally, nearly as far as Prince Christian Sound, when a gale of wind compelled her to stand off shore.

From this date, July the nineteenth, to the eighteenth of August, Sir Leopold McClintock was unable to proceed with his soundings in consequence of continued gales of wind, which droye out the drift from the bays and fiords, and prevented the *Bulldog*, on account of her paddles, from approaching the coast. The *Bulldog* coasted southward to Cape Farewell, as far as the prevalence of drift ice would permit. From that point, at some distance from the land, a line of soundings was carried to Hamilton Inlet, on the coast of Labrador. The depths between the two points were very regular, the greatest being two thousand and thirty-two fathoms, four hundred fathoms less than the direct route across the Atlantic. The examination of Hamilton Inlet, made by Sir Leopold, was necessarily a hurried and imperfect one, but very little ice was seen on the Labrador coast. On the return voyage a second series of soundings were carried from Hamilton Inlet to

South Greenland, where the *Bulldog* anchored, in Julianshaab, on the twenty-ninth of September. The weather she had experienced during her voyage from Labrador was most severe; she encountered no less than five gales of wind in eight days. After a cursory examination of some of the deep fiords which run inland for a considerable distance—several of which were deemed admirably adapted for the reception of the cable—the *Bulldog* left Julianshaab, on her return to Iceland, on the third of October, and suffered some injury to her paddle floats and cutwater from the floe ice, which prevailed at the entrance of the fiord in much larger quantity than had been known for nearly thirty years. The *Bulldog* up to this time had obtained no information respecting the Fox, and many began to entertain serious apprehensions that she had been beset upon the east coast of Greenland. Though made at the most unfavorable season, the examinations were said to be most satisfactory. In the channel of the various fiords a most considerable depth of water is almost universally found. On the eighth of October the *Bulldog* again approached the coast of Greenland, close to the entrance of Prince Christian Sound, at the extreme south end of Greenland, and found so very little ice that Sir Leopold McClintock commenced taking a line of soundings in towards the fiord. His intention, however, was frustrated by the springing up of one of those terrific easterly hurricanes which occasionally sweep the coast of Greenland. For thirty hours the wind blew with such terrific violence that no canvas could withstand its force for one moment, and the *Bulldog* had to lie to under "bare poles," (?) keeping the engines going, in case of falling in with ice.

After the abatement of the gale the *Bulldog* continued her line of soundings back to Reikjavik, in Iceland, but was subject to almost continuous interruptions from gales of wind. But the few soundings which could be made were of the most satisfactory character, a depth of seven hundred and forty-eight fathoms being found where it was expected to find two thousand. The return sounding of Sir F. L. McClintock were of a peculiarly interesting character in a scientific point of view, inasmuch as they set at rest the long-disputed question of the existence of animal life at great depths in



the ocean. Several starfish were brought up from the depth of one thousand two hundred and sixty fathoms, which had become entangled with the lower portions of the line, which had lain upon the bottom. At Reikjavik information was obtained respecting the Fox, that she had left that port for Greenland at the end of August. The Bulldog left Reikjavik on the twenty-eighth of October, experiencing on her homeward voyage a constant succession of foul wind, with frequent very heavy gales, which retarded, and in some instances completely prevented her sounding operations. Sir Leopold McClintock carried his line of soundings into the Rackall-bank, and on the ninth of November obtained bottom in one thousand three hundred and ten fathoms, about mid-channel between it and the Vidal bank. The wind still continuing adverse, and the coal being nearly exhausted, Sir F. L. McClintock was obliged to put into the port of Killybegs, county of Donegal.

It is really a matter of considerable astonishment to those conversant with nautical matters that in a secession of such violent gales, and a season of cold and ice so entirely exceptional, Sir F. L. McClintock and his enterprising officers should have prosecuted their arduous duties with such complete success. The expedition of the Fox was, as will no doubt be remembered, fitted out at the expense of the promoters of the undertaking, and was intended not alone to co-operate with the Bulldog in the sounding and general survey of the seas which intersect the various stations on the route, but also to fix upon and examine the precise localities for the landing of the cables,

as well as to explore and fix upon the overland route through Iceland and Greenland. The expedition was commanded by Captain Allen Younge, who accompanied McClintock in the celebrated voyage of the Fox, in search of the Franklin expedition. Her cruise, like that of the Bulldog, was in its main results entirely successful, though her operations were retarded, and in some measure prevented, by the almost unparalleled succession of gales which prevailed with but little intermission from the time of her departure till her return to England.

The results of the cruise are universally considered by those who accompanied the expedition to be most satisfactory. Colonel Shaffner's statements as to the existence of deep long firds, in which the water was so deep as to preclude the remotest possibility of a cable being injured by ice or icebergs is fully confirmed. The existence of drift ice along the south coast is in reality no difficulty; it only prevails at the commencement of the season, except in an exceptional year, such as that recently experienced. Even when thickest, its movements with various winds are so perfectly understood that, under the command of experienced captains, many frail ships totally unadapted for ice navigation, visit and return from all parts of the coast annually in safety. With regard to the American terminus of the line, now that the Greenland difficulty has been removed, when once the line has been carried there in the fiftieth parallel of Western longitude, the landing on the opposite shore can be selected on any point within some hundred of miles without materially increasing the length of the circuit.

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**STEAM RAMS.**—A long letter appears in the *Times* from Admiral Sartorius, reviving the old cry for steam rams—not only iron-cased frigates that is, but that modification constructed especially with a view to rushing bodily at an antagonist. "A single steam ram can affect with her beak an amount of destruction in a few minutes which would take many steam frigates to effect very imperfectly in as many days, if at all. She could get in among a fleet at night, sink two or three ships and disperse the rest. She could run into a harbor, such, for example, as Cherbourg, by one entrance and out by the other, sink some of the ships at anchor in the outer road by her beak, and set fire to others by her incendiary pro-

jectiles. The steam rams should have both extremities the same (I proposed a screw and rudder at each end, and also paddle wheels for Channel service); she could run in or out among the enemy's vessels, and advance or back with the same velocity and quickness. If attacking at night, with masts lowered, she could not be seen until felt, could launch out her incendiary projectiles into the town and harbor, and there would be no mast, sails, or rigging to obstruct their flight in every direction. Guarded by loop-holed and bullet-proof towers to afford refuge to her people when boarded, and boiling water made to be ejected from them, it would be impossible to take the steam ram."

From the Leisure Hour.

## ROBERT STEPHENSON.

[In connection with the very fine and accurate portrait of this renowned engineer of England, at the head of this number of the *Eclectic*, we place before our readers a brief biographical sketch of his life and parentage. Many will look with interest on the lineaments of the face of a man whose talents and genius have done so much to facilitate human intercourse, and whose skill has reared so many colossal structures.]

At the period when the Americans were fighting their way to become a great independent cotton-growing nation—just after the completion of remarkable mechanical inventions at home for the preparation of the downy material, the spinning-jenny, water-frame, and mule-jenny, with the improved steam engine—just before horse-posts, loitering at every village inn to gossip with “mine host” or the ostler, began to be superseded on the highroads by mail coaches for the conveyance of letters, traveling some six miles an hour—about the time that Sunday-school instruction dawned in its blessedness upon the land—and the very year that Herschel doubted the known bounds of the solar universe—George Stephenson was born. We string these facts together, because he lived to achieve no mean victory over space and time by quickening locomotion; alter postal arrangements completely; render tens of thousands of juveniles belonging to the impoverished classes happy excursionists on their school holiday, passing from dingy towns to the clear streams, green fields, and sylvan scenes of the country; and because the great work of his life, the First Grand Experimental Railway, was originally conceived with no other object in view than that of facilitating the transport of cotton from the quays of Liverpool to the factories of Manchester.

“His task has lessened labor, vanquished space;  
And through remotest years, beheld afar,

His spirit leaves her everlasting trace,  
Where'er impetuous speeds the fiery car.”

Mark the spot where, in the family Bible of a Northumbrian couple in the humblest social position at Wylam colliery, near Newcastle, the record was entered of their second child, George—“born June 9 day, 1781;” and be willing to render all possible aid to the development of every child, however poor the homestead and lowly the condition. Little thought father and mother, if an answer could have been returned to the question, “What manner of child shall this be?” that it would have indicated one combining the most invincible resolution, with patient painstaking and marvellous capacity, the fruit of which has been a total revolution in the internal communications of the civilized world, and a name henceforth

“In our island history enrolled,  
Among the glorious dead,  
The mighty unforgotten men of old.”

Life was a hard up-hill trudge for boy, youth, and man for many a weary year. Yet on he went gallantly, as if a consciousness possessed him of a high destiny hinging upon surmounting the difficulties incident to straitened circumstances, which inspired the resolution to strain every nerve in the grapple with them rather than be defeated. Many were the avocations successfully followed, and multifarious the handicrafts incidentally mastered. Originally a cowherd, then a hoer of turnips, next a clearer of coal from stones and dross, he was promoted, at the age of fourteen, to be assistant to his honest old father, who was fireman at a colliery pumping-engine, then appointed plugman at twelve shillings a week, and next breaksman at nearly twenty shillings; while to a night school he repaired to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, and exhaust the accomplishments of its master. At the same time he contrived to be proficient in cutting out suits of

clothes, which the colliers' wives made up for their husbands, making shoes and lasts, mending clocks and watches, and became so well up in the latter art and mystery as to be known to common fame as the best clock-doctor in the north country. Such a man,

"O'er whose young morn,  
Cold penury her wintry shadows threw,  
Alone in toil, in contumely and scorn,  
Still to his heaven-appointed mission true,"

deserved to succeed; and never was success in great ends more complete than his.

Twenty-one years had passed away, when the breaksman entered Newburn church with pretty Fanny Henderson, about to become his wife. Poor Robert Gray was there likewise to act the part of bridesman, and had a pension ultimately bequeathed to him for life for his services. Joyfully the young husband, with his bride behind him on a pillion, took her on horseback to his home, then at Willington Quay, on the north bank of the Tyne, about six miles from Newcastle. Mark another spot, as unpretentious as the preceding. In the second story of this house, and in the room lighted by the window next to that built up with brickwork, the wife became a mother, and gave birth to a boy, Robert, worthy his sire's renown, who lived to send the locomotive whistling through the land of the Pharaohs, span the mighty St. Lawrence, and leave monuments of his constructive ability upon four continents. This house no longer exists. It was taken down to make way for the Stephenson Memorial Institute, and we can not but regret that its removal was considered necessary. Nor refrain we from expressing the natural wish, that Fanny Henderson had survived to witness the fame of her husband and son, and share their prosperity. But she died when the child was too young to appreciate the bereavement, and for a time the loss of his first love covered the father's hearth with darkness.

Robert Stephenson was born on the 16th of December, 1803. Cast upon the sole care of his father in tender years, he was almost constantly by his side, watching him while poring over models, plans, drawings, and diagrams, and while attending to the details of practical engineering. His boyhood was passed at West Moor,

Killingworth colliery, seven miles north of Newcastle, where the elder Stephenson laid the broad foundation of his lofty renown while an engine-wright in the service of Lord Ravensworth. The cottage he occupied still stands, with the sun-dial over the door, the joint work of the inmates. Having procured a copy of Ferguson's *Astronomy*, the boy drew out on paper, under his father's direction, a dial suited to the latitude of Killingworth. A stone proper for the purpose was then obtained, and, after much hewing and polishing, the stone dial was fixed in front of the cottage, to the wonderment of the villagers. It bears the date, "August 11th, MDCCCXVI." Many now alive in the neighborhood can well remember Robert, dressed in a homespun coat of George's own cut, full of life and fond of pranks, which, however, had generally some intelligent object in view. On one occasion the sire found the mischievous youngster busily engaged, by means of a kite, in imitating Franklin's experiment, and drawing down electric sparks into the hind-quarters of his pony. On this pony he might be seen morning and evening cantering to and from school at Newcastle, with his wallet of provisions for the day, and bag of books slung over his shoulder.

School-days were followed by an apprenticeship to the well-known Nicholas Wood, as an under-coal-viewer, at Killingworth; and at this subterranean occupation some three years were passed, not without the experience of great peril. Once, while with the master and a fellow-workman in an unfrequented part of the pit, there was an explosion of fire-damp. Instantly the party were blown down, and the lights extinguished. They were a mile away from the shaft, and quite in the dark. Robert and his comrade, under the first impulse, on recovering, ran towards the shaft at full speed, till the latter halted, saying, "Stop, laddie, stop; we maun gang back, and seek the maister." Gallantly they returned, and rescued him, stunned and bruised, from danger. As the father's circumstances improved, the son's prospects brightened; and, to qualify him for a higher position, he was taken from coal-viewing, and sent in the year 1820, at the age of seventeen, to the University of Edinburgh. Only the expense of a single session could be afforded. But so diligently was it improved, that at the end of six months he

came back with the prize for mathematics, and with the better prize of the knowledge how to teach himself.

At this period, the elder Stephenson was engaged in surveying a line for the Stockton and Darlington railway, the first iron road constructed for the purposes of general traffic, and the first public highway on which locomotive engines were regularly employed, but originally intended to be worked by horse-power. Robert trudged by his side, entering the figures while his father took the sights. They began their task with the first blush of dawn, and continued it till dusk, taking their chance of getting bread and milk for refreshment, or a homely dinner in some cottage by the wayside. Eager discussions passed between the two respecting the locomotive, as alterations and improvements in matters of detail were suggested; but both agreed in confident anticipations of its ultimate triumph over every other species of tractive power on railways. After assisting for a short time in the steam engine manufactory, then in its infancy at Newcastle, Robert Stephenson accepted a mining appointment in South America, as it was conceived that the voyage thither, with change of climate, would be of service to his health, injured by severe application. From this engagement, which extended over three years, he returned towards the close of 1827, meeting with a singular adventure by the way.

Having reached Carthagena, on the Gulf of Darien, he was compelled to halt in that miserable town, one of the strongholds of the yellow fever, awaiting a ship to convey him to New-York. In the comfortless public room of the wretched inn, he met with an Englishman, tall, gaunt, and care worn, evidently in the last stage of impoverishment. The stranger proved to be a brother engineer, well known by name, Mr. Richard Trevithick, the Don Ricardo Trevithick of Peruvian celebrity, to whom we have had occasion to refer.\* All the brilliant prospects placed before him by the authorities of that country, founded upon the drainage of the silver mines by steam-power, had been utterly disappointed; and he was making his way to England almost penniless, a living example of the truth of the Spanish proverb, that "a silver mine

brings misery, a gold mine ruin." It was a most fortunate meeting for him, for he was at once relieved of further embarrassment by an advance of £50. The parties were soon in earnest conversation upon a subject in which both took the deepest interest—the steam-horse. But Trevithick's ideas never went beyond a steam-carriage adapted for use on common roads, an example of which, as successful as any other, he had invented and patented before Robert Stephenson was born. Coleridge used to tell an anecdote with great glee respecting this machine, during a trial of it, in an obscure district of Cornwall, by the inventor and his partner Vivian. While at the top of its speed, they saw a closed toll-bar before them. Vivian called to Trevithick, who was behind to slacken speed; but the momentum was so great, that the engine was only brought to a stand close to the gate, which the keeper quickly threw open in utter consternation. "What's to pay?" shouted Vivian. But not a word could the man articulate. "What's to pay?" was again demanded. "No-noth-nothing to pay," he at last replied, shaking from top to toe; "do, my de-dear Mr. Devil, drive on as fast as you can; nothing to pay." It is remarkable of the two Englishmen who so unexpectedly met at Carthagena, that some sixteen years previous, Trevithick had exhibited his steam-carriage in the metropolis, which conveyed a load of passengers in an inclosed piece of ground near Euston Square—the very spot from which, seven years later, Stephenson started the North Western Railway.

On returning from the Western world, Robert Stephenson again joined the factory at Newcastle. He had indeed been expressly recalled to aid his father with the locomotive, and prepare the iron steed for the opening day of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the 15th of September, 1830. The triumph then was complete. Though clouded by the melancholy accident to Mr. Huskisson, yet that event served to illustrate its efficiency, for, to obtain medical help, the wounded body of the statesman was conveyed some fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour—a speed which came upon the world with the surprise of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon. From this period, the establishment at Newcastle took a start

\* No. 389. "First Steam Engine in South America."



as a manufactory of locomotives; it became one of the largest and most famous in the world, as it still is, sending out engines, as railways spread, to the various countries of Europe and the United States of America.

For nearly thirty subsequent years, or to the time of his lamented decease, the life of Robert Stephenson was one of astonishing activity for a man never of robust constitution. His name was perpetually before the public, in connection with some important undertaking; and his career as an engineer was an uninterrupted success. The objects specially contemplated in his constructions—simplicity, permanence, and utility—contributed to this result, together with the care with which he elaborated his plans, and attended to the minutest details, before attempting to carry them into effect. Unlike Brunel, his great contemporary, whose genius was more splendid in designing than cautious in executing, Stephenson, while equally bold in conception, was eminently practical. He thought over the whole problem to be solved, in all its bearings, before committing himself to the actual solution, and enhanced his own reputation by consulting it in connection with the commercial interests of those who intrusted him with their confidence. Brunel, on the other hand, aiming at brilliancy in the line of inventive art, was apt to leave many difficulties unheeded, to hamper him in execution, and produced the most glorious growths of a scientific intellect, to disappoint expectation in their economic results. The career of the two has some striking coincidences. They were both the sons of eminent fathers, who opened up to them the path to distinction. Both were engaged in the same description of gigantic works, which will remain, for centuries to come, monuments of their skill and of the enterprise of their era. They were also nearly the same in age, and both died prematurely, within a month of each other. Though often in antagonism, warmly advocating their respective views, as in the celebrated "battle of the gauges," they were firm and fast friends to the last. Brunel was on the Menai, to aid Stephenson in floating and fixing the enormous tubes of the Britannia bridge; and Stephenson was on the Thames to assist Brunel in the launch of the Great Eastern.

Appointed to execute the London and

Birmingham railway, the first sod for which was cut at Chalk Farm on the 1st of June, 1834, Mr. Stephenson fixed his residence in the metropolis, and is said to have walked over the ground of the projected line twenty times before he was satisfied with his survey. Often did the scene in his offices, Great George Street, Westminster, resemble the levee of a minister of state. He superintended altogether the construction of no less than 1850 miles of railway, at an outlay of about £70,000,000 sterling; served as an engineer in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Canada, and Norway; received the ribbon and cross of the order of Leopold from the king of the Belgians, and the grand cross of the order of St. Olaf from the king of Norway and Sweden; declined the offer of knighthood at home; became M. P. for Whitby in 1847; and succeeded to his father's fortune upon his decease in 1848. The latter died at Tipton House, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, beautifully situated on a woodland hill, which had been his residence about ten years—a striking contrast to his homely cottage in Killingworth. Immense demands were made upon the time of both father and son, by all kinds of contrivers and projectors, anxious for an opinion in favor of their schemes as a passport to success. They were often as crude as the following lines are doggerel, in which a disappointed candidate for patronage vented his displeasure in one of the railway papers:

"I saw your son Robert, oh fie! oh fie!  
He looked upon me with disdain;  
His father could see, with half an eye,  
Far more than I could explain.

"He wouldn't allow me to leave him my models,  
Or a drawing, nor yet read my rhyme;  
For many came to him with crack'd noddles,  
Which occupied half of his time."

To real merit neither father or son were inattentive, and considerably respected the feelings of the deserving, however humble their station.

Elected President of the Institution of Civil Engineers for the year 1850, Mr. R. Stephenson laid before that body an interesting *resumé* of British Railways, on taking the chair. They exceeded in length, he stated, the ten chief rivers of Europe united; and more than enough of single rails had been laid down to make an iron girdle round the globe. The cost

of these lines had been £286,000,000, equal to one third the amount of the national debt. Hills and mountains had been penetrated with tunnels to the extent of nearly seventy miles. The earth-works measured five hundred and fifty millions of cubic yards. In comparison with the pyramid which these works would rear, St. Paul's would be but as a pigmy to a giant, for the pyramid would rise a mile and a half high, from a base larger than St. James' Park. At least twenty-five thousand bridges had been built. Not less than eighty millions of miles were annually traversed, to run which, two and a half miles of railway must be covered with trains during every second of time, throughout the entire year. The engines, placed in a line, would stretch from London to Chatham, and the vehicles from London to Aberdeen. In every minute of time, four tons of coal were consumed, and twenty tons of water were flashed into steam of high elasticity. As to the wear and tear, twenty thousand tons of iron required to be annually replaced; and out of twenty-six millions of sleepers on the railways, two millions annually perished. To provide the new sleepers, three hundred thousand trees must every year be felled, or about five thousand acres of forest be cleared of timber.

The works with which the great engineer is more immediately identified in the public mind are the Royal Border Bridge over the Tweed; the High Level Bridge, Newcastle, across the Tyne; the Britannia Tubular Bridge, over the Menai Strait; and the Victoria Bridge, upon the same principle across the St. Lawrence at Montreal. The idea of a tubular bridge was a perfectly original conception. No model for it existed. It was utterly incomprehensible to multitudes, and originated ominous head-shakings, that iron tubes, which, set upright, would rise far above the top of the cross of St. Paul's, could be thrown across a tidal channel, without support from end to end, and at the height of a hundred feet above the water. "You have no doubt," Mr. Stephenson was asked in a parliamentary committee, "that the principle applied to this great span will give ample security to the public?" "Oh, I am quite sure of it," was his reply; and the result fully justified his confidence. But it was a marvel of engineering skill, to construct four iron tubes of the length

stated, each heavy as thirty thousand men, float them to their respective places, and then raise them by hydraulic pressure to their elevated permanent position. The Montreal Bridge is an enlarged edition of the Britannia, seven times and a half longer than Waterloo Bridge, and not much less than two miles. At the end of the summer of 1852, Mr. Stephenson went to Canada at the request of the Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and made his report the following year, on the description of bridge best calculated to prove efficient, the proper site, and the desirableness of such a structure. As the river brings down an enormous quantity of ice on the breaking up of the winter, the problem to be solved was to erect a permanent bridge that would resist an amount of pressure which seemed incalculable, of ice four or five feet thick, in a running stream of a certain inclination, velocity, and breadth. The engineer mastered these elements of the case, and proposed the Victoria Tubular Bridge, opened about the time of his death, all the plans for which issued at his offices at Westminster. The span between the central piers is three hundred and thirty feet wide; and the other spans, twenty-four of them, two hundred and forty-two feet. The faces of the piers looking towards the current, terminate in a sharp-pointed edge, while the sides present to the avalanches of ice only smooth, bevelled-off surfaces. The stone used in the piers is a dense blue lime-stone, scarcely a block of which is less than seven tons weight, and many of those exposed to the full force of the breaking-up ice weigh ten tons.

The force employed on the river and its banks, during the last season of the construction of the bridge, amounted to a small army. It consisted of six steamers and seventy-two barges, besides small craft. They were manned by five hundred men, which, with four hundred and fifty laborers in the two stone quarries, and two thousand and ninety other artificers of all kinds, makes a total of three thousand and forty workmen. This remarkable structure was formally completed by the Prince of Wales, August the 26th, 1860. He laid the last stone on the Montreal side, proceeded to the center arch, where two rivets were fastened, and then across to St. Lambert's. In commemoration of the event, a gold medal

has been struck, on which a train is represented just emerging from the bridge, with a steamer ascending and a raft coming down the river in the foreground. Above are the arms of the Canadian provinces; the names of Stephenson and Ross, the engineers; and the inscription: "The Victoria Bridge of Montreal. The greatest work of engineering skill in the world. Publicly inaugurated and opened in 1860. Grand Trunk Railway of Canada." On the reverse are three circular medallions, exhibiting busts of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, with the royal arms and legend of England in high relief.

Fond of the sea, Mr. Stephenson kept for many years a steam yacht, the *Titania*, in which he was accustomed to spend a portion of each season. In 1856, he placed this vessel at the disposal of Professor Piazzi Smyth, to convey him, with large astronomical instruments, to Tenerife, for observation at great heights on the elevated peak; and the crew rendered most effective assistance to the astronomer during the whole of his residence on the mountain. From this yacht, after a voyage to Norway, its owner was carried to his house in Gloucester Square to die, on the 12th of October, 1859, having nearly completed the fifty-sixth year of his age. Robert Stephenson, thus cut off

"— in the prime of honorable days,  
In the full noon of reputation's blaze,"

was eminently

"Rich in esteem of all his fellow-men,  
With love and reverence known in life's familiar ways."

Accustomed to superintend great works, and have thousands of workmen at his

command, it is remarkable how modest and unassuming was his demeanor, while fully conscious of the strength of his position, and by no means lacking in energy when occasion called for its display. His expenditure was princely—not upon himself, but on his friends—for no man ever delighted more in making others happy. In society he was fascinating in the highest degree, blending frankness with refined courtesy in his manner, laying open his stock of knowledge without a trace of pretension, conferring favors as if receiving them, and gracefully blending sprightly chit-chat with philosophical exposition. High-minded and warm-hearted, few men have been attended to the grave by a larger company of sincere mourners. Upwards of three thousand persons were admitted by tickets into the nave of Westminster Abbey at the funeral, while the ships in the Thames and at the northern ports lowered their flags in token of respect for the deceased. The gathering—quite a spontaneous one—included men of rank, officers of the army and navy, learned professors, artists, and men of letters; directors of great companies, architects and engineers, contractors and operatives, who had assisted in carrying out the designs of the dead, with ladies habited in the deepest mourning. It was not merely as an act of homage to his genius, that the promiscuous multitude collected round the grave, but as an expression of personal attachment; and few more impressive scenes were ever witnessed, than when the choir took up the exquisite anthem,

"His body is buried in peace,  
But his soul liveth evermore,"

after the sad words had been said, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and a handful of soil had rattled on the coffin.

CONSUMPTION OF COAL IN FRANCE.—An official document states that the consumption of coal in France is 11,000,000 tons yearly—three fifths of it in manufactories. A large portion of the whole is brought from abroad—1,100,000 tons from England, 2,700,000 from Germany, and 700,000 from Prussia. In 1858 the quantity supplied by England was just 600,000 tons.

VOL. II.—No. 2.

A GUEST at the Duke of Wellington's table blurted out the question: "Pray, duke, were you surprised at Waterloo?" With what a neat and easy turn of the wrist he ran the unhappy man through—"No, but I am now."

MRS. PARTINGTON says that Garibaldi is succeeding beyond her most sanguinary expectations.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE CASTLE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

IN one of the most romantic districts in Germany stood such a quaint old castle, very much dilapidated, very much overgrown with lichens and ivy, and very much dreaded by those who lived in the immediate neighborhood. It stood in a deep valley, and was surrounded by almost impenetrable forests. It was difficult for a stranger to find out the approaches that led to it, for, on viewing it from the rising ground on the opposite side, it appeared to be so completely hemmed in by closely-planted timber, as to lead to the belief that there was but one way to gain access to it, which was by threading the intricate labyrinths of the forest. There was, however, a better and a more direct approach, which, nevertheless, was known to very few of those who had even lived all their lives within a mile or two of the place—those who knew there existed such an approach, knew no more, for they had never ventured along the path even in the broad daylight. The proprietor of this curious domain, more than a century before the time referred to, had caused about twelve feet's breadth of timber to be felled from the top of the valley to the castle, and thus a road was formed, very rude it is true, but of sufficient breadth to admit of a carriage being driven from the opening in the forest direct to the gate of the castle. This road, by a gradual descent and an occasional winding, was the only approach to this remarkable edifice. The building was not very conspicuous at a distance, and viewing it from the most favorable situation, it might easily escape the spectator, who would most likely be absorbed in contemplating the extraordinary forest, which spreads itself right and left to such a distance before him. A closer inspection, however, would enable him to descry the gray, mouldering turrets of the castle just, as it were, peeping out from amongst the tops of the trees.

At the bottom of the valley a stream of water of considerable breadth and

depth pursues its course, till at length it falls into a much larger stream some few miles below.

The castle itself occupies a large space of ground, but it is difficult to fix the precise period of its erection. The founder, if tradition may be depended upon, had endured some bitter disappointment in youth, and becoming disgusted with life and mankind, he determined to shut himself up altogether from society. He selected this spot for his habitation, felled a considerable portion of the timber, and built the present edifice upon its site. As he neither visited nor courted visitors, he was not anxious to make his abode very accessible; hence it was not till long after his time that the road to which I have referred was made.

There were a great many stories in circulation with regard to this old castle, and, like a great many other old castles, especially in Germany, I fear it had not too good a reputation. This much, however, is certain; it had not been occupied for a great number of years, was the terror of the neighborhood, and there were none bold enough to venture near it either by night or day. It was asserted that it was haunted, that spectral beings had been seen flitting about the woods at night, and that strange noises had been heard in the neighborhood.

At the distance of about two miles from the castle stands a small village, which, for the sake of convenience, (as I do not wish the locality to be known,) I shall call Landsdorf. It was the custom of the gossips of the place, when they met together at their own houses, or at the only Gasthaus in the place, which was known by the name of "Der schwarze Adler," to discuss stories of supernatural visitations, and one or two subjects of local interest, amongst which was the singular character of the castle of Ehrenbreitstein.\*

\* This famed castle stands on the banks of the



I shall relate very briefly one or two circumstances in the history of the last heirs of this remarkable domain. Of all the girls that lived in Landsdorf, (I speak, by the way, of a period more than half a century antecedent to the time of the narrative,) there were none who possessed the vivacity and the affectionate disposition of Linda Hermann. Her countenance was beautiful; her forehead broad and white as the purest alabaster; her dark eyes shaded with long silken eyebrows; her nose such as a Grecian sculptor would like to have chiseled; her ruby lips, when closed, resembled the bow of Cupid. Linda was of poor but respectable parentage, and had but one brother, who was much attached to her. There were many who sought her affections, and amongst the rest the Baron von Wurffel, the eldest of four brothers, and the heir to the estate of Ehrenbreitstein. His handsome person, his address, his reputed wealth, his rank, all conspired in his favor, and it was not difficult to see that Linda looked upon him more complacently than upon any of her other suitors. There were those who ventured to remonstrate with her for her folly, and to hint that it would be more prudent if she were bestowing her smiles upon a more humble lover, who would make her an honest woman, instead of upon a person so superior to her in station, and who would never be able to make her his wife. Linda heeded not these friendly warnings; under a promise of marriage the baron deceived her. Poor Linda! She did not survive her child many days, for the news of the baron's approaching marriage terminated her short but unhappy existence. When the death of Linda became known to her brother, he was nearly distracted, refused all kinds of food, and wandered about the neighborhood like a maniac. He shortly afterwards disappeared, and was never heard of again, and it was generally supposed that he had thrown himself into the neighboring stream and been carried away by the tide.

The baron did not heed the death of his victim; his marriage, in due time, took place, accompanied by great rejoic-

ing; strange, however, but horrible to relate, the bride on the morning subsequent to the first night she passed in the castle was found dead in her bed, having been stabbed with a dagger in two or three places. The tragedy, however, unfortunately did not terminate here, for in course of time, as two of the other brothers married, their brides were found murdered in their beds in the same barbarous manner.

The three brothers did not long survive their wives; and at length the last and only surviving branch of the house contracted a marriage with a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. He was not deterred by the unhappy destiny that had awaited the wives of his brothers, and he determined, in spite of all antecedents, to take up his abode with his newly-made bride in the castle of Ehrenbreitstein. After the marriage ceremony was performed, and he and his wife had made a short tour amongst their several friends and relations, they took up their residence at the old family seat. Their occupation of the place in question was not unmarked by those omens which usually occur on such occasions, and which invariably forebode evil. A violent storm of thunder and lightning passed over the place; immense trees were struck to the ground, and several head of cattle were killed in the immediate vicinity. These events made their due impression upon the domestics and the neighboring villagers, and the murder of the Baroness von Wurffel was reckoned upon as certain. Similar omens preceded the deaths of the former ladies of the castle, and they were always held to be infallible premonitions of the approaching catastrophe.

It was never known by what means the former ladies had come by their death. They were found in their beds stabbed; but by some extraordinary flaw in the evidence, the guilt could never properly be fastened upon their husbands, and so they escaped, although the general belief was that they in reality were the murderers.

The last branch of this noble house was held in considerable estimation by the people in the neighborhood, both for his good humor and his benevolence—two traits of character which none of his predecessors possessed. Neither was he remarkable for that inordinate cupidity

Rhine, opposite the city of Coblenz. It is the Gibraltar of Germany. We stood upon its lofty battlements a few summers ago at the going down of the sun four hundred feet above the waters of the swift-flowing stream close under its walls.—  
EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

which cast such a stain upon the reputation of the former heirs of Ehrenbreitstein. There were some, therefore, who thought that the usual catastrophe might in this instance not take place, but that the young baron and his bride might live many happy years together. What were the lady's feelings it is impossible to say, but, at all events, it is certain that on her arrival at the castle she looked exceedingly pale and careworn, and not near so well as previous to her marriage.

At a somewhat early hour in the night the baron and his wife retired to rest. The hours that elapsed ere morning were passed by the household in the greatest suspense and anxiety. The night was exceedingly tempestuous; the wind whistled through the long corridors of the building, the trees outside shook mournfully in the blast, and the rain descended from the heavens in one continuous stream.

The morning at length dawned. The baron rose early to take his accustomed exercise. An hour or two afterwards one of the servants proceeded to the chamber of her mistress to assist her to dress. Gracious heavens! when she entered she found her stretched upon her bed, weltering in her blood, and still warm. The domestics were immediately alarmed, the baron was summoned, but he was horrified and distracted by the awful spectacle he was called upon to witness. He declared solemnly that his wife was in good health and spirits when he left her, and could not account for her death, unless by her own hand, for which no reason whatever could be assigned, as she appeared to be perfectly happy. He was, however, charged with her murder, tried, and acquitted, the evidence, as in the case of his predecessors, being insufficient to procure a conviction. When the trial was over, he discharged his servants, shut up the castle, and disappeared, but whither he went it was never ascertained.

From that period the castle had been closed, for there were no persons bold enough to become its inhabitants after the dreadful deeds which had been perpetrated within its walls.

About this time it became evident that the place was subject to mysterious visitations, and frequently at midnight, it was said, four female figures were seen in the grounds, arrayed in bridal dresses, and these were suspected to be the spirits of

the unfortunate ladies who had been so cruelly murdered. On moonlight nights they were accustomed to dance on the green sward in front of the castle, and the music on these occasions was of the most beautiful and captivating description.

Such are the premises with which I have thought it necessary to commence this narrative. It is not material to state the precise period at which I have now arrived.

A German by birth, I happened about this time to be making a tour through various parts of Germany. I did not stay long in any particular spot, but wandered from one place to another, as my humor inclined me. I reached, amongst other places, the village of Landsdorf, and being directed to "Der schwarze Adler," I desired an interview with the landlord.

"Heizt dieser Gasthof 'der schwarze Adler'?"

"Ja, mein Herr."

"Kann ich hier ein gutes Zimmer bekommen?"

"Ja, mein Herr."

My inquiry, therefore, being answered satisfactorily, I entered, and at once ordered some refreshment. When I had partaken thereof, I was invited by the landlord to join a party in the chamber below, as he thought I should be more comfortable there than sitting in a room by myself. I availed myself of his invitation, and found myself presently amongst some of the farmers and country people of the neighborhood. I soon joined in conversation with them, and found that they were discussing the usual topics—apparitions, dreams, etc. From these they passed to the castle of Ehrenbreitstein. I was deeply interested in the conversation.

"Ich habe schon von diesem Schlosse gehört," I observed. "Es spukt im Hause, nicht wahr?"

"Ja, mein Herr," said one of the company.

"Es ist nicht weit von hier, glaube ich?"

"Nein; es steht dicht bei."

"Ich möchte es gerne besuchen."

"Ach! lieber Herr," said the former speaker, "wann Sie es einmal besuchen, dann kehren Sie niemals zurück."

I was not, however, daunted by the mysterious tones in which the last sentence was uttered, and I determined on the following day to visit the castle, and ascertain if there were really any substantial

grounds for the evil reputation which it had for so many years possessed in certain districts of Germany. As regarded any thing of a supernatural character, I had been for many years a confirmed skeptic, and I longed for an opportunity either to confirm me in my skepticism, or to make me a convert to those doctrines of which my friends were evidently so greatly enamored.

The conversation was carried on for some time longer. At length one of the party volunteered a song that had been written on the castle in question.

THE CASTLE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

A dreary pile is that castle old,  
With its time-worn towers so gray;  
Three hundred years or more, I am told,  
It hath mouldered thus away.  
Within its walls the young and fair  
Once gathered in state and pride;  
Ah! thither again they'll not repair  
At the joyous Christmas-tide;  
For the bat flits by,  
And the screech-owl's cry  
Blends with the moaning gale,  
And the raven's croak,  
From the haunted oak,  
Oft mingles with the wail.

Its chambers dim no more resound  
With the jest and song, I ween,  
And the flowing cup that passed around  
No longer there is seen;  
For many a blood-stained wall and stone  
Tell of deeds I may not name,  
But desolate now it stands alone  
All grim with its evil fame;  
And the bat flits by,  
And the screech-owl's cry  
Blends with the moaning gale,  
And the raven's croak,  
From the haunted oak,  
Oft mingles with the wail.

When the song was concluded, I bade my friends good night and retired to rest, for I felt somewhat fatigued with the journey I had accomplished on the day in question. I retired to bed, but I did not readily fall asleep. I thought of the old castle. I called up to mind all the singular stories I had heard concerning it, and I pictured to myself its desolate and isolated appearance. I determined to spend the following night within its walls, let the consequences be what they might.

On the morning I arose early, dressed myself, and descended to a room below, where I partook of a good breakfast. I informed the landlord that I was anxious

to see the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and told him I should take a leisurely stroll in that direction and return to an early dinner.

The road was well known to me—ay, every step of it—for I had already been in the neighborhood many years before; but at that time the castle was in good repair, and it was divested of that interest which reported supernatural visitations will confer upon any spot. As I cast my eyes around me, objects once familiar arose every moment upon my sight, and carried me back to seasons of past enjoyment which could never occur again. Ah! no; I had already far outnumbered the years allotted to man. I had traveled a long and troublesome journey, but the goal, I felt persuaded, was near. Already I saw the grave—already I was tottering upon its brink.

When I reviewed my past life, oh! how full of misery it seemed—a long overclouded day with one single gleam of sunshine—an arid waste with a solitary flower growing in the midst—a painful and protracted dream, relieved only by a partial and momentary glimpse of heaven! Away with these reminiscences, which are only idle and useless. I will dwell upon them no longer. I have pondered upon them at times with an intensity that has bewildered me, and well-nigh driven me to distraction.

I walked on. The scenery around me revealed new beauties almost at every fresh step I took, and the morning breeze fanned my cheeks with a delicious coolness. When I had traversed a mile or two, I reached a somewhat lofty eminence, and from this place gained a view of the turrets of Ehrenbreitstein. I saw them very indistinctly, although my eyesight was remarkable for the age at which I had arrived. I could not observe the ravages which time, I understood, had made upon the castle. The season harmonized with its decay. It was towards the close of the year. The trees were almost stripped of their foliage, and ever and again a sudden breeze drifted the withered leaves in whirling eddies around me. In a sad and melancholy mood I wandered a mile or two in another direction, and again returned to my inn, where dinner was already waiting me.

I spent the afternoon in the company of the landlord, who, finding I had some knowledge of the locality, related to me

such little histories and events as he thought would be interesting to me. When the evening arrived, I apprised him of my intention of paying a visit to the ruined castle in the neighborhood, and of spending the night within its walls. He was surprised and alarmed at my temerity, and endeavored, by all the arguments and eloquence in his power, to dissuade me from so rash an undertaking. It was in vain. My resolution was not to be shaken.

With a stout staff in my hand, I set out on my journey. The night was somewhat unsettled, although the moon and stars were shining with great brilliancy. A few dark clouds, however, were driving rapidly through the atmosphere, and which, as they passed before the moon, placed the earth for a moment in comparative darkness. The wind, as it sped along, moaned and whistled angrily, and the trees shook their heads mournfully in the blast.

I traveled on, and at length I gained the eminence that I have before spoken of. The pathway now was a rapid descent leading towards the river. When I gained the bottom, I stood upon a small wooden bridge which had been rudely constructed and hastily thrown across the stream to enable persons to pass from one side to another. I paused upon this bridge. My resolution, my courage for a moment forsook me. Should I proceed farther? Should I venture within those dense forests, exposed to beasts of prey—exposed, as was alleged, to visitations from the invisible world of spirits—exposed to my own fears and misgivings as to the propriety of the course I had adopted? I leaned for a brief space upon the wooden railing of the flimsy structure upon which I stood; I gazed earnestly upon the black waters gurgling and bubbling below, whilst ever and again the piercing and mournful cries of the owl rang in my ears. I arose from my recumbent attitude. My resolve was strengthened. Not all the machinations of man—not all the devices of the Prince of Darkness himself—not all the phenomena which were stated to have been witnessed, should deter me from prosecuting my inquiry. Of what should I be afraid? Had I committed some unpardonable crime—had I robbed—had I murdered—had I done aught to stain my conscience with guilt, that I should be scared away,

upon the very threshold of my undertaking, by evil, which might exist only in the imagination? I was not afraid of death. I was aged, infirm, weak, friendless, and poor; what formidable terrors could death present to me? Let the pampered fool, nursed in the lap of luxury—let the miser, gloating with pleasure upon his heaps of gold—let the fond lover, clasped in the arms of his mistress, fear death! Death was not the enemy of the wretched and the unfortunate! Was I indeed to be influenced by those womanish fears that had inspired such terror throughout the neighborhood?—was I to succumb to those idle stories, only capable of frightening children, and utterly worthless and despicable in the estimation of men of education and sense? I was prepared for the worst. My mind was wrought up to that state of desperation when all apprehensions for personal safety are totally disregarded.

I crossed the bridge. A narrow strip of road had been cut through the forest, which now lay upon my right and left. This road, by a steep ascent, led to the top of the valley, and through the level country beyond. My most direct way to the castle was by the margin of the stream, and along a path I had in former years traversed frequently. I knew, however, that the road was not so good as the one from the other side of the forest, which had been made purposely as an approach to the building. I did not, however, feel inclined to make so great a circuit as was necessary to gain that path, so I traveled along the narrow road by the side of the river. The sounds of the brawling stream, and the sighing night wind, fell upon the ear with a soothing and a mournful cadency. As I proceeded onward, my path was frequently obstructed by the projecting branches of trees, which sometimes I was obliged to break—sometimes to scramble over or under as best I could. The moon lent her bewitching influence to the scene, and her soft beams danced upon the black surface of the water with a magical effect. When I had proceeded a certain distance along the path, I turned to the left, and directed my steps through the thick forest of timber by which I was on all sides surrounded. The road now became intricate, and the darkness intense. I ran frequently against large trees, which it was impossible to discern, and frequently my



hands were frightfully lacerated and scratched by the underwood, from whose entangling meshes I had considerable difficulty to extricate myself. I pursued my way; but from the inconveniences to which I have adverted, I made but little progress. I knew perfectly well the extent of the forest, and I knew that unless I traveled somewhat faster than I had hitherto done I should have some difficulty to gain the castle before midnight, the time at which the alleged supernatural visitations took place. I, therefore, pressed forward as fast as I could, and in a little time I became so habituated to the gloom, and to the obstructions, that they almost ceased to annoy me. When I had traversed about half the extent of the forest, I drew from my pocket a biscuit, with which I had taken care to provide myself, and after I had in some measure satisfied my appetite, I took a draught from a small flask bottle, which was filled with excellent eau-de-vie, from which I derived very great benefit indeed. Thus refreshed, I resumed my journey. I fancied the night was changed. The wind seemed more sour and boisterous, and the waving canopy that rustled above my head appeared to indicate a storm. After traveling on for some hour longer, I emerged from the forest, and the old castle of Ehrenbreitstein stood before me, rendered only conspicuous by an occasional beam of moonlight being shed upon it. I quickly traversed the park, and approached an old tree which stood in the center, and which had become popularly known as the "Haunted Oak." I stood for a moment, absorbed in profound meditation; my eyes were directed to this venerable tree. Ha! what was that? A feeling rushed across me, to which I had all my life been a stranger—a strange terror seized upon me—a damp sweat gathered upon my skin—my limbs shook beneath me, and my mouth became suddenly so dry and parched that I fancied I was choking. My brain was in a tumult—my temples throbbed with a burning fever—I reeled—I fell my full length upon the green sward. Happily the earth was soft, and I was not in the least injured by the heavy fall I had sustained. I lay upon the ground for several minutes, unable to move—a dreadful weight seemed to be resting upon me—a horrible nightmare that I was unable to shake off. Oh! what agony I endured—what conflicting

thoughts shot across my bewildered brain! When I recovered, I reproached myself bitterly for my cowardice. I, who had so little to fear—I, who had so little to live for, who had laughed to scorn the idle tales I had heard, even I was paralyzed and struck dumb with terror, almost the moment I had entered upon this mysterious domain.

Fool! unbeliever! why had I dared to repudiate the evidence of persons to whom perhaps every credence was due? Why had I presumed to ridicule a doctrine which had had supporters in every age and in every country upon the face of the earth? Was I able to fathom the designs of Infinite intelligence? Was I able to penetrate that incomprehensible mystery in which the Great Author of all existence had thought proper to enshroud himself? Was it for me to say that such and such things were not, because my puny and finite faculties were incapable of comprehending them? And were the judgments and opinions of other men to be completely set aside, because, forsooth, I did not concur in them? My conscience upbraided me for my skepticism. I had been rash, foolish, obstinate; I had seen enough to convert me to those opinions which a short time before I had affected to despise. From the hollow trunk of the huge oak I distinctly saw a figure in white emerge; it seemed to flit rather than run across the lawn. I saw it as distinctly as any thing I had ever beheld in my life. What it was I knew not. It might be a spirit, it might be a mortal. Of the vision, however, there was no manner of doubt. A mortal creature it could scarcely be. Who was to be there at that hour of the night?—who was to be there, indeed, at all? Nay, in the broad light of day, when the sun was shining with all his meridian glory, when nature was most bountiful, when the cheering voices of the countryman and milkmaid might be heard in the distant fields, when birds poured their songs from every branch and tree, no living creature had dared to penetrate into these dark recesses, how much more unlikely was it, therefore, that any human being should be on this unholy spot at this dreary season of the year, and at midnight? The idea was simply preposterous. No; the vision I had seen was not of this earth, it belonged to that other sphere which had hitherto been wisely closed to all mortal eyes.

My mind began to waver. What should I do? Should I proceed, or retrace my steps to the distant village again? I looked towards the castle, and I fancied I beheld a light glimmering in one of the windows. It was inhabited, but by whom? That was a problem which I could not solve. So far the reports which I had heard had been confirmed; the vision of the "Haunted Oak," the light in the chambers, all testified to the accuracy of the stories in circulation.

I took another draught of my brandy, and with this stimulant my courage revived again. I walked on, and within a few minutes I stood beneath the walls of this ancient building. I entered the courtyard, ascended the noble staircase, and at length stood in the principal hall of the building. It was spacious and lofty, and oaken panels lined the walls. The windows were much shattered, and the glass had nearly all fallen out. A few articles of ancient furniture were placed upon the floor, but with these exceptions the room appeared to be perfectly empty.

I took hold of a faded arm-chair, in which I seated myself, determined to await any intrusion which I might be exposed to. I drew my watch from my pocket, and found that it wanted but a few minutes of twelve. I sat musing in silence, but presently a noise caused me to start from my chair as though I had been shot. Gracious heaven! the great bell of the castle tolled the hour of midnight! I counted every stroke. A faintness came over me, and my limbs turned icy cold and shivered convulsively. My heart beat loudly, so much so that I could hear it beating within my breast. I sat listening in the greatest anxiety, but I heard nothing save the rain, which had begun to descend in copious quantities, and which beat forcibly against the windows of the castle. I advanced to the window and looked out, but all was darkness. A distant peal of thunder varied occasionally the monotony produced by the falling rain, and a gleam of lightning ever and again illumined the dark chamber in which I stood with a momentary brilliancy. I again seated myself in the chair, and relapsed into my former contemplative mood.

Hush! what noise was that? I listened with suspended breath. A foot was on the oaken stair; it approached nearer and nearer. The door opened, and a man

in livery entered. I sat still, not daring to speak, move, or breathe. I was riveted, as it were, to the chair, and I appeared to be bound hand and foot. I watched his movements; he noticed me not. He moved quickly about the chamber. Two or three other servants now entered, and when I cast my eyes again around the chamber, it was brilliantly lighted up; lamps of silver and crystal were hung from the roof, costly furniture of every description was ranged about, the oaken panels were adorned with various portraits. A large table was placed in the midst of the chamber, which was groaning with dishes of the most delicate description, whilst goblets filled with wine were placed at certain intervals along the top. The noise and tumult now became immense; carriages every moment were drawing in and out of the courtyard, servants were running from one room to another with the greatest activity. The guests at length entered; the ladies were accompanied by gentlemen, and handed to the seats assigned to them. There were some young and beautiful, but others were old and ugly. They all had an appearance different from human beings; their faces were pale and attenuated, and marked by a singularly wild and spectral expression. Some of the gentlemen were young and some old; some were handsome and others the reverse; but their countenances partook of the same peculiarity which characterized those of the ladies. The banquet proceeded; but what struck me as most extraordinary was, that the gentlemen spoke not a word; their countenances underwent little change of expression, but the cup passed often to their lips, though, strange to say, it never required replenishing, but always seemed to be full. Some half-hour or more the banquet lasted, and the chamber was then cleared, and preparations were made for a ball. An orchestra was fitted up at the further end, where the musicians were speedily placed, and the ball was opened. The greatest etiquette and courtesy were observed, and it was evident that the dancers belonged to the higher ranks of society. The musicians played some popular pieces of music, and the dancing was kept up with great spirit, the whole of the party seeming to enjoy the most exquisite happiness. At last a dance of more than ordinary length was commenced, and the same figures appeared to be gone

through over and over again, till eventually it became quite tedious to look at.

Suddenly, as by a stroke of magic, the dancers disappeared, the room was stripped of its furniture, the lights extinguished, and gloom and darkness reigned once more in that antiquated chamber. I was horrified. I knew not what construction to put upon the strange sights of which I had been a spectator. The beings whom I had seen were evidently not of this world—they had few of the attributes of those still in the flesh; their appearance, their noiseless motion, their airy and fantastical dances, all strengthened me in the belief that they belonged to that mysterious world whose only entrance is through the dark portals of the grave. I moved uneasily in my chair—I could sit no longer. I arose—I walked to the window. Great heavens! it was a lovely moonlight night! A luster, difficult to describe, was shed upon every object. The dark forests of trees stood out in bold relief against the liquid light shed upon the earth. Whilst I stood in this position my astonishment was increased in an extraordinary degree when suddenly two female figures in white appeared upon the lawn. Some of the most delicious music simultaneously sounded in my ears, to which the figures, I perceived, were now dancing. Their countenances were beautiful, and their dark tresses of hair were intertwined with the orange blossom. Their dresses appeared to be of white satin, trimmed with the most costly lace; their dancing was spirited and graceful. Whilst my eyes were fixed upon them, I perceived a third lady, similarly dressed, had been added to their number, but I know not in what manner she came; but she joined in the dance with the same spirit that characterized the others. As I continued to watch with the greatest interest their graceful and airy movements, a fourth was added to their number, more beautiful, I fancied, than all the rest. It was she, my life, my idol, my lost one! It was the dance of the murdered brides of which I had been a witness.

This last apparition caused such a shock to my feelings that I fell my full length upon the floor. Oh! what a multitude of associations crowded upon my distracted brain—visions of happiness that were never to be realized! When I recovered, I found I had fallen from the chair in which I had been sleeping, and no doubt dreaming. I perceived, however, that there

was a light in the chamber, and when I looked up I saw the decrepit and wasted form of an old man, clad in white flowing garments, before me. His face was almost covered with hair, so that I could not examine his features. I was greatly agitated, and trembled in every limb. I at length, however, summoned courage to rise.

"Who art thou," said the figure, "who thus hast ventured to intrude within these walls, which mortal man for many years has not dared to approach?"

"I am interested in the fortunes of the family who formerly lived here."

"Ha! Knowest thou aught of the history of that ill-fated house?"

"I do."

"I have but a short while to live, for my sands of life are fast running out, but I will reveal to thee some crimes that will make thy blood freeze within thy veins, and thy hair stand on end."

"Let me hear—let me hear!" I said, in breathless expectation.

"Thou hast heard there were four sons descended from the old Baron von Wurffel!"

"I have."

"Thou knowest, perhaps, further, that the eldest of those sons, and the heir of the house, loved a young maiden, one Linda Hermann, of the neighboring village, whom, under a promise of marriage, he seduced, and married another; and that his cruelty broke the heart of that much-injured girl, and she died?"

"All this I am acquainted with."

"There was one in that maiden's family who vowed vengeance upon every bride of the house of Von Wurffel."

"Ha! sayest thou so?" I said.

"Ay, and carried his terrible threat into execution. In me thou beholdest the brother of the beautiful and innocent Linda Hermann, and the murderer of the successive brides of the house of Von Wurffel. Here I have concealed myself for years, and my presence will account for many of the stories thou hast heard concerning the castle of Ehrenbreitstein."

"Infamous wretch!" I said, springing upon him, and seizing him by the throat, "know thou, blackest of villains, that I am the youngest brother of that house, and the last Baron von Wurffel?"

"Lay not thy hands upon me, for thy anger will not avail. I have already drunk of the potion that is fast performing its duty."

I unloosed him, and he fell prostrate upon the floor.

"I ask not thy forgiveness," he said. "I repent not of the vengeance I have taken."

He had scarcely uttered these words before he expired.

I grew sick and faint after the horrible revelation I had heard. I felt sure I should not survive the destroyer of our house many hours.

The old man never quitted the castle alive. After this time supernatural phenomena were no longer visible. A great many years afterwards some persons ventured to explore the chambers of the castle, and two skeletons were found in the great hall. A faded manuscript was found upon a table, which was difficult to decipher, from the lapse of time and the agitated state of the writer when it had been written. A large portion of that manuscript has been embodied in this narrative.

From Chambers's Journal.

## Q U E E N   A R C H I D A M I A .

"PYRRHUS next advanced against the city. It was resolved to send the women into Crete, but they remonstrated against it; and the queen, Archidamia, being appointed to speak for the rest, went into the council-hall with a sword in her hand, and said that they did their wives great wrong if they thought them so faint-hearted as to live after Sparta was destroyed."

THE chiefs were met in the council-hall;  
Their words were sad and few;  
They were ready to fight, and ready to fall,  
As the sons of heroes do.

And, moored in the harbor of Gythium, lay  
The last of the Spartan fleet,  
That should bear the Spartan women away  
To the sunny shores of Crete.

Their hearts went back to the days of old;  
They thought of the world-wide shock,  
When the Persian host like an ocean rolled  
To the foot of the Grecian rock;

And they turned their faces, eager and pale,  
To the rising roar in the street,  
As if the clank of the Spartan mail  
Were the tramp of the conqueror's feet.

It was Archidamia, the Spartan queen,  
Brave as her father's steel;  
She stood like the silence that comes between  
The flash and the thunder-peal.

She looked in the eyes of the startled crowd;  
Calmly she gazed around;  
Her voice was neither low nor loud,  
But it rang like her sword on the ground.

"Spartans!" she said—and her woman's face  
Flushed out both pride and shame—  
"I ask, by the memory of your race,  
Are ye worthy of the name?"

"Ye have bidden us seek new hearts and  
graves,  
Beyond the reach of the foe;  
And now, by the dash of the blue sea-waves,  
We swear that we will not go!"

"Is the name of Pyrrhus to blanch your cheeks?  
Shall he burn, and kill, and destroy?  
Are ye not sons of the deathless Greeks  
Who fired the gates of Troy?"

"What though his feet have scathless stood  
In the rush of the Punic foam?  
Though his sword be red to its hilt with the  
blood  
That has beat at the heart of Rome?"

"Brothers and sons! we have reared you men,  
Our walls are the ocean swell;  
Our winds blew keen down the rocky glen  
Where the staunch Three Hundred fell.

"Our hearts are drenched in the wild sea-flow,  
In the light of the hills and the sky;  
And the Spartan women, if need be so,  
Will teach the men to die.

"We are brave men's mothers, and brave men's  
wives;  
We are ready to do and dare;  
We are ready to man your walls with our lives,  
And string your bows with our hair.



"Let the young and brave lie down to-night,  
And dream of the brave old dead,  
Their broad shields bright, for to-morrow's fight,  
Their swords beneath their head.

"Our breasts are better than bolts and bars;  
We neither wail nor weep;  
We will light our torches at the stars,  
And work while our warriors sleep.

"We hold not the iron in our blood  
Viler than strangers' gold;

The memory of our motherhood  
Is not to be bought and sold.

"Shame to the traitor-heart that springs  
To the faint soft arms of peace,  
If the Roman eagle shook his wings  
At the very gates of Greece!

"Ask not the mothers who gave you birth  
To bid you turn and flee;  
When Sparta is trampled from the earth,  
Her women can die, and be free."

From Chambers's Journal.

## HOW CUSHION-LACE WAS INVENTED.

It was the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and amongst them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with despair on their account. Of himself, he never thought; he knew that he was capable of stubborn and ponderous endurance—the pits had been more than once before closed even in his lifetime—but endurance was not the quality most required now; the voice from his hearthstone was a trumpet-peal to action, yet what could he do? he was powerless from inevitable necessity—the necessity of ignorance. He had been reared in the pit; he was unacquainted with every kind of manual labor except that exercised in his fearful calling. With a heavy heart, he returned to the lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastefulness of his wife had rendered comfortable, nay, even beautiful, and placing in her hand his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly: "Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and will never be reopened."

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period, she was therefore in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied cheerfully:

"We shall no doubt do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; He will direct us. We are young, and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able to provide for our little ones, because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Fortunately for the miner, his wife was not only good and gentle, but prompt and clear-minded. She comprehended at once all the perplexities of their condition—all that must be endured at the present—all that might naturally be dreaded in the future. After awhile she stole away to the inner closet of her little cottage, and having first sought wisdom from on high, set about considering what it was best to do. It was no dreamy and fantastic speculation which exercised her mind in that little retreat, but calm and accurate was the scheme she then shadowed forth—though it was never quite realized.

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintenance of her little household, by embroidering muslin veils. At first, she worked only for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate was her skill and taste in this art, that her fame had lately reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately embroidered, yet light and beautiful muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, together

with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, though these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined, without neglecting or omitting one of them, that by the labor of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. "My husband toiled for us," she mentally exclaimed, "and now I will work hard for him."

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in order, and prepared the morning-meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfillment of some household duty. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbor, was sent for to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been Barbara's care. In the evening, he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil, which far excelled any thing she had ever before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly-embroidered cloth. We may here remark, that certain arts of embroidery, as known at that period, are now forgotten; and though many specimens are still preserved amongst the precious relics of continental churches, and not a few of them have been subjected to the closest examination, even to having portions picked out stitch by stitch, yet is the mystery still undiscovered.

It was a bright summer morning; never did the flowers look more lovely, or the fruits more luxuriant. Barbara looked back more than once at her pretty cottage, now covered by a profusion of roses and creeping-plants, and blessed those beloved ones who still slept on, unconscious of her absence. Arrived at a certain castle at some leagues' distance about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favorite. Having replied to kind inquiries about her husband and children, she

looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheek flushed to a deeper glow than even the unusually long walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil, threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being duly appreciated; both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange, deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. "It is very beautiful," said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it—"very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this, Barbara, I would purchase it at any price, it is so lovely, and so uncommon."

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and struggling hard to subdue her emotions, took the border into her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point, and she now eagerly and anxiously examined the beautiful fabric. "It is very lovely," she said, in a low, sad voice; "my work can not indeed compare with that." For a minute, she continued her careful examination, and then returning it with a low obeisance, took up her basket, and departed.

How changed to her eyes now appeared the bright world she had looked upon with such delight but one short half-hour before! The deep sorrow in her own heart had banished its beauty from the landscape. She turned her steps homewards—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After awhile, she suddenly stopped, and sinking on the soft green sward, exclaimed: "Let me think." She placed her little basket beside her, and covering her face with her hands, once again muttered: "Let me think."

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued

to think and to pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their little cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful, new-born hope.

"Husband," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle-finger; and I shall want you to give them to me as soon as possible."

"With pleasure, you shall have them, dear wife," he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight, the task of each was completed.

Next day, Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and the cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following; her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asking her questions, nor suffering any officious neighbor to intrude on her. It was well for all parties that his trusting affection had taught him to pursue this wise course, for Barbara's mind was struggling after a dimly revealed object, and the least interruption in the pursuit, though kindly meant, might only serve to throw an additional shadow on the path. On the evening of the fifth day, she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, exclaimed: "Christopher, beloved, thank God with me! See what he has enabled me to accomplish;" and she showed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we now know under the name of "quilling." This she afterwards richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed that she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point-lace

was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more; she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as "cushion" or "bone lace."

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every quarter of the globe; and in order to supply the demand, she employed all the poor girls in her neighborhood. In a very short time, she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact that Christopher became a wholesale exporter of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, her "children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Beloved and respected she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death, there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made, is thus described by Dodd: "The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind, called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving for handles, as well as for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centers, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement, are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made

in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur."

The "point-lace" which Barbara Uttman at first believed she had discovered the secret of manufacturing, was made without either cushion or frame. The worker provided herself only with a variety of thread and variously sized needles, and then placing a rich design drawn on paper, either on her knee or on a convenient table, she imitated it with exactness, progressing at the rate of a few square inches each week, until at length, after years of patient labor, she would complete one of these beautiful, complicated, and delicate pieces of lace, which now excite so much admiration and sur-

prise in those fortunate enough to be allowed to examine the furniture of old cathedrals either at home or on the continent. It is supposed that, for many hundreds of years, point-lace was wrought only by noble dames, and even by them, only to offer it to favorite churches. As an article of dress, it was first worn at Venice; soon afterwards, gorgeous specimens of it were displayed by the merchants of Genoa; and next it was found in Brussels, but so immensely surpassing in quality and quantity all that had ever before been heard of, that it at once received, by universal consent, the name of Brussels point. Early in the seventeenth century, it was introduced into France, some say by Mary de Medici, and others by a poor but industrious woman, named Du Mont.

## MORNING OF THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

[SEE PLATE.]

THE memorable event which the accompanying plate illustrates, was one of the turning points in the history of Napoleon. The overthrow of the Directory became indispensable to Napoleon's progress; and on his return from Egypt he immediately commenced the intrigues which led to the accomplishment of his object. A coalition with the Abbé Sieyès enabled him, with his secret friends in the Council of Five Hundred, to effect the bold stroke which, on the ninth of November, 1799, put an end to the strong and popular government of the Directory. On the morning of the day resolved upon, all the generals and officers whose adherence to Bonaparte had been secured, were invited to repair to Napoleon's house at six o'clock. Three regiments of cavalry were appointed to be ready in the Champs Elysées, under pretense of being reviewed by General Bonaparte. As an excuse for assigning so unusual an hour of rendezvous, it was said that the general was obliged to set out on a journey. Many officers understood or guessed what was to be done, and came armed with pistols as well as swords. Some, however, were without such information or presentiment. Le Febvre, the commandant of the guard of the Repre-

sentative Bodies, supposed to be devoted to the Directory, had only received an invitation to attend this military assembly on the preceding midnight. Bernadotte, unacquainted with the project, was, however, brought to Bonaparte's house by his brother Joseph.

The surprise of some, and the anxious curiosity of all, may be supposed, when they found a military levee so numerous and so brilliant assembled at a house incapable of containing half of them. Bonaparte was obliged to receive them in the open air.

Early as Bonaparte's levee had taken place, the Council of Ancients, secretly and hastily assembled, had met still earlier. The ears of all were filled by a report, generally circulated, that the Republican party had formed a daring plan for giving a new popular impulse to the government. It was said that the resolution was taken at the Hotel de Salm, amongst the party who still adopted the principles of the old Jacobins, to connect the two representative bodies into one National Assembly, and invest the powers of government in a Committee of Public Safety, after the model of what was called the Reign of Terror. Circulated hastily, and with such



addition to the tale as rumors speedily acquire, the mind of the Council of Ancients was agitated with much fear and anxiety. Cornudet, Lebrun, and Fargues made glowing speeches to the Assembly, in which the terror that their language inspired was rendered greater by the mysterious and indefinite manner in which they expressed themselves. They spoke of personal danger—of being overawed in their deliberations—of the fall of liberty, and of the approaching destruction of the republic. "You have but an instant to save France," said Cornudet; "permit it to pass away, and the country will be a mere carcass, disputed by the vultures, whose prey it must become." Though the charge of conspiracy was not distinctly defined, the measures recommended to defeat it were sufficiently decisive.

By the 102d, 103d, and 104th articles of the Constitution it was provided that the Council of Ancients might, if they saw it expedient, alter the place where the legislative bodies met, and convoke them elsewhere; a provision designed doubtless to prevent the exercise of that compulsion which the Parisians had at one time assumed over the National Assembly and Convention. This power the Council of Ancients now exercised. By one edict the sittings of the two councils were removed to St. Cloud; by another, the council delegated to General Bonaparte full power to see this measure carried into effect, and vested him for that purpose with the military command of the department. A state messenger was sent to communicate to the general these important measures, and require his presence in the Council of Ancients; and this was the crisis which he had so anxiously expected.

A few words determined the numerous body of officers, by whom the messenger found him surrounded, to concur with him without scruple. Even General Le Febvre, who commanded the guard of the legislative bodies, declared his adhesion to Bonaparte.

The Directory had not even yet taken the alarm. Two of them, indeed, Sieyes and Ducos, being in the secret of the conspiracy, were already at the Tuileries, to second the movement which was preparing. It is said that Barras had seen them pass in the morning, and as they were both mounted, had been much amused with the awkward horsemanship of Sieyes. He little guessed on what expedition he was bound.

When Bonaparte sallied forth on horseback, and at the head of such a gallant cavalcade of officers, his first movement was to assume the command of the three regiments of cavalry, already drawn up in the Champs Elysées, and to lead them to the Tuileries, where the Council of Ancients expected him. He entered their hall, surrounded by his military staff, and by those other generals, whose name carried the memory of so many victories. "You are the wisdom of the nation," he said to the council. "I come, surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support. I name Le Febvre my lieutenant. Let us not lose time looking for precedents. Nothing in history ever resembled the end of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure, our arms shall put it into execution." He announced to the military the will of the council, and the command with which they had intrusted him; and it was received with loud shouts.

In the meanwhile the three directors, Barras, Gohier, and Moulins, who were not in the secret of the morning, began too late to take the alarm. Moulins proposed to send a battalion to surround the house of Bonaparte and make prisoner the general, and whomsoever else they found there. But they had no longer the least influence over the soldiery, and had the mortification to see their own personal guard, when summoned by an aid-de-camp of Bonaparte, march away to join the forces which he commanded, and leave them defenseless.

Barras sent his secretary, Bottot, to expostulate with Bonaparte. The general received him with great haughtiness, and publicly before a large group of officers and soldiers upbraided him with the reverses of the country; not in the tone of an ordinary citizen, possessing but his own individual interest in the fate of a great nation, but like a prince, who, returning from a distant expedition, finds that in his absence his deputies have abused their trust, and misruled his dominions. "What have you done," he said, "for that fine France, which I left you in such a brilliant condition? I left you peace, I have found war—I left you the wealth of Italy, I have found taxation and misery. Where are the hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I have known?—all of them my compan-

ions in glory? They are dead." It was plain, that even now, when his enterprise was but commenced, Bonaparte had already assumed that tone which seemed to account every one answerable to him for deficiencies in the public service, and he himself responsible to no one.

Barras, overwhelmed and stunned, and afraid, perhaps, of impeachment for his alleged peculations, belied the courage which he was once supposed to possess, and submitted in the most abject terms to the will of the victor. He sent in his resignation, in which he states, "that the weal of the Republic, and his zeal for liberty alone, could have ever induced him to undertake the burden of a public office; and that, seeing the destinies of the Republic were now in the custody of her youthful and invincible general, he gladly resigned his authority." He left Paris for his country-seat, accompanied by a guard of cavalry, which Bonaparte ordered to attend him, as much perhaps to watch his motions as to do him honor, though the last was the ostensible reason. His colleagues, Gohier and Moulins, also resigned their office; Sieyes and Ducos had already set the example; and the Constitutional Executive Council was dissolved, while the real power was vested in Bonaparte's single person. Cambaceres, minister of justice, Fouché, minister of police, with all the rest of the administration, acknowledged his authority accordingly; and he was thus placed in full possession as well of the civil as of the military power.

The Council of Five Hundred, or rather the republican majority of that body, showed a more stubborn temper; and if, instead of resigning, Barras, Gohier, and Moulins had united themselves to its leaders, they might perhaps have given trouble to Bonaparte, successful as he had hitherto been.

This hostile council only met at ten o'clock on that memorable day, when they received, to their surprise, the message intimating that the Council of Ancients had changed the place of meeting from Paris to St. Cloud, and thus removed their debates from the neighborhood of the populace, over whom the old Jacobinical principles might have retained influence. The laws as they stood afforded the young council no means of evading compliance, and they accordingly adjourned to meet the next day at St. Cloud, with unabated resolution to maintain the

democratical part of the constitution. They separated amid shouts of "Long live the Republic and the Constitution!" which were echoed by the galleries. The *tricoteuses*,\* and other more zealous attendants on their debates, resolved to transfer themselves to St. Cloud also, and appeared there in considerable numbers on the ensuing day, when it was evident the enterprise of Sieyes and of Bonaparte must be either perfected or abandoned.

The contending parties held council all the evening, and deep into the night, to prepare for the final contest on the morrow. Sieyes advised that forty leaders of the opposition should be arrested; but Bonaparte esteemed himself strong enough to obtain a decisive victory, without resorting to any such obnoxious violence. They adjusted their plan of operations in both councils, and agreed that the government to be established should be provisionally intrusted to three consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos. Proper arrangements were made of the armed force at St. Cloud, and the command was confided to the zeal and fidelity of Murat. Bonaparte used some interest to prevent Bernadotte, Jourdan, and Augereau from attending at St. Cloud the next day, as he did not expect them to take his part in the approaching crisis. The last of these seemed rather hurt at the want of confidence which this caution implied, and said: "What, general, dare you not trust your own little Augereau?" He went to St. Cloud accordingly.

Some preparations were necessary to put the palace of St. Cloud in order to receive the two councils: the Orangerie being assigned to the Council of Five Hundred; the Gallery of Mars to that of the Ancients.

In the Council of Ancients, the Moderés, having the majority, were prepared to carry forward and complete their measures for a change of government and constitution. But the minority, having rallied after the surprise of the preceding day, were neither silent nor passive. The Commission of Inspectors, whose duty it was to convene the council, were inculpated severely for having omitted to give infor-

\* The women of lower rank who attended to debates of the council, plying the task of knitting while they listened to politics, were so denominated. They were always zealous democrats, and might claim in one sense Shakespeare's description of

"The free maids, who weave their thread with bones."

mation to several leading members of the minority, of the extraordinary convocation which took place at such an unwonted hour on the morning preceding. The propriety, nay the legality, of the transference of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud was also challenged. A sharp debate took place, which was terminated by the appearance of Napoleon, who entered the hall, and harangued the members by permission of the president. "Citizens," said he, "you are placed upon a volcano. Let me tell you the truth with the frankness of a soldier. Citizens, I was remaining tranquil with my family, when the commands of the Council of Ancients called me to arms. I collected my brave military companions, and brought forward the arms of the country in obedience to you who are the head. We are rewarded with calumny—they compare me to Cromwell—to Cæsar. Had I desired to usurp the supreme authority, I have had opportunities to do so before now. But I swear to you the country has not a more disinterested patriot. We are surrounded by dangers and by civil war. Let us not hazard the loss of those advantages for which we have made such sacrifices—Liberty and Equality."

"And the Constitution!" exclaimed Linglet, a democratic member, interrupting a speech which seemed to be designedly vague and inexplicit.

"The Constitution!" answered Bonaparte, giving way to a more natural expression of his feelings, and avowing his object more clearly than he had yet dared to do—"It was violated on the 18th Fructidor—violated on the 22d Floreal—violated on the 30th Prairial. All parties have invoked it—all have disregarded it in turn. It can no longer be a means of safety to any one, since it obtains the respect of no one. Since we can not preserve the Constitution, let us at least save Liberty and Equality, the foundations on which it is erected." He went on in the same strain, to assure them, that for the safety of the Republic he relied only on the wisdom and power of the Council of Ancients, since in the Council of Five Hundred were found those men who desired to bring back the Convention, with its revolutionary committees, its scaffolds, its popular insurrections. "But I," he said, "will save you from such horrors—I and my brave comrades at arms, whose swords and caps I see at the door

of the hall; and if any hired orator shall talk of outlawry, I will appeal to the valor of my comrades, with whom I have fought and conquered for liberty."

The Assembly invited the general to detail the particulars of the conspiracy to which he had alluded, but he confined himself to a reference to the testimony of Sieyes and Ducos; and again reiterating that the Constitution could not save the country, and inviting the Council of Ancients to adopt some course which might enable them to do so, he left them, amid cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" loudly echoed by the military in the court-yard, to try the effect of his eloquence on the more unmanageable Council of Five Hundred.

The deputies of the younger council having found the place designed for their meeting filled with workmen, were for some time in a situation which seemed to resemble the predicament of the National Assembly at Versailles, when they took refuge in a tennis-court. The recollection was of such a nature as inflamed and animated their resolution, and they entered the Orangerie, when at length admitted, in no good humor with the Council of Ancients, or with Bonaparte. Proposals of accommodation had been circulated among them ineffectually. They would have admitted Bonaparte into the Directory, but refused to consent to any radical change in the Constitution of the year Three.

The debate of the day, remarkable as the last in which the Republican party enjoyed the full freedom of speech in France, was opened on the 19th Brumaire, at two o'clock, Lucien Bonaparte being president. Gaudin, a member of the moderate party, began by moving that a committee of seven members should be formed, to report upon the state of the Republic; and that measures should be taken for opening a correspondence with the Council of Ancients. He was interrupted by exclamations and clamor on the part of the majority.

"The Constitution! The Constitution or Death!" was echoed and reechoed on every side. "Bayonets frighten us not," said Delbrel, "we are freemen."

"Down with the Dictatorship—no Dictators!" cried other members.

Lucien in vain endeavored to restore order. Gaudin was dragged from the tribune; the voice of other moderates

was overpowered by clamor—never had the party of democracy shown itself fiercer or more tenacious than when about to receive the death-blow.

"Let us swear to preserve the Constitution of the year Three!" exclaimed Delbrel; and the applause which followed the proposition was so general, that it silenced all resistance. Even the members of the moderate party—nay, even Lucien Bonaparte himself—were compelled to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, which he and they were leagued to destroy.

"The oath you have just taken," said Bigonnet, "will occupy a place in the annals of history, beside the celebrated vow taken in the tennis-court. The one was the foundation of liberty, the other shall consolidate the structure." In the midst of this fermentation, the letter containing the resignation of Barras was read, and received with marks of contempt, as the act of a soldier deserting his post in the time of danger. The moderate party seemed silenced, overpowered, and on the point of coalescing with the great majority of the council, when the clash of arms was heard at the entrance of the apartment. All eyes were turned to that quarter. Bayonets, drawn sabres, the plumed hats of general officers and aids-de-camp, and the caps of grenadiers were visible without, while Napoleon entered the Orangerie, attended by four grenadiers belonging to the constitutional guard of the councils. The soldiers remained at the bottom of the hall, while he advanced with a measured step and uncovered, about one third up the room.

He was received with loud murmurs. "What! drawn weapons, armed men, soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws!" exclaimed the members, whose courage seemed to rise against the display of force with which they were menaced. All the deputies arose, some rushed on Bonaparte and seized him by the collar; others called out: "Outlawry—outlawry—let him be proclaimed a traitor!" It is said that Arena, a native of Corsica like himself, aimed a dagger at his breast, which was only averted by the interposition of one of the grenadiers. The fact seems extremely doubtful, though it is certain that Bonaparte was seized by two or three members; while others exclaimed: "Was it for this you gained so many victories?"

and loaded him with reproaches. At this crisis a party of grenadiers rushed into the hall with drawn swords, and extracting Bonaparte from the deputies, bore him off in their arms breathless with the scuffle.

It was probably at this crisis that Augereau's faith in his ancient general's fortune began to totter, and his revolutionary principles to gain an ascendancy over his military devotion. "A fine situation you have brought yourself into," he said to Bonaparte; who answered sternly: "Augereau, things were worse at Arcola. Take my advice—remain quiet, in a short time all this will change." Augereau, whose active assistance and coöperation might have been at this critical period of the greatest consequence to the council, took the hint, and continued passive. Jourdan and Bernadotte, who were ready to act on the popular side, had the soldiers shown the least hesitation in yielding obedience to Bonaparte, perceived no opening of which to avail themselves.

The council remained in the highest state of commotion, the general voice accusing Bonaparte of having usurped the supreme authority, calling for a sentence of outlawry, or demanding that he should be brought to the bar. "Can you ask me to put the outlawry of my own brother to the vote?" said Lucien. But this appeal to his personal situation and feelings made no impression upon the Assembly, who continued clamorously to demand the question. At length Lucien flung on the desk his hat, scarf, and other parts of his official dress. "Let me be rather heard," he said, "as the advocate of him whom you falsely and rashly accuse." But this request only added to the tumult. At this moment a small body of grenadiers sent by Napoleon to his brother's assistance, marched into the hall.

They were at first received with applause; for the council, accustomed to see the triumph of democratical opinions among the military, did not doubt that they were deserting their general to range themselves on the side of the deputies. Their appearance was but momentary—they instantly left the hall, carrying Lucien in the center of the detachment.

Matters now were come to extremity on either side. The council, thrown into the greatest disorder by these repeated



military incursions, remained in violent agitation, furious against Bonaparte, but without the calmness necessary to adopt decisive measures.

Meantime the sight of Napoleon, almost breathless, and bearing marks of personal violence, excited to the highest the indignation of the military. In broken words he told them, that when he wished to show them the road to lead the country to victory and fame, "they had answered him with daggers."

Cries of resentment arose from the soldiery, augmented when the party sent to extricate the president brought him to the ranks as to a sanctuary. Lucien, who seconded his brother admirably, or rather who led the way in this perilous adventure, mounted on horseback instantly, and called out in a voice naturally deep and sonorous: "General, and you soldiers! The President of the Council of Five Hundred proclaims to you, that factious men, with drawn daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of the Assembly. He authorizes you to employ force against these disturbers. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved!"

Murat, deputed by Bonaparte to execute the commands of Lucien, entered the Orangerie with drums beating, at the head of a detachment with fixed bayonets. He summoned the deputies to disperse on

their peril, while an officer of the constitutional guard called out he could be no longer answerable for their safety. Cries of fear became now mingled with vociferations of rage, execrations of abhorrence, and shouts of *Vive la Republique*. An officer then mounted the president's seat, and summoned the representatives to retire. "The general," said he, "has given orders."

Some of the deputies and spectators began now to leave the hall; the greater part continued firm, and sustained the shouts by which they reprobated this military intrusion. The drums at length struck up, and drowned further remonstrance.

"Forward, grenadiers," said the officer who commanded the party. They leveled their muskets, and advanced as if to the charge. The deputies seem hitherto to have retained a lingering hope that their persons would be regarded as inviolable. They now fled on all sides, most of them jumping from the windows of the Orangerie, and leaving behind them their official caps, scarfs, and gowns. In a very few minutes the apartments were entirely clear, and thus, furnishing, at its conclusion, a striking parallel to the scene which ended the Long Parliament of Charles the First's time, terminated the last democratical assembly of France.

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From the London Review.

## EDWARD IRVING IN THE PULPIT.

SINCE the days of Edward Irving, a generation has almost passed away; but there are yet many on whose memories his image is deeply imprinted, who can never forget the sensation created in London by his ministry. Commencing in Cross street, Hatton Garden, with a high reputation brought from Glasgow, where he had been assistant to Dr. Chalmers, he became in a little while one of the most notorious celebrities of London. Crowds flocked to his chapel from all parts, and among them might be seen men of letters and of rank,

whose appearance in such a place awakened no small surprise. Mr. Canning is reported to have said, that he never saw or heard any thing so nearly approaching to his idea of Paul on Mars' Hill, as Irving in that pulpit. Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham were among his admirers; and so were a host of others, whose names, though by no means insignificant, it would be tedious now to recount. There was a perfect rage for places in the "obscure conventicle;" so that when we were admitted one Sunday evening, after long

bruising and crushing in the narrow passage between the street and the chapel, it was only to find the bulk of the seats occupied by more fortunate persons, who were willing to wait from the close of the morning service through the afternoon, or had otherwise obtained the privilege of the *entrée*. The whole service was most striking. The preacher's great stature, his bushy black hair, hanging down in ringlets, his deep voice, his solemn manner, the impressiveness of his action, his broad Scotch dialect, his antiquated yet forcible style, all combined to rivet attention, and made you feel that you were in the presence of a power. Nor did his matter belie the impression which was thus created. He was bent upon accomplishing the end of the Gospel ministry in saving souls from death; and at the beginning of his course, before the disturbing influences of his position had done their full work upon him, preached with great force and effect. A specimen or two of his manner may not be uninteresting or out of place. The first is a brief hortatory, or rather expostulatory passage:

"Now, if you be aroused to think, let us argue together, and bring things to an issue. What hinders you from giving your souls to the Divine institutions? Early habits hinder, the world's customary fashions hinder, and nature's leanings the other way hinder, and passion hinders, and a whole insurrectionary host of feelings muster against the change. Well, be it granted that a troop of joys must be put to flight, and a whole host of pleasant feelings be subdued—then, what is lost? Is fortune lost? Is God's providence scared away? Hath the world slipped from beneath your feet, and does the air of heaven no longer sustain you? Has life deceased, or are your faculties of happiness foregone? Change—the dread of change—that is all; the change of society and habits, with the loss of some few perishable gayeties.

"Now, let us reason together. Is not that as great a change, when your physician chambers you up, and restricts your company to nurses, and diet to simples? Is not that as great a change, when you leave the dissipated city, outworn with its excitements, and live with solitude and inconvenience in your summer quarters? And is not that a greater change which stern law makes, when it immures up our persons, and gives us outcasts to company with? And where is the festive life of those who sail the wide ocean—and where the gayeties of the campaigning soldier—and how does the wandering beggar brook his scanty life? If, for the sake of a pained limb, you will undergo the change, will you not, for the removal of eternal pains of

spirit and flesh? If, for a summer of refreshment amongst the green of earth, and the freshness of ocean, ye will undergo the change, will ye not for the rich contents of heaven? And if, at the command of law, ye will—and if, for gain, the sailor will—and, for honor, the soldier will—and, for necessity, the strolling beggar will—men and brethren, will ye not, to avoid hell—to reach heaven—to please the voice of God—to gain the inheritance of wealth and power, and to feed your spirit's starved necessities—O men! will ye not muster resolution to enterprize the change?"—*Orations*, p. 68.

The next is a strain worthy of Jeremy Taylor, of whom, indeed, he often reminds us:

"I wish I had a dwelling-place in every bosom, and could converse with every faculty of man—that I had an ear to hear their murmurings, their sighings, their groanings, and all their separate griefs—and that I had a faculty to understand all the parts and kindly offices of religion, which, in this present age, seemeth to be in bonds and to want enlargement. Then would I draw near to every repining, grieving, hampered faculty of every spirit, and, out of my Spiritual Guide, I would sing over it a soft and soothing strain, sweetly set to its melancholy mood, and aptly fitted to its present infirmity, until each languishing part of human nature should be refreshed, and peace should come, and blushing health should arise, and glowing strength spring up hastily, and, like a strong man from sleep, or a giant refreshed with wine, the whole soul should recover a divine strength, and push onwards to perfection, heartily and happily, with the full consent of all her powers. But no man can get such a faculty of drawing the distressed parts of fallen nature into an acquaintance with the healing, strengthening medicines of the Gospel of peace. Yet there is One to whom this happy function appertaineth—the Holy Spirit of God, whose unction is to the soul what light, and food, and balmy sleep are to the body of man; and whose unspeakable comfort, and unwearied strength, we may every one partake of—seeing God longeth, loveth to pour it forth more affectionately than a father doth to give bread to his starving child.

"Then, then arise, arise, ye sons of depression and misfortune, arise from your lowly beds; arise from your sinful conditions; burst asunder the confinements of a narrow lot; cease from brooding griefs, severe complainings, and every disquieting thought; join fellowship with the great Comforter of this afflicted world, even the Spirit of Truth, who, from the lowest pass of misery, will raise you to a height of heavenly temper, and all the universe shall smile in the eye of your recovered joy, and the most discordant adversities of life become full of a divine wisdom and order. What hath the meanest cottager to fear, what the most laborious workman to complain of, when possessed of this Divine Companion, who shall unravel

this fitful dream of existence, and show it to be a dispensation of God, full of mercies and of comforts? And the Scriptures, which furnish his cottage, shall be instead of palace ornaments and noble visitants, and furnish a better code to guide him than the formulary of any court; and his joys and sorrows awake as deep an interest in the mind of our common Father as those of royalty; and the incidents, and changes, and catastrophes of his cottage scenes are as well recorded in the book of God's remembrance as the transactions of an empire; and he hath the faculty of extracting honey from the bitterest weed in his humble field of existence; and though the bed of his distress may be dark, lonely, and unattended, the bosom of his Redeemer is his pillow, and the shadow of his wings his covert; and angels that have not fallen beckon him to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more."—*Orations*, p. 261, etc.

We are not aware that these passages are above the average of his compositions; and it will easily be imagined how, with all the accessories noted above, the preacher exercised a vast influence, and received such an amount of applause as has fallen to the lot of no man since his day. By-and-by a new place of worship was required; the church in Regent Square was built; and Chalmers came to open it. But the fine gold was then becoming dim, and the career of Edward Irving closed under circumstances which should teach us all sobriety and humility. Encouraged by popular applause, he cultivated, rather than repressed, singularity; singularity of manner appeared to prepare for, if it did not invite to, singularity of doctrine; excessive addictiveness to the study of unfulfilled prophecy encouraged still further the love of novelty; one novelty made way for another. Then came unhallowed speculations on the person of Christ, and the peccability of his human nature; pretensions to mir-

acles and miraculous gifts among his people; his deposition and expulsion from the Church of Scotland for heresy; and the miserable follies and outrageous fanaticism of his deluded followers, which brought disgrace on all religion, and scarcely left a doubt whether the eminent man\* who headed and pleaded for the whole, was in his right mind; and charity was forced to hope he might not be. "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Mr. Irving's sermon before the Continental Society, which was delivered in Great Queen street Chapel, in 1825, and, if we remember rightly, occupied three or more hours in the delivery, (like a sermon which he preached about the same time for the London Missionary Society,) gave great offense to some who heard it, by its solemn warnings against the admission of Papists to political power. The friends of what was called "Catholic Emancipation" were found among the promoters of that Society, as well as in almost every other gathering of Englishmen at that time, and some of them who were present quitted their seats before the preacher had concluded. Their anger, and the importunity of his admirers, led to its publication. Early in the next year it came forth—the longest single discourse, we believe, in the language—making in all seven hundred and fifty duodecimo pages—and perhaps the ablest publication of its gifted author.

\* In 1831-2, we often attended on Mr. Irving's ministry at the church on Regent's Square—heard the unutterable tongues, or screeches which created such a sensation in London, so injurious to his reputation as a man and a minister. His attitude and manner at the startling utterance of the tongues, which would break out like a clap of thunder in the congregation, showed that he could hardly be of sound mind.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

SOME persons are born to be discoverers, and others have discoveries thrust upon them whether they will or no. Captain Cook was of the former class, and sepoy convict No. 276, otherwise Doodnath Tewarry, is of the latter. He has had an experience enjoyed by no man living—save the aborigines themselves—of becoming acquainted with Andaman society, and we propose, without his permission, to make that experience public. The Andaman Islands—as that not very large segment of the human race called Everybody knows—are situated in the Bay of Bengal, and constitute an archipelago of two large islands and a great number of small ones, three or four of which latter have been used since the sepoy rebellion as convict dépôts. The Great Andaman Island, of about one hundred and forty miles long and twenty broad, is at no great distance from these; and the sepoys, under the mistaken impression that it forms a part of Bengal, or, at least, of Burmah, are perpetually swimming over to it, and (when they are lucky enough to be able to do so) swimming back again. The extreme thickness of the tree-jungles which cover nine tenths of this island renders it almost impenetrable, they being composed of trees as straight as arrows, of from thirty to forty feet high, though their roots can not expand much beyond one foot, and are found twisted together like so many coils of rope. The foliage is confined to the top of the trees, the trunks of which are leafless and branchless. The whole island is supposed to consist of uninterrupted hills of some five hundred feet in height. There seems to be no grass whatever, and a great lack of water, there being no rivers, but only brooks, which in the rainy season are torrents, and in the summer are dry. There are no wild animals except rats, snakes, and very little pigs, unless we include the aborigines, all attempts to establish any sort of intercourse with whom have signally failed. We have had settlements—off and on—upon the And-

man Isles since 1791, but no man save Doodnath Tewarry, and one more, has ever yet escaped alive out of the hands of the islanders. The stations which we now hold at Ross Island, Chatham Island, and Viper Island, are the prisons of some sixteen hundred sepoy convicts, who seem scarcely to dislike their locality less than the authorities themselves, notwithstanding that they risk life and limb, and often lose them, in their mad attempts to escape. It is indeed a hideous place of exile, unbearable to Europeans, and baleful to almost every man who has experienced another climate. Nevertheless, the soil repays cultivation, and there are already luxuriant crops of cucumbers, spinach, and pumpkins. The Garjan, or wood-oil tree, is the staple timber of the archipelago, rising one hundred feet high without a branch, and topped with splendid foliage. The wood of the jungle trees is very hard, so that the axe flies off them as from a stone; but they are luckily hollowed out by the white ants, and thereby afford opportunity for blasting. The convict system is, as far as possible, made self-supporting, and the men buy stores with the wages of their labor; the intention is eventually to colonize the mainland (as the Great Andaman is called) to the south of Port Blair, the harbor, which is protected by Ross Island, much as Oban in Argyleshire is by the island of Kerrera; the distance between them being about eight hundred yards, which can, of course, be easily crossed by a good swimmer.

There are the strangest mixture of classes among these convicts. Among the commonest budmashes is (or was) the pretender to the throne of Manipore, a poor, delicate wretch, half Bengali, half Assamese, who joined the Chittagong mutineers; a zemindar of Bulundshukur, who once paid a lack of rupees per annum to government; and a deputy-inspector of schools at Shahjehanpore. All are treated alike; all lose caste from the moment they touch the convict-ship, as they can get no



water, save from the common pump, or from the hands of the European guard; although in the settlement the poor creatures are permitted to keep up caste among themselves. One of these fanatics, going to deck-side of the transport, under pretense of sea-sickness, cast himself into the sea, and was drowned. In the eyes of the convicts, matters would not have been much better with him had he reached his destination; and on the first establishment of the colony, escapes to the mainland, or Great Andaman Island, were almost literally incessant. Some of these fugitives would reappear after a few hours, or even a day or two, and beseech to be taken back again, which of course was done; but after that period, it is evident from the following narration that they may be set down as dead. One fellow endeavored to persuade the superintendent that he had been with the natives for a couple of days, but his account has many points of suspicion, and does not tally with that of Doodnath Tewarry, about which there can scarcely be any doubt. His report was forwarded to government by Dr. Walker himself, the superintendent of the Andaman settlements; and the substance of it—for there are several portions of it unfit for publication anywhere except in a Blue-book—runs as follows:

Doodnath Tewarry, sepoy of the fourteenth regiment of native infantry, being convicted of mutiny and desertion, was sentenced by the commission at Jhelum to transportation for life, and labor in irons; and having been received into the penal settlement at Port Blair on the sixth of April, 1858, escaped from Ross Island on the twenty-third, and *after a residence of one year and twenty-four days in the Andaman jungle*, voluntarily returned to the convict station at Aberdeen, near Port Blair, on the seventeenth of May, 1859. He escaped with no fewer than ninety others upon rafts of felled trees, bound together with tent-ropes; Aga, a convict gangster, of limited geographical knowledge, having assured them that the opposite shore was within ten days' march of the capital of Burmah, under the rajah of which place it was their intention to take service. They reached the so-called mainland, and having penetrated the jungle a little, were joined on the second day by a large body of convicts, who had escaped at the same time from Phoenix Bay and Chatham Island. They were then count-

ed by Aga, and found to be one hundred and thirty. For fourteen days they progressed with exceeding slowness through the jungle, knowing not even in what direction they moved. Sometimes their wanderings led them back to a place which they had passed before. All the food and necessities secretly prepared for this expedition had been lost in the passage of the channel. For eight days they had almost nothing (the narrator says absolutely nothing, which seems impossible) to eat; afterwards, those who could climb the tall branchless trees got a little of some pleasant fruit like the Indian Ber. Water was very scarce, and only found in the form of small springs oozing through the sides of hills. A few men had saved their axes, and with these the stems of a huge creeping cane were cut, and so some water obtained. Twelve of the party, through hunger and thirst, were left during this period to die. For thirteen days, they never came upon the aborigines, although they found their deserted sheds. On the fourteenth day, at noon, and about four miles deep in jungle, they were surrounded by about one hundred natives with bows and arrows. The convicts offered no resistance, but endeavored to supplicate mercy by signs and attitudes, which were utterly disregarded. There were a great number of killed and wounded when Tewarry took to flight into the dense jungle, with three bad arrow-wounds, on the eyebrow, the right shoulder, and the left elbow. Shoo Dull, another (Brahmin) convict, who was wounded in the back, fled with him, and together they got along a salt-water tidal creek to the seashore, where they were joined by a convict of the Kurmee caste, an hour afterwards.

They passed the night there, and in the morning were seen by a party of natives (a tribe of some sixty men, women, and children) who were embarking in five canoes. The savages pursued them into the jungle, and firing killed Tewarry's two companions, and wounded himself. He assumed death, and was pulled out of his hiding-place by the leg; but on making supplication to them by joining his hands, they retreated a short distance, and fired at him, wounding him in the left wrist and on the hip. He again assumed to be dead, and on their taking out the arrow from his hip, again besought them to spare him, which this time they did. They

helped him into a boat, and put red earth, moistened with water, round his neck and nostrils, and over his body and wounds a lighter-colored earth, and took him to a neighboring island. This island is named Turmooglee, and Tewarry (being shown a chart) opines it to be about eight miles from the south-west coast of what he now knows, by bitter experience, to be the Great Andaman Island, and not the Burmese peninsula. It is one of those called in the map the Labyrinth Islands. During the entire year he was away, Tewarry was always wandering about with this tribe, from island to island, or to the mainland, never staying in any one place. While he was with them, he wore no clothes whatever, shaved his head, and in all respects conformed to their customs, enjoying throughout the best of health, save for his wounds. Most of them healed in about a month, except the elbow-wound, which was three months getting well. The aborigines never exacted service from him; but for a long time looked upon him with great suspicion, and to the last never permitted him, even in sport, to take up a bow and arrow; they always told him to sit down and be quiet, if he attempted it. When he had been among them some four months, Pooteah, one of the elder natives, make over to him as wives, his daughter, Leepa, (aged twenty,) and a young woman of sixteen, called Jigah, the daughter of Heera. Before young ladies marry, they are considered to be common property among both married and single Andamen; but when they have husbands, they henceforth behave themselves with the greatest propriety; even widows are never known to smile upon the male sex again. Tewarry supposes that he saw about one quarter of the Great Andaman Island during his wanderings, and certainly as many as fifteen thousand natives in all. They generally live in the jungle bordering upon the sea-coast, for convenience of procuring fish, shell-fish, and fresh water, though some inhabit the banks of salt-water creeks in the interior.

All penetrate it for pigs and fruits, but usually return to the coast at sunset. The whole population is migratory, moving in troops of thirty to three hundred individuals, but are all one tribe, and use the same language and customs. The deaths were not so numerous as the births; from which circumstance, it may be supposed, that the population is increasing. They

are not cannibals, nor do they eat uncooked animal food; but they have no idea of a Supreme Being, and go about entirely naked—their coats being only of paint. The *trosseau* of the Andaman brides is very inexpensive, and the marriage-service the reverse of ceremonious. No preliminary arrangements of any kind are made at all. If any of the seniors of the party think that a young man and a young woman should be united, he sends for them, and marries them himself; the consent of either party is never asked, nor does the wedding company—except when there are two wives—ever extend beyond these three. Doodnath Tewarry beheld five marriages, and they were all alike. Towards evening, the bride, having painted her body in stripes, with her fingers, smeared with red earth, moistened with turtle-oil, sits on leaves spread on the ground, by way of carpet or bed; while the bridegroom, similarly painted, squats on *his* carpet of leaves, a few paces off. They thus sit silent an hour, when the person who unites them comes from his hut, takes the bridegroom by the hand, and leads him to the bride's carpet, and having seated him on it, without speaking, presents him with five or six iron-headed arrows, and then returns to his hut, leaving the newly-married couple alone, who remain sitting on the carpet for several hours longer, in perfect silence, until it be quite dark, when they retire to their private residence. In Tewarry's case, there was not even the ceremony of the arrows, but without a word being said upon the subject, he was seated by Pooteah, one fine evening, between Leepa and Heera, to whom the chief pointed with his hand, and addressing the young man, observed, "Jiree jog!" and left the spot immediately. They were not even painted, (complains Tewarry,) nor was the least fuss made about them whatever.

The women remain in the encampment cooking and making fishing-nets, while the men hunt pigs in the jungle; the former have often to go several miles for fresh water, which they carry in large bamboos—two at a time—from six to nine feet long, and weighing from eighty to one hundred pounds; all the interior partitions of the bamboo, save the last, having been destroyed by the introduction of a smaller stick. They also catch shell-fish, and the fish that the receding tide leaves in the pools, with their hand-

nets. The aborigines do not allow a particle of hair to remain on them, and the females, acting as barbers, shave them cleanly and quickly, with a small chip of bottle-glass, (the spoil probably from some shipwreck, or lucky raid upon the settlement,) of the size of a bean, but as thin as the blade of a penknife; the piece of glass is struck sharply on the edge with a sharp stone to chip it thus finely. Red earth, mixed with turtle-oil, seems to be the Andaman panacea for all diseases. The whole body of both sexes is tattooed—except the head, neck, hands, feet, and the lower part of the abdomen—by being incised with small pieces of bottle glass; the operation is performed by the women, on children of eight or ten, during January, February, March, or April. These months are selected because they form the wild-fruit season, wherein there is no necessity for the children to go into the salt-water after fish, which would render the tattoo-wounds painful. The operation is done by degrees, and takes two or three years to complete. White earth (like lime) is smeared over the wounds, which heal in three or four weeks. No coloring matter being inserted, the effect is to make them of a paler hue than the surrounding skin. The women rub the men with earth and water in the evening, to keep off the mosquitoes, but do not pay so much attention to their comforts generally, says Tewarry, as Bengalese wives. They carry their children in slings made of the inner bark of trees, and behind their backs. They cut the green leaves for bedding, and palm-leaves for thatching the huts, with a sharp shell called Ota, with which also they sharpen their arrows. They occupy old huts, if they can; nor need we wonder, since four days is a long residence for these gentry

in any spot, and hut-building is hard work for the ladies.

Doodnath Tewarry, judging by his own height, which is five feet nine and a half inches, conjectures the native males to be about five feet five inches, and the females five feet two inches; nor did he ever meet with any one so tall as himself. The men and women are so alike in feature, that from their face alone their sex can not be determined; but they are both what would be considered in Hindustan (says the ungallant sepoy) exceedingly ugly. So healthy and strong are the females, that the day after childbirth they are able to accompany the troop on foot, as usual. The new-born babe is drenched in cold fresh water, and its wet body dried by the hand, heated over a fire, quickly and gently. Any woman who is suckling takes the new-born child for a day or two, and feeds it. The child remains without any covering whatever, like the parents, unless it rains, when a few leaves are sown, with rattan for thread, and placed around it. The reason of Tewarry's leaving Andaman society was, that he might give information of an intended attack by the savages upon the convict station at Aberdeen. He did so—traveling with the attacking party along the sea-coast—and set Dr. Walker on his guard but just in time; nor can we reasonably complain of our adventurer's behavior in doing so, although the wretch left his beloved Leepa, it seems, in an interesting situation.

Doodnath Tewarry has doubtless had his reward, ere this, in a free pardon; and certainly we owe him something for one of the most curious and entertaining narrations that ever yet got into a Blue-book.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND has now one thousand three hundred and sixteen fellows, and fifty-seven honorary members on its roll. The "permanent" fund amounts to twenty-one thousand dollars in the "Three per cents."

LAST Saturday the works were commenced in New Palace-yard, opposite the House of Lords, to place the equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion in

position, the model of which attracted much attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

THE debts of the several States of Europe, at the close of June, 1860, were as follows: Great Britain, \$5,366,000,000; France, \$2,880,000,000; Russia, \$1,745,000,000; Austria, \$1,600,000,000; Spain, \$1,050,000,000; Prussia, \$24,000,000; Portugal, \$196,000,000; Turkey, \$185,000,000; Belgium, \$100,000,000.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.** A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume XI. Macgillivray—Moxa. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1861. Pp. 788, with a copious index.

WE have previously announced the successive issues of the volumes of this great national work as they have been given to the public. This great publishing house have sent us Vol. XI. of the Cyclopædia. The industry of the editors and the promptitude of the publishers are alike noteworthy. This large and comprehensive volume adds another valuable installment to the treasures of American literature. As a book of reference, as a repository of useful knowledge, in various departments, in biography, in science, in law, in medicine, etc., etc., this work is of great value; alike to literary men, and all who are engaged in the duties of professional and business life, accessible and convenient. It would not be easy to enumerate the value and advantages of such a work without a practical test. So large a reservoir of useful knowledge should at least be on the shelves of every village library in the land, and within reach of all who may find occasion to consult the volumes of this truly national work.

**TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR,** and the Russian Acquisitions, on the confines of India and China, with adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjoura, Man-yarga, Toungous, Touzems, Goldi, and Gelyaks; the Hunting Pastoral Tribes. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, author of *Oriental and Western Siberia*. With a map and numerous illustrations. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. Pp. 448.

If any book can be justly entitled the romance of history, then this volume of Mr. Atkinson should be entitled the romance of travels in an untraveled land. It is a marvelous book. Mr. Atkinson is an accomplished traveler, a man of literature, and an artist, whose pencil has sketched and brought out from those untrodden regions graphic views of the scenes he describes. See a review of this book in this number of the *ECLECTIC*.

**STUDIES FROM LIFE.** By the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1861. Pp. 290.

THE contents of this book are extremely varied, half as much so, almost, as the incidents and events which checker human life. It is a sort of stereotyped expression, that "the greatest study of mankind is man." Any author, therefore, who writes a book illustrative of human experience renders an important service to his fellow men. The reader of this book will gather up new thoughts and views of human life.

**REASON AND THE BIBLE; OR, THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.** By MILES P. SQUIER, D.D., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Beloit College. New-York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand street. 1860. Pp. 340.

REASON and the Bible are comprehensive terms. Together or separate, they form subjects for discussion and investigation which may task to the utmost the maturest and strongest minds among men. Dr. Squier is a deep and strong thinker. He brings to the discussion of the great subject of this book, a mature mind, calm, candid, and a patient and careful investigation of the themes which he has chosen. They have a most important bearing on the human mind. Christian philosophers will read this well-digested book with interest and profit, and find it rich in suggestive thought. How far the author has mastered his subject, and removed out of the way all philosophical difficulties which may lie along his path, each philosophic mind will decide for itself. But it is an able discussion and worthy the talents and mature mind of the author.

**POEMS.** By GEORGE P. MORRIS. With a Memoir of the Author. Fourteenth Edition. New-York: Charles Scribner. Pp. 366.

THE name and fame of General George P. Morris as a poet are so well known to the lovers of song that it is only needful to indicate the publication of his poems in a beautiful diamond edition of blue and gold to create a desire to possess them. His long connection with the *Home Journal* as co-editor with N. P. Willis, Esq., whose pages have been for years enriched by his gifted pen in its weekly issues, has made the reading public familiar with his prose as well as his poems. This attractive volume should find a place on numerous center-tables.

**HYMNS OF THE AGES.** Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIS is a poetic name for a volume of poetic gems of rare beauty and excellence. The language is poetic, the thoughts are poetic, the sentiments which breathe through all these beautiful hymns are the soul of genuine poetic feeling bathed in a sacred fountain. The religious sentiment which pervades the volume must commend it to every serious lover of poetry. In some of the hymns there is a quaintness of expression which reminds one of the old Jeremy Taylor style of thought, the more attractive to the mind for this reason. We heartily commend these hymns to all serious minds who can enjoy a poetic luxury.

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—This noble structure and ornament to the city of Brooklyn is nearly completed. It is to be formally opened on the 15th of January. The managers, at the head of whom is A. A. Lowe, Esq., are deserving of great praise for the vigor, energy, and public spirit which they have put forth in the erection and completion of this fine edifice. We do not doubt that the public will cordially appreciate their efforts, and render to them the honor so justly due.



**BONNIE SCOTLAND.** Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 273.

This neat and attractive volume is dedicated to Master Thomas B. Ticknor at the home of his father, Dec. 3, 1860, with the characteristic beauty of diction and "Grace" of its talented author. Who could ever tire in reading of Scotland and Scotland's tales and historical annals? These appear in a new dress from the easy, graceful pen of their author, and are presented with new attractions, of historic interest both to young and old.

Messrs Ticknor & Fields send us also Part XII. of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, a continuance of this popular story.

**OVER THE CLIFFS.** By CHARLOTTE CHANTER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 400.

The contents of this volume are comprised in sixty-four chapters. It might be called or considered a panorama of scenes and localities, sixty-four in number, passing before the mind of the reader as he seems to wander over the cliffs, encountering various persons and listening to their words and sentiments. Any one who is fond of summer rambles amid rural scenes, over cliffs, and among the incidents of social life, will be gratified with a literary ramble through these sixty-four chapters of this pleasant panorama.

**BRUIN, THE GRAND BEAR HUNT.** By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, author of *The Boy Hunters*, *Old People*, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 371. Illustrated with cuts.

In this volume the reader will find sixty-four chapters of descriptive scenes, graphic, amusing, and instructive, in regard to different countries, mountains, and incidents. The reader will be in no danger from Bruin, as he roams abroad with Captain Mayne Reid for a conductor. We recognize the author's descriptions of the Pyrennées, having visited the localities recorded among these bold and romantic mountains.

**REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.** By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 297.

This volume introduces the reader to new scenes, phases, incidents, and anecdotes of Scottish Life and Character. Every thing of this sort concerning any people or country, whose history is worth knowing, is always instructive and entertaining. But much more so when it relates to Bonnie Scotland and her enterprising and strong-minded people, whose sons are found in many lands among the busy scenes of commercial life.

**THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE IN THE ROUND BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR.** With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 127.

This is a charming little book for children's holiday gifts. It is both amusing, entertaining, and instructive. The author has an admirable talent at description, which will attract and stimulate a taste for reading in the minds of the young. We welcome and commend good books for children and youth.

**COINS, MEDALS, AND SEALS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.** Illustrated and Described, with a Sketch of the History of Coins and Coinage, Medals and Tokens. Edited by W. C. PRIME, author of *Tent Life in the Holy Land*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1861. Pp. 292.

This is a curious and instructive book to any one who is desirous of traveling back into the histories and records of by-gone generations. Coins are like mile-stones, or way-marks to guide the historic traveler on his way. The author, who has seen a good deal of the oriental world, is well fitted for the production of such a work. He well remarks in his introduction, that a coin, could it speak, would be able to relate a stranger story than any other article to which imagination might give voice.

**AMERICAN HISTORY.** By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with Numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. III. The Southern Colonies. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Pp. 286.

This is another of those neat and choice books of history, from the facile and fruitful pen of Mr. Abbott, of which there can hardly be too many. Mr. Abbott's pen has written so much and so well that it seems to grace every subject which it touches, rendering it both interesting and instructive. This volume comprises the early history of the Southern colonies, full of romance which adds a charm to the narration of events, especially to youthful readers, to whose attention we cordially commend it.

**POEMS.** By ROSE TERRY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 281.

OVER these poetic pages are scattered more than a hundred poems on a great variety of topics, among which the lovers of poetry may select the specimens most pleasing to their taste, of which they may find many.

**GLENARVON; OR, HOLIDAYS AT THE COTTAGE.** New-York: M. W. Dodd. 1861. Illustrated.

This attractive little volume is well suited to the taste of the young, who will find many things on its pages to interest and instruct their young minds. Good for the holidays, and good for its purpose at any time.

**OUR YEAR: A CHILD'S BOOK IN PROSE AND VERSE.** By the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Illustrated by CLARENCE DOBELL. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. Pp. 297.

This beautiful little volume is divided into the names of the twelve months of the year, and made attractive to children by illustrations to amuse the eye, and prose and verse to instruct the mind. We welcome every good and well-written book which adds to the instruction and literature of children.

**TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.** A Sequel to *School Boy Days at Rugby*. By the author of *School Boy Days at Rugby*. Part First. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. Pp. 360.

This book seems to have been one of the most popular publications of the year. It could hardly be otherwise, as it has been brought out by two large publishing houses, Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, and the Harpers, of New-York, who well understand what books will suit popular taste.

**FREAKS OF MEMORY.**—A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined, and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set agoing again pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off. These sudden revivals of a lost intelligence almost rival in their dramatic effect the effect of the prince's advent in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where, at the magic of a kiss, the inmates of the royal household, who had gone to sleep for a hundred years, transfixed in their old attitudes, leapt suddenly into life and motion, as though they had only for a moment slept.

**THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY.**—Prince Humbert, a youth, now in his seventeenth year—a bold and elegant rider, a first-rate marksman with the rifle, exhibiting skill and endurance in all manly exercises, endowed with a fair open countenance, in which the soldierlike honest mien of the father is blended with the delicate features and sweet expression of the mother, distinguished by affable manners and graceful address—wins golden opinions with the multitudes as he goes along the thronged streets, bowing when bowed to, mounted on his light-grey Arab.—*Turin Letter.*

**THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND GERMAN ART.**—The Berlin Royal Academy of Arts elected the Princess Frederic William as honorary member at a full meeting a short time since. Her royal highness has accepted the election, and communicated her decision to the academy in the following letter:—"I have received with thanks and sincere joy, the intimation from the Royal Academy of Arts of Berlin that they have elected me an honorary member of their body. In this choice I see the acknowledgment of the warm and lively interest for the arts with which I am animated. In the wish to prove this sentiment I willingly accept, after having obtained the approbation of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, the election which has fallen upon me, since it brings me into closer connection with a corporation which possesses so important an influence over the cultivation and development of art in our fatherland.—Victoria, Princess Frederic William of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. Berlin, October 22, 1860."

The gross revenue for 1860, including receipts for letter-carriers and foreign postages, is \$8,518,740, an increase of nearly seven per cent. over the revenue ending June, 1859. The expense for the year is \$19,500,000, leaving a credit to the revenue account of 1860, of \$1,211,860.17. The estimated expenditures for 1862 are \$14,955,535.23. The estimated deficiency for the same year is \$4,500,000, which is but four per cent. increase, therefore, estimated for 1862.

The aggregate sea, inland and foreign postage for the year is \$1,376,402.27. The letters sent from the United States to Europe were 8,093,090; from Europe, 3,072,900; newspapers sent—2,127,870.

Received—1,338,207. The cost of trans-Atlantic service for the past year has been \$375,235.04. Thirty-one round trips were made by the Havre line.

**TO BACHELORS.**—Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and heaven itself. An unmarried man, like a fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but dwells alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like a useful bee, builds a house, gathers sweetness from every flower, labors and unites into societies and republics, sends out colonies, feeds the world with delicacies, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God had designed the constitution of the world.

**ENORMOUS GRAIN RECEIPTS.**—Buffalo has received and handled, thus far in the present season, the enormous amount of 31,179,855 bushels of wheat, corn, oats, barley, and rye, and 2,172,107 barrels of flour. Adding the wheat equivalent of flour, according to the ordinary rule of five bushels to the barrel, the gross grain receipts at that port from the opening of navigation to the first day of December, in the year 1860, were 37,040,390 bushels—nearly double the average receipts of the past dozen years, and almost ten million bushels greater than the greatest amount ever before received, in any one season, at Buffalo, "the grain market of the world."

**A GOOD CONUNDRUM.**—Why is it impossible to insure Louis Napoleon's life? Because no one can make out his policy.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**THE REV. DR. CROLY** died suddenly on Saturday afternoon. He left his house in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, about four o'clock, as was his custom, to take a walk before dinner, and had only reached Holborn, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when he staggered and fell, dying almost instantly from *angina pectoris*, with which he was afflicted. He was seventy-six years of age, and had been for the last twenty-six years rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, to which he was presented by Lord Lyndhurst, when Lord Chancellor.

**BARON BUNSEN** died at Bonn on Wednesday, in the sevenieth year of his age. Baron Bunsen was born in 1791, at Corbach, in Germany. He was educated at the University of Göttingen, where he applied himself chiefly to the study of the classics, under the direction of the celebrated Heyne, and made such rapid progress as to give promise of a high degree of eminence. In 1839 he was appointed ambassador to the Swiss Confederacy; and in 1841 he was removed to London, as the representative of his sovereign at the English court. He resigned the London embassy early in 1854, when the Prussian court began to show the world that its policy in the European crisis would be determined by its Russian sympathies. He was found too independent, and, for all the arts of diplomatic dissimulation, too impracticable, to be permitted to continue to represent the interests of Prussia in that country.

**WHAT IS ELOQUENCE?**—Pitt observed that eloquence is not in the speaker, but in the audience. If there be any truth in that statement, it ought to

teach humility both to orators and to us who are dissatisfied with orators. In the present day, when we hear so much criticism of eloquence, I believe that this truth is entirely forgotten. People get into the way of thinking that eloquence is a thing by itself; that a voice crying in the wilderness, and giving the best possible expression to certain thoughts, is eloquence, irrespective of an answering audience. Not so. As it is necessary for two to make a quarrel, there are always two factors in the production of eloquence. It is not the object of a speaker to give the best possible expression to his thoughts, but to give the expression that is best possible for his audience. An audience is a thing to be played upon—an instrument that requires tuning. If the audience is in tune, a very ordinary speaker will appear as the most eloquent of living men; if out of tune, the eloquence of the Goldenmouth himself will appear but as the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

CAPTAIN M. F. MAURY addressed a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, on the 26th ultimo, on the physical geography of the Antarctic regions. He was greeted with a very hearty reception, and his address was received with much attention. At the close, Admiral Fitzroy warmly eulogized Captain Maury's exertions in promoting a knowledge of the physical geography of the sea. The meeting was presided over by Lord Ashburton.

WHAT THE ECHO ANSWERS.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write. What is necessary for a farmer to assist him? System. What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light. What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace. Who commits the greatest abominations? Nations. What is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

THE OUDE JEWELS.—Messrs. Mackenzie & Lyall, of Calcutta, have sold off the Government presents and the King of Oude's jewels. The latter disappointed the public, who seemed to expect diamonds the size of mangoes, pearls like billiard balls, and emeralds which none could lift. The two collections made up 1136 lots, some of which bordered closely upon rubbish. The celebrated Lollry necklace, once the property of Timour Shah, the "first king and great Persian conqueror of Delhi," and which bore his name, and weighs one seer, was amongst the lots. There was also the "far-famed and surpassing" Oude diamond, the largest in Bengal; its weight is fifty-six and a half ratties. It formed the "Olympus" to a "superlatively magnificent" belt star, which contained, besides the diamond, twenty others, cut and brilliant, eighteen smaller ones, and fourteen smaller still. There was a fine tiara, in which 263 glistening diamonds strove to take the shine out of each other. Lot 761 was a costly dagger, with a solid gold scabbard, and a fine Damascus

blade. It was studded with 162 large diamonds, thirty-four emeralds, sixty-eight pearls, and the tassel was one large topaz. I saw an egg-cup of the ordinary size, made up out of one emerald, and it looked worth about four annas. Gems of every description, rubies, agates, topazes, amethysts, turquoises, and crystals surrounded you on all sides, and from the ceiling hung Cashmere shawls, elephant trappings, cummerbunds, and other specimens of "Eastern taste and splendor." The jewels sold at a high price.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS.—The works which have been some time in hand at the cathedral of St. Denis are approaching completion. The most curious portion of the building is the crypt of the Carolingian kings, which formed part of the third church raised on the same spot, the first having been erected over the tomb of St. Denis before the invasion of the Franks; the second by Dagobert I., about the year 630; the third by Charlemagne, in 775; and the present structure in the 12th century. This ancient crypt was found tolerably preserved, and has been repaired with great care. It contains at present the remains of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the aunts of the former, with those of the Duc de Berri and one of his children, the Prince de Condé, and Louis XVIII. The new crypt, which has been constructed to receive the ashes of the members of the Bonaparte family, is placed beneath the transept and a small portion of the chancel, and immediately west of the Carolingian tomb, thus bringing the two extremes into contact. It is very large, and consists of a central space and two side aisles; at the east end of the former is a small altar lighted by means of a window or skylight behind the high altar of the church.

ENGLISH OLD MAIDS.—The single lady of a certain age is a personage scarcely at all seen, at any rate in her proper position, except in England. In Roman Catholic countries she takes refuge in a convent; she is hardly considered respectable; whereas she is respectability itself! The old maid of old novels and plays indeed—prim, censorious, and spiteful—is disappearing. In her place we have a most cheerful, contented, benevolent, and popular lady, seldom behind the fashion or behind the news and literature of the day, beloved by nephews and nieces, married brothers, sisters, and cousins; a tower of strength in times of sickness and family troubles; a favorite visitor, yet not always visiting, nor staying too long; sometimes on the contrary, having a snug little home of her own, where pet nieces and nephews spend a few days most delightfully; a guardian angel to the poor; a valuable auxiliary to the clergyman and clergyman's wife; in high esteem and respect among the tradespeople; a famous letter-writer, and the fabricator of most beautiful fancy work. Of this genius we are privileged to know several specimens, some of whom, we are bold to hope, will bridle when they read this little account, and say with a pleased, half doubtful look, "Well, I'm sure; this can't be me!" Yes, it is you, Aunt Kate, and Aunt Maria, and ever so many aunts with pretty names, who have been pretty young women in your time, and who now have something dearer than beauty. You are the salt of the country; as long as you are the objects and subjects of such warm and kindly feelings, you greatly contribute to the support of the social affections.—*Eclectic Review*.

Crowds are attracted to Mayer's photographic gallery, Paris, to view a full length, the *size of nature*, executed by a new process, exhibiting the exact proportions of Napoleon III., in his habit as he lives. Some time back a favorite charger, in the natural dimensions, had been reproduced by the same mechanism, and was exhibited at Alphonse Giroux's.

PARIS possesses at present five hundred and three newspapers; forty-two of these, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of government; four hundred and sixty are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce, and agriculture. The most ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savons*, and dates from the year 1665.

A RATHER singular story comes to us from St. Domingo, namely, the discovery of a bust of Lord Nelson in a remote district. The bust was found on a fetish altar, where for half a century it had been worshiped as a heathen god.

"ELECTRO-BIOLOGY."—A somewhat amusing case will come on next week, before the magisterial authorities of Yeovil. A man calling himself "Professor" Whitworth lectured last week in Yeovil, on "Electro-Biology;" and under his magic passes a young man on the platform took it into his head that a gentleman near him was a young woman. Under the direction of the "Professor," the mesmerized youth fell desperately in love with this supposed lady, and upon a further order from the same person he sprang up, clasped his arms round the object of his affection, and kissed him several times, in spite of all the resistance he could offer. The person assaulted in this manner was, of course, highly indignant, and although the *Western Flying Post* informs its readers that the professor "has the power of subjugating human beings and moulding them to his will," the insulted gentleman walked up to the platform and gave the lecturer a sound thrashing with a walking stick. Cross summonses have since been applied for and granted, and the result is looked forward to with some curiosity by those present on the occasion.

THE FRENCH NAVY.—We stated last week that we had heard, upon good authority, that the French Emperor had ordered the construction of a number of iron-cased gun-boats. We now learn, through the *Nouvellet de Rouen*, that it is resolved to build one hundred and fifty of these vessels by private contract, after the model of the gun-boat designed by the Emperor at Bordeaux, each to be armed with a powerful rifled gun. A letter from Toulon, received in Paris, states that, in addition to the six iron-plated ships now building, ten more are ordered to be laid down with all dispatch, namely, two at Toulon, two at Brét, two at Rochfort, two at Lorient, and two at Cherbourg. This, if confirmed, will prove that a smart race is cut out for us, and it will undoubtedly be our own fault if we lose the stakes.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, a lieutenant in the regiment of dragoons of the Russian body-guard, and Captain Schaff, of the staff, have been degraded and reduced to the ranks by sentence of a court martial—the former for having killed Lieutenant Baron

Vitinghoff in a duel, and the latter for having acted as second in the affair.

THE Minister of Public Instruction has published a circular addressed to the directors of colleges and schools in France, forbidding the use of tobacco and segars by the students.

SPECIMENS of the new paper for printing, invented in Austria, and made entirely from maize straw, have reached Paris. Some of the specimens are very fine. The advantage in cheapness is more than one half.

DUTY is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A parliamentary return of very considerable public interest has been issued upon the subject of the railways of the United Kingdom, showing the amount of their capital authorized, the amount actually raised or paid up in the different classes of securities, and the amount of loans outstanding, the whole brought down to the 31st of December, 1859. From this return we learn that the total amount of capital authorized to be raised up to the close of last year, was £383,716,351, against £346,408,287 in 1858; increase, £37,308,064. Total capital actually paid up to the date mentioned, £334,262,928, against £308,824,851 in 1858, being an increase of £25,538,077. These statistics relate to 289 railway companies or their branches. There were also 37 lines which were afterwards abandoned, with an authorized capital, in addition to the above, of £16,028,928, of which £1,072,143 were actually raised. This makes the gross amount of capital authorized on all railways, whether abandoned or carried forward, of £399,745,279, and the gross total actually raised £335,435,071. It further appears that the number of miles of line of railway authorized, but whose limit for the purchase of land expired prior to the 31st of December, 1859, amounted to 2545 miles, representing a capital appropriated for their construction of £41,117,954.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* mentions some curious incidents of the Chinese expedition. In the evacuated village of Pehtangho the French soldiers found concealed in the houses a number of jars about a yard and a half high, filled with water. These contained women, who had been suffocated and placed head downwards in the jars. The women, unable to endure a long march had been thus treated, to prevent their falling alive into the enemy's hands. When the allies entered the grand fort a mandarin was seen on one of the redoubts trying to rally his soldiers to the fight. Not succeeding in this, he exclaimed that he could not survive such an affront, took hold of his scimitar by its two extremities and sawed away at his throat till he fell back dead.

At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Guérin-Minéville read a paper on the progress he has made in the rearing of the silkworm which feeds on the leaves of the alanthus. This kind of silkworm is reared in the open air, without any kind of precaution, even against the depredations of birds; it is placed on its favorite plant, and



left to itself, when in due time it spins its cocoon, which is appended to the leaves. Every female worm producing 250 eggs, M. Minéville calculates that the 100,000 cocoons that he has obtained this year will produce next season upwards of 12,000,000 of eggs—a quantity far superior to what may for the present be reared in France, the planting of the silanthus being still rather backward.

**WOMAN'S MISSION.**—When Columbus braved the perils of unknown seas to add America to the world, it was the white hand of a woman that fitted him for his venturesome voyage of discovery. So woman equips man every day for the voyage of life. Woman, as man's *helper*, rises to her "peculiar and best altitude." He represents the intellect—she the mind-governing heart. Power appertains to him; but *influence*, more subtle and penetrating than power—another name for power in its most delicate and all-pervading form—belongs to her.

**FALL OF AN AEROLITE.**—Two men in France took shelter in a barn for the night. In the morning one of them was found dead, with severe injury to the head. The comrade was at once arrested, and told some "cock and bull" story about the horrible storm of the night in question, and attributed his companion's death to the effect of a thunderbolt. He was not credited, and was in a fair way to be executed for the supposed crime. A scientific gentleman hearing of the circumstance, examined the place, and found a hole in the roof of the barn, and an aerolite close to the spot where the deceased had slept on the night in question. The innocence of the accused was at once considered as established, and he was released.—*Notes and Queries.*

**FOSSILS IN BELGIUM.**—Recently, in cutting a canal at Lierre, the workmen came upon an immense deposit of fossil remains, consisting of the bones and teeth of the mammoth, rhinoceros, deer, dog, and horse. The soil is a coarse sand, in which are found fragments of opaque and vitreous quartz. The bones were all found in one spot, as if the animals to which they belonged were all submerged together in the same hollow. A careful examination of more than one thousand cubic yards of the sand excavated furnished no specimens of pebbles or of shells.

**THE INVINCIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.**—What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life; fighting not against sword and bayonet, but against hardship and circumstances; natural defects, and the ridicule or opposition of their fellow-men. Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance or indolence; their natural leaning to evil; the bad habits of early days, or even their poverty and the lowness of their social station.

**DANGERS OF WEALTH.**—Though wealth showers around us its blessings, it bears in its train a long list of attending evils. The moderately wealthy vies with the millionaire in useless extravagances; consequently, they who only have thousands at command are aspiring in like manner to outvie their more wealthy neighbors, and become bankrupt. Nobility of mind is overlooked or ignored by the side of nobility of gold. One exclaims: "I can not spend my income!" and yet with miserly feelings hugs his

money to his heart. Instead of sharing the large loaf which a kind Providence has committed to his care with the needy, he lives on, burying the talent lent him in the earth, and, dying, leaves all to be squandered by his descendants.

RECENT experiments in England prove that the Whitworth eighty-pound rifled guns possess a most destructive power when opposed to the thickest plates of wrought iron.

**THE PRINCE IMPERIAL GOING TO SCHOOL.**—A school-room for the Prince Imperial has just been prepared on the ground floor of the Palace of the Tuileries on the side of the garden. It contains a well-selected library, philosophical and mathematical instruments, etc. The prince will be five years old on the sixteenth of March next.

JEREMY TAYLOR says, if you marry for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counselor—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

**WHAT A TRIFLE CAN DO.**—What should we do without water? Each of us may be said to swallow, on an average, half a ton of water in a year, or about three hundred times our own weight of it in a lifetime. In fact, we are in substance little less than a mass of liquids. Dry us up, and how much would remain?

**CURIOUS PHENOMENON.**—The singular phenomenon of a mirage was witnessed on a Sunday evening in this neighborhood. A gentleman was returning from Carndonagh with his family, and the party had just dismounted off the car, to walk the hill near Quigley's Point, when their attention was attracted by a wonderful appearance in the heavens. Away to the north they saw several ships in the air, sailing across the face of the sky from east to west. The line of vessels seemed to be fully five miles in length, and they appeared to be sailing down a river whose high banks could be made out behind the ships. Some of the vessels seemed to be moored close to a fortress built on a rock. To all the party was the phenomenon distinctly visible. So clear was the air, and so close did the ships appear to their eyes, that the sailors pulling at the ropes were made out with ease, even by the children who saw the strange spectacle. The phenomenon was nearly half an hour before it disappeared. Although the appearance of such things in the heavens may be very startling, the phenomena are not unknown about this part of the Irish coast. The "mirage," as it is termed, often displays itself in fantastic shapes on the shores of the northern counties. It most frequently is to be seen on the coast of Antrim, especially in the vicinity of the Causeway. About twelve years ago a very curious instance of mirage was seen in Lough Foyle. Some fishermen had been out at night with their nets. The face of the heavens was overcast and

black, when the clouds suddenly parted, leaving a bright gap of clear sky in the zenith. Across this space the astonished fishermen saw some thousands of soldiers pass, rank after rank, and regiment after regiment; and so near did the phenomenon appear that the dress of the officers could be easily distinguished from that of the men. It was two hours before the marching ceased, or rather before the clouds closed in and shut out the scene from view.—*Derry Standard*.

**AN IRON-PLATED FRIGATE.**—A vessel of immense proportions, in the course of building upon Messrs. Palmer Brothers' extensive works at Jarrow, is attracting a great deal of attention from persons passing up and down the Tyne in the packet-boats between Shields and Newcastle. The vessel is the iron-plated ram frigate *Defiance*, building under contract for our Government. She is making most satisfactory progress, and is intended to carry thirty-six heavy Armstrong guns. Her iron casing will be four and a half inches thick on the outside. Next that will be twenty inches of timber, and inside of that the iron framing of the ship, which will be as strong as any already used for the largest-sized vessels in the merchant service. Her deck-beams are made of Butterby's patent beam iron, and the decks to be laid thereon will be of iron. The vessel will have water-tight wing passages, with water-tight doors, so that in case a shot should be driven through the immense sides of the vessel, men may pass through the doors into the compartment, and plug up the hole. Failing to do that, they can close the doors, cut the chamber off from the other parts of the ship, keeping the water within it. The stern post of the ship will be one of the largest, possibly the largest, forging ever made in this or any other country. The stem of the vessel will also be of enormous strength, and will in addition be fortified with plating, so that the ship may run any timber-built ship down with impunity. With the exception of the ends, which have been kept back by the difficulty in forging such a mass of iron as that necessary for the stem and stern, the whole is plated. Many of the armor plates are on the premises. Feathering and grooving those plates will be commenced at once.—*London Times*, Oct. 11.

**THE CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN.**—The great and good Count Oxenstiern, who had been High Chancellor of Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus and Queen Christina, was visited, in his retirement from public life, by Whitlock, the ambassador sent by Cromwell to the Swedish court from the Commonwealth of England. At the close of the interview, Whitlock was thus addressed by the venerable statesman: "I have seen much, and enjoyed much of the world; but I never knew how to live till now. I thank my good God, who has given me time to know him, and likewise myself. All the comfort I have, and all the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's love in my heart, and the reading in this blessed book," laying his hand on the Bible. "You are now," he continued, "in the prime of your age and vigor, and in great favor and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you; then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure in retiring and turning your heart from the world, in the good Spirit of God, and in reading his sacred word, than in all the courts and favors of princes."

**WRECKS ON THE COAST OF GREAT BRITAIN IN 1859.**—The British Board of Trade *Wreck Register* just issued, says that it is computed that the loss of property caused by wrecks and casualties on the coasts of the United Kingdom, during the year 1859, was, in cargoes, about £893,000, and in ships, £870,000, being a total loss of nearly £2,000,000. Surely, this is so much wealth lost to the nation at large. An analysis of the 1416 wrecks gives the following result: In 1859, the wrecks and strandings involving total loss, amounted to 527 against 554 in 1858, and those involving partial loss, to 540 against 515 in 1858; the total number of strandings, etc., being 1067 against 809 in 1858; the total number of collisions being 349 against 301 in 1858; 116 of these happened in the daytime, between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., against 76 in the daytime in 1858; and 238 happened in the night, between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., against 225 in the night in 1858; only 89 happened between April and September inclusive, and 260 collisions happened between October and March inclusive. It appears that, exclusive of passengers, there were 10,538 persons on board these 1416 wrecks, and of these 3977 were actually imperiled, and 2,332 have been saved from a watery grave by lifeboats, the rocket and mortar apparatus, ships' own boats and other craft; the remainder, 1645, having unhappily been drowned. This is the largest number on record that have perished from wrecks in one year on the coasts of the British Isles. It should, however, be remembered that 926 of the unfortunate creatures who were thus sacrificed, belonged to the Royal Charter, the emigrant ship *Pomona*, and the *Blervie Castle*. Old age tells on ships as it does on human beings, and the ship that was once able to weather the fierce gale, bends under the influence of advancing years and rotten timbers. The *Register* states that the greatest number of casualties have happened to ships between 14 and 20 years old, next between 20 and 30, and then to comparatively new ships, or ships between 3 and 7 years of age. It also happens 64 were upwards of 50 years old, three of this number being between 80 and 90, one between 90 and 100, and one above 100 years old.

**A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.**—The *Press Medicale Belge* states, on the authority of Father Legrand de la Liray, late interpreter to Admiral Rigald de Genouilly, and one of the oldest and most venerable missionaries in Tonquin and Cochinchina, that in those countries hydrophobia is cured with complete success by boiling a handful of the leaves of *Datura Stramonium* or Thorny Apple, in a litre of water, until reduced to one half, and then administering the potion to the patient all at a time. A violent paroxysm of rage ensues, which lasts but a short time, and the patient is cured in the course of twenty-four hours. For the benefit of our readers, we may state that the leaves of *Stramonium* are highly narcotic, and as such are recommended in asthma under the form of cigars, to be smoked as usual; but that the same leaves, taken in large quantities, whether in powder, or under the form of a decoction, will produce temporary idiocy. As to its efficacy in confirmed hydrophobia, it seems to be very earnestly recommended by Father Legrand, who declares he has tried it several times, and invariably with success. The great difficulty will, of course, consist in administering the remedy to the patient, which probably must be done by main force, with the aid of a horn.





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CHAMBERLAIN BROUGHT BEFORE HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.

